Spit In Your Face

Kevin Rudolf

Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh
Ay, yo, oh
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
So I'mma spit in your face
Uh, straight off the bat, I come
Straight off my back with a gun like I'm in Iraq
And in fact I attack and tackle and sack and crack
And crack 'em and snap back and battle my own shadow
'Cause ya'll wack and all that
Bullshit ya talkin', startin' to get funky
Toss me the chunky, I'mma brew these punkies
Stir, I'm from the block but you don't pass like a flunky
We make a bitch a mule and everybody act a donkey
Yes, I want you to come around here with that plan, boy
I'll shoot this motherfucker 'til I burn my hand, boy
Bust up in the court and shoot the witness on the stand, boy
This is my game, ask everybody in the stands, boy
I'm all red, I'm on fire like a ant pile
They put the clamp down if I put the stamp down
You get the stampede, I make blood bleed
You suck dick, I succeed
Yeah, yeah, and this is how victory tastes
So I'mma spit in ya face
Kevin
Singin', ay, yo, oh, oh, oh
Ay, yo, oh
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
So I'mma spit in your face
Singin', ay, yo, oh, oh, oh
Ay, yo, oh
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
So I'mma spit in your face
If this is a race, I ain't goin' for no pace
I am goin' for your place, bow ya home, how ya gon'
Fuck with me if I ain't fuckin' around
2 eyes to the sky, 10 toes touchin' the ground
Bitch nigga, I am not your homeboy
We are not from the same home, boy
My Nina Baker bring your joy

I'll destroy who ya employ
I shoot 12 rounds, now Jr. Jones Roy
Y'all so backwards, I don't do Backwoods, I'mma swisher, man
8 in the mornin' your body get found by a fisherman
Yeah, You guys is bitches, little girls
And Mr. Smith & Wesson wanna kiss ya pussy pearl
Tongue kiss an angel, spit fire at the devil
And I do whatever for the root of all evil
Gold, silver, bronze, no, try the black medal
Turn your motherfuckin' flowers to feathers
Now fly to heaven
Kevin
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh
Ay, yo, oh
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
So I'mma spit in your face
Singin', ay, yo, oh, oh, oh
Ay, yo, oh
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
So I'mma spit in your face
And crazy's what they callin' me but crazy isn't hardly what I am
Try creatively retarded or amazingly rewarded
Ain't no faith in me the hardest never crack, I'm crack
I'm dope in Reynolds Wrap, now let's just hope you get it back
Let's just hope that you get it
And if I have anything to do with it, motherfucker, I did it
Yeah, Young Tune, gorilla monsoon
Mr. Martian will hang your ass from the moon
'Cause you'll get sun, you just get it soon
Turn your I.D. to a tomb
Goons are us, the food's for us
We eat with our hands, no fork and spoon for us
We will take the knives and we will take the wives
And we won't take the jewelry but we will take the lives
Yeah
So I'mma spit in your face
Singin', ay, yo, oh, oh, oh
Ay, yo, oh
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
So I'mma spit in your face
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh
I'mma spit in your face

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