Jamboree

The Phenomenauts

I wanna see y'all, who wanna plan with me
Wave your hands across the land if we family
Say hot-damn, hot-damn, we wanna jamboree
This for my peeps here, I stand for you 'cause you stand for me
C'mon I know I jam, I know I jam jam, while oh damn
I know I jam, I know I jam jam boree
I know I jam, I know I jam jam
Well oh damn, why don't you jamboree for me?
Yes, indeed
Kaboom kaboom, the platoon came on in eight limbs and timbs
Broke rims, smoked sims, whoop dogs with bent rims
For the real and the raw, from who'd up with the law
I never kill for the thrill, but I cut for the cars
Smokin' buddha with a hoota', get better prices from looters
Shake my shell with the shooters, leed a luga with duga
Some say modelin' and acting mean treach is selling
While I'm yelling, first a felon with my gat at ya melon
Hella heated, too ill for them to beat it
Most cheated, most weeded, most needed, you best believe it
Let's take the tapes jam for me, stand for me
You're damned to be without the Jamboree
C'mon I know I jam, I know I jam jam, while oh damn
I know I jam, I know I jam jam boree
I know I jam, I know I jam jam
Well oh damn, why don't you jamboree for me?
Yes, indeed
We've put it down since the days of high school
And everywhere we mark we rule
Naughty's about to raise our stock
And we didn't come to brag about what we got nigga
We came to rock
We blew the spot taking the streets to pac
You'd be thug-style for a while
Then cold rolled our jock
Using them last few years as our evidence
Niggas been tryin' to duplicate the mixture ever since
You live in value reprimanded, if you challenge me I guarantee

When we finish, I'll be the last man standing

Fuck what you heard, Naughty is forever in demand
When Kay drop tracks, all the party people jammin'
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Yes, indeed
I ask the thugs who have mercy in these days is dirty
I'm still sturdy and flirty till my derby for jersey
The funk is pass booted, lights, camera, shoot it
I just did it to do it, that's why I suit it and boot it
Here's the graphic, niggas is just a tattered and added
Orgy's are automatic from back-traffic to addicts
Crush the cabbage straight from the savage to lavish
We rip those who rat it, thats why your click had it
Dog, cats to coochies, for me it's lootchies, then hootchies
'Cause we'll drop a cuzzie that leaves your whole label woozy
And shitty and dizzy because your whole city miss me
They whip out their titties and from they kiddies throw me
50's in bundles of 100's, and make every hater want it
Drunk and blunt it knock onto the hottest nigga comin'
Kay scratch and cut ya, no matta what you make 'em
Wanna come and touch her, the punani rusher like Usher
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