## **Show Em What They Won**

## St. Lunatics

Yeah, yeah, check, check

See I ain't about playin', Leezy 'bout cash in advance

Cash in on the casual, actual, factual plan

Makin' a killin' man, went from that to makin' a livin'Righteous willin', the only thing supreme swimmin'

And proceed to not smoke weed around the seed

It's the new way, new life, peace true indeed, off T's

I dwell on off how y'all plan makin' mo' money so I had to buy a fly chainRan in this game, dirt broke, now it's

MTV with Kurt Lod'

With the Q-four-feezy, be hurtin' folks

Keep the bird toast, black handle, horoscope hood scandle

You the type of niggas puffin' in shirts, socks and sandalsKeep the God in me, the Hova Ja knew Allah in me Ball wit' me, don't tell 'em who saw when 'bout to squall wit' me

Fall wit' me, this pure mic dope I'm sellin'

It's the man with mellow rap, felon, constantly yellin' "Yo ma"What's it like bein' Nelly? Ay, let me break it down

It's like a shootout and you the only nigga wit' rounds

It's like a weed drought and you the only nigga wit' pounds

It's like a Freaknik and you got the only rubbers in townI'm like a shoe-in, for the poster boy, the thug of the

year

GQ style ma', let me put a bug in your ear

Go tell ya man, he take a step, there went a slug in his ear

Have 'em askin', yo, how the hell he get a gun up in here?

That's gotta be illegal, BobI can bring them chrome things for that drastic shit

Metal detectors, no problem, got that plastic shit

Witnesses, I ain't seen 'em, they had masks and shit

Whoever it was, was in a rush 'cause they was fast and quickOh, I'm just a playa, mo', these ain't my rules

Peep game, I'm wearin' Jordans, summer these my shoes

I'm like the heir to the throne

Me and my niggas fastbreak through your home

Get ya coach on the phone, tell 'em "Go on" Show 'em what they won, a short stay at the hotel, Bob

Show 'em what they won, Alize, Mo', Crissy or ale, Bob

Show 'em what they won, Murphy Lee, Key or Nell, Bob

Show 'em what they won, what? Show 'em what they won, who? Show 'em what they won, niggas talkin' shit get served, Bob

Show 'em what they won, two to the head, left on the curb, Bob

Show 'em what they won, leavin' they mama's feelin's hurt, Bob

Show 'em what they won, what? Show 'em what they won, who?

Show 'em what they wonAy yo, Bob, they want Keyjuan, the one who gets the job done

Keep huns screamin', "Keyjuan-na-na"

On the	e block	I Rule	like Ia	in the	sun like '	Wa

Me and mine at the mall spendin' grands like Cool BobSee I'm a Ruger shooter, don't make me have to do ya Boo-ya, you see what Lunatics'll do to ya

Tip-[Incomprehensible] pursuer, get 'er in a room and do 'er

First cat out the Lou that you knew that Wore a lime-green headband, matchin' leather pants

Vokal t-shirt with some sparklin' wristbands

This man, he keeps it real sweet

With somethin' sweeter than sweet, puffin' on Swisher SweetsI'm unique like a blue cardinal bird without the beak

I'm deep, like bucket seats when the 'tics hit the streets

Pick door number three if your price is right

I'll pull a DJ Quik, tonight is the nightHold on, so I can tell 'em who I is, a young school boy with one kid

I think I'm five-eight but yo, maybe I'm five-six

With my boots off, I prefer my booties in boots off

You get in my bed, you better take pants, shoes offNow and not right now but right now

And I ain't backin' down, she can get up and bounce

The young dude, quick to roll up an ounce and head south

Don't even have drive, I can sit on the couchAnd wrap somethin' and put on a beat and rap somethin'

They call me mister get all mad and smack somethin'

I'm wild dude, you could probably find me on side two

If not I'm a holla like Ja Rule, get a dollar from my booAnd go and by a juice or somethin'

A virgin rapper, I ain't gettin' loose for nothin'

Money earnin' rapper, I ain't got no boots for nothin'

So I'm servin' rappers, I be cookin' when I'm comin'Show 'em what they won, a short stay at the hotel, Bob

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