

MC Hammer (Prod. By Lex Luger)

Rick Ross

Woo, woo, woo, woo
Woo, woo, woo, woo
Boss, Ricky Ross
It's triple C,
Color cut clarityMy gun dirty, my brick clean
I'm riding dirty, my dick clean
She talk dirty, but her mouth clean
Bitch, I'm M.C. Hammer, I'm about cream
I got thirty cars, whole lot of dancers
I take 'em everywhere, I'm M.C. Hammer
Started selling though, I'm too legit to quit
When it's hammer time, I'm pulling out the stickI'm at the car lot, I'm going broke
I pay for five, they front a couple more
I take 'em home like I do my hos
I dress 'em up, I buy 'em clothes
Glass slippers, I gas hos
Now she's acting brand new on you assholes
Limousines, I did that
Two-door coupes, boy I live that
My top back, I'm circumcised
I pull it back just to go inside
She thinking 'folic, I'm thinking wings stop
Feigning lemon pepper, I got my thing cocked
Black bat-mobile, it's only new Ferrari
It's called Scaglietti, one button like an Atari
I'm just advising, my profit's rising
Niggas buying stocks in a nigga like I'm VerizonMy gun dirty, my brick clean
I'm riding dirty, my dick clean
She talk dirty, but her mouth clean
Bitch, I'm M.C. Hammer, I'm about cream
I got thirty cars, whole lot of dancers
I take 'em everywhere, I'm M.C. Hammer
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When it's hammer time, I'm pulling out the stickI got the Porsche, I was so ecstatic
Hundred grand a day, my operation is so elaborate
Credit card scams, that was for the fagots
Mother fuck window shopping, boy I gotta have it
Now my shit be booming all across the atlas
Gucci puchi money long, now we call him Alex

Had to move from Dade because that shit was local
Pick up the mansion and I sat that bitch back down in Boca
My baddest bitch is Latin, but they call me loco
Till I fuck 'em in they ass out in Acapulco
I'm thinkin' money, every moment thinkin' money
I bust a nut, then I'm back to thinkin' money
My wrist froze, my mind blow, I'm off slow, my eyes closed
You gotta judge a man by his principles
Teflon Don, I am invincible
My gun dirty, my brick clean
I'm riding dirty, my dick clean
She talk dirty, but her mouth clean
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I take 'em everywhere, I'm M.C. Hammer
Started selling though, I'm too legit to quit
When it's hammer time, I'm pulling out the stick
It's Gucci, Hammer's movin' on my chest when I hammer dance
Seventy grand make my jeans sag like some hammer pants
Ambulance, ambulance, 9-1-1, 9-1-1
It's Gucci Mane, yeah, that's my name,
I'm goin' thug, I'm goin' thug
Blowin' up, blowin' up, blowin' up, blowin' up
I'm like M.C. Hammer, I put that on my grandma
I ride through East Atlanta in my new Ferrari
It's up for fifty-eight if you don't have one, sorry
I let you borrow mine, I think I'm M.C. Hammer
I never borrow jewelry, I'm takin' naked dancers
It's an occasion, a celebration at Central Station
With Haitian hos and Jamaicans I'm tryin' to make it
Old school, want to race it, we can test it
I'm flexin', I leave a sucka egged-up for breakfast
Throwin' spit, throwin' up respect, and I'm well-connected
I'm M.C. Hammer, hundred-fifty on the kitchen, it's Gucci
My gun dirty, my brick clean
I'm riding dirty, my dick clean
She talk dirty, but her mouth clean
Bitch, I'm M.C. Hammer, I'm about cream
I got thirty cars, whole lot of dancers
I take 'em everywhere, I'm M.C. Hammer
Started selling though, I'm too legit to quit
When it's hammer time, I'm pulling out the stick
Maybach music
(Maybach music)
(Maybach music)

Songwriters

ROBERTS, WILLIAM / PILATE, FELTON / DAVIS, RADRIC / LEWIS, LEXUS / BURRELL, KIRK /

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