

Slob on My Nob

Tear da Club Up Thugs

My nigga D Magic said he had to have it
I said just forget it, it's too crabby
Know a little freak in Hollywood
Sucks on dick, does it real good
She'll give you money, fill up your tummy
House full of kids, parents all sprungy
Once had it down, back yard ground
Hit it from the back, enjoy the sound
Lay 'em under cover, always used a rubber
Till I got caught fuckin' with her mother
She blamed it on me, we fought in the street
She pulled out a knife, so I had to flee
Call up the boys, went to her house
Charges the whole place, threw the bitch out
Police busted in, where dem niggas at
We left just in time and never came back
Rolled through the hood waving at the freaks
Who sniffin' on the rocks, smokin' on the [unverified]
Made another stop, police station, saw a few cops, drove by
And sprayed 'em license tag number, a nigga said he saw
Bogus all the time, never get caught

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