

# Won on Won

## Cocoa Brovaz

Smokin lah, me got flav  
Smoky Gunz, Cocoa B's Who wanna look like, wanna act like us?  
Wanna be like, roll the trees like us  
Wanna talk like, wanna walk like us  
Wanna flip like get ripped like us Wanna act like know you're black like us  
Wanna flip like kick shit like us  
Wanna bust like you ain't rough like us  
Tek and Steele, won on won, Smoky Guns, what? Ding, that's the sound of the bell  
Oh shit is all you heard before you fell  
To the canvas, all washed up like my dirty drawers  
And pants get, try to challenge, get damaged Plain and simple with bandages around your temple  
Easily erased out the picture like pencil  
Peeped me once, saw me again, got your pistol  
I put permanent fear in your heart like a dimple Son, hold my A V, let me rock this nobody  
Comin' out the closet tryin' to stop my money  
Actin' like you're sweet 'cause he ain't see me in the streets  
Spit that blood out and get back up on your feet You called me, I was there on some candyman shit  
Wear that ass out in front your kids and your bitch  
Hurt you to the boards, put the ten to your jaw  
Walk away, parley in front of Ahmed's store We don't give a what about you, tell them niggaz who sent you  
Let 'em come, have 'em all open wide like dentals  
Heard they work for cheap, think I might rent you  
If you feel I disrespected you, good, I meant to Nigga, I'd wish you'd talk about runnin' for guns  
Get your Bankhead bounce like insufficient funds  
Left ass out a home beggin' like bums  
Cut off, swept off the floor like crumbs I'm from N Y C I T Y, stay high  
Lazy eye, ghetto celeb, rap guy from Bed-Stuy  
Splash in two lines, me no long rhymes  
Losin' your attention, takin' up your time I gets mine and breathe, bout it bout it like P  
Too many wannabe me  
Wanna flow blow hold dough like Smoky Lah  
Fly across seas, blow shows for BCC But you can't be, you heard me, you soft like porridge  
You ain't gettin' money and you have no courage  
Introducin', the one who gets you bugged like a loosie  
Same height, same weight, same fight skills like Bruce Lee Try me, ready for those who wanna harm me  
Don't toy with me, you wanna be all you can be, join the army  
I swarm like bees, plus sting too, bring grooves  
I blow 'em out like hankies, nab you like cops do For the longest I've been waitin' to take it to these Jafaicans  
Corner eye ballin' on the moves that we was makin'

Thinkin' that we lost it 'cause our line was closed  
Can't stop a hungry nigga with nothin' to live, foe I'ma see that dough, many hustlers I know  
Three car long shark, white chalk and cee-lo  
Yo, I think I'll take this time to remind you  
Not to sit by the line, test mine, crime stoppers won't find you Before we come kickin' your door to the floor  
Throw you to the wall, makin' you our prisoner of war  
Cut you too short to take walks with Tattoo  
Attack you from your front, open you back with my scalpel  
Snatch two, niggaz from the crew if they got  
Anythin' to do with motherfuckers comin' back to avenge you I intend to get down for my temple, keep a strong  
mental  
When dealin' with evils that men do  
Them who fail to comprehend  
I recommend you remember you're dealin' with men Who'll send you off in a coffin  
'Cause far too often niggaz are gettin' lost and it's costin'  
Body parts from anybody that starts  
We play the hackers takin' rappers apart Dissect 'em from they rectum to they necks  
Double check them make sure shit's correct then direct them  
To the section, where the session's in progression  
Where you come to get blessed by Smif-N-Wessun Won on won  
Won on won Wanna act like us  
Wanna talk like, wanna look like us  
Wanna walk like, wanna bust like  
Wanna flip like, wanna rep like us Wanna get clip, wanna kick like us  
Wanna get shit, hit just like us  
Wanna smoke lah, smoke the black like us  
You cant fuck with us Won on won  
Won on won

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