

Spin Tha Bend

Hot Boys

Artist: Hot Boys

Album: Let 'Em Burn

Song: Spin Tha Bend

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* send corrections to the typist

[Verse 1: B.G.]Get off the block this my first and last time tellin' bitches

Second step I Spin Tha Bend, Bussin, wettin bitches

I'm goin back to my old self, Pullin my Chopper of the shelf

Wackin' you bitches until it's no one left

I don't play when I'm off in some drama you know me

It's kill or be killed when you beefin' wit B.G.

And nothing less than a hundred out the drum clearing the street

Yellow tapes and white sheets on yo block all week

Bitch niggas that can't take the heat stay concealed

They know if they get caught in the middle they won't live

Ain't no other way for me to keep it besides real

Disrespecting my mind, no doubt you a done deal

I'ma BLOCKA, CHICKA BANG, CHICK BUST

I'ma BOOM, chicka RAT, TAT, TAT ya home up

It's bout it when I pulled up get got it gone with the wind

You bet not be nowhere on the block when I spin tha bend

[Verse 2: Juvenile]Spots I be discoverin', niggas I be trumblin'

Stoppin' up on bubblin, from one side to the other end

Hoppin' out the bubble Benz, poppin' him and other friends

Bitches I be smotherin' niggas just be stutterin'

Juvenile don't run no mo' I been through this shit before

Spin A Bend kick in yo door, lay it all down on the floor

Tell me something I don't no, All you bitches gotta go

Give me please all of the coke or I'ma shoot you in yo throat

Fuck it I'ma never stop, standin' on whateva block

Lookin' for the cheddar spot, open up a better shop

I'ma jet when it get hot, Keep everything that I got

Damn it if I'm straight or not, I'm gone always be on top

Niggas wanna do me in, I'm here come and pursue it then

Heads I'm gone be shootin' and you will never move again

I'm not a gentleman or sweeter then cinnamon

Everytime I spin tha bend they say "Oh no it's him again"

[Verse 3: Turk]*Look, Look*

Nothin but soldiers where I stay, niggas dressin' in camouflage
Real niggas 'bout pullin triggas and doin' drive-by's
Cut-throaters and snakes, keep the murder rate high
Niggas who carry Kays ready for war at any time
Killas who hit ya spot and don't care who be outside
People they call it hots sell heroin and rocks
Hallways & Cuts, stay duckin them cops
Stay on they P's & Q's you bet not try and plot
Nigga if you do believe you gone get chopped
50 fly at you like birds in a flock
And if you gotta crew one by one they gone drop
And if you got that work we closing down ya shop
My niggas be thugged out, Jabows and Reeboks
Bush fades and braides no designs and flat-tops
From the youngest to the oldest, they nuts lettin' em drop
Spin Yo Bend like a dryer takin you off yo block nigga

[Verse 4: Lil Wayne]*Ah Ahh, What What What What What, Ah Ahh, Ah Ahh, What What What What What
La Lah, What, What What What What What, Listen, Hot Boys Nigga*

It's time to break a nigga off and make him feel the flame
I don't no what be in tight sent me to kill a maan
Steal a maan, a vest can't conceal ya maan
All the surgery in the world can't heal ya pain
Cause I Spin Bends, Lil' Weezy hoppin' out first wit two M-10's
Ready to tear a nigga shirt and push his ribs in
Fill him wit hot ones
Run up on the blcok wit nothin but shotguns
I'ma young nigga, wig splitter, head busta
I said I bust heads DA DA DA DA Did I stutta
I swept and spray, ridin through my nigga
Police don't play so why do you? listen
You can run but you can't hide
I come wit a gun, cock, aim, fi
Late at night I will ride maan
When I spin a bend niggas die maan, Fa Real!
{*beat rides out then fades*}

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