This Dat Beat

Kingspade

Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, yeah
Ya'll better turn this one up
Ya'll better bang this shit, ya'll better get ready
Ya'll better bang this shit till your trunk pops open (yeah)
And your licenses plate frame sounds broken (what!)
Slow cruisin with some goose in my gatorade
No excuses just night on a saturday
Ride fulla females and they all bomb
Upfront, laid back, like the bishop don juan (yea I'm pimp!)
Pullin up to the spot, parkin on the grass
You know kingspade clique be runnin last
(aye yo) Bitch ass get checked you steppin to the vet (uh!)
We been in it for a minute you ain't even heard shit yet
So sit back relax let the track do the work
Bob ya head to this shit till your neck starts to hurt
If you movin right now (yeah), the beats kinda ill
That kingspade clique, (well) them boys have got skills
D-loc and Johnny Richter comin up on the creep
In a 66 dumpbump bangin down the street
This dat beat, that you bang when you rollin down the street
And everybody knows you comin, bumpin KINGSPADE
This dat beat, that you bang when you rollin down the street
And everybody knows you comin, bumpin KINGSPADE
You best react fast, this is a 100 yard dash
(start runnin!), Don't be late, or you'll be comin in last (oooh!)
The biggest purse goes to those who finish first
And me against you is like a Porsche against a Hearse
You may as well not exist, don't even pull to the line (back up!),
Cause you already lost, the money's already mine,
It's best to let it go, do whatever you know,
Cause you ain't nothin but a rookie, dealin with a seasoned pro
I'm a veteran, ain't no time fo you gentlemen,
Trunk bumpin, vibratin while my bumpers scrapin,
Bomb chronic joint blazin, hangin, out the window with my elbow,
Real low, tryin to holler at this soul, 'proachin train tracks,

So I hit all the switches, lifted the front and the back,
To avoid all the ditches, didn't want the clippin,
So I raised up and BOUNCED

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And everybody knows you comin, bumpin KINGSPADE
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And everybody knows you comin, bumpin KINGSPADE
Running into walls, like a fish in a aquarium
Acting like a looney, locked in a cemetarium
I'm goin' crazy for the feelin' of bass
Fuck smokin crack, give me hits of 808 (c'mon!)
I love it when the track goes
Yo Mike hit me off with a little more (booooom)
Now thats the type of shit that make me want to drive
I love bass tunes, almost as much as gettin high
I give it up and give it back, Kingspade up on the map
D-Loc and Johnny Richter smokin sacks in the back
In the club tryin to dub on this hoe hangin low
Cause you know how we do it when we up at a show
This dat beat, that you bang when you rollin down the street
And everybody knows you comin, bumpin KINGSPADE
This dat beat, that you bang when you rollin down the street
And everybody knows you comin, bumpin KINGSPADE
You bangin what? KINGSPADE You bangin who? KINGSPADE
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