

Seinfeld

Jeru the Damaja

Ham hops, crack rocks, ooo-wops, cell blocks
Biscuits, gravy, smothered pork chops
Big diamond bracelets, mad lootin drug spots
High speed chases, robbiries, crooked cops
Bitches with fat asses, no brain and drop top
Guess who's pregnant, so and so got shot
Benzes, blue and green contact lenses
Ya money, ya car and how live
you and your mens is
Knowin who your friends is, millionaire dollar shoppin benjeses
Ya money how much them timbs is
In my roll, fuckin shit raw, gettin driz-niz
Me and ya dip, in the cut, blazin a bliz, she suckin my diz-nick
Cope p'los and heron bricks
So many girls in this world, which one should I pick?
Shit is gettin thick, you better move quick
Rappers is mad gangsters, applying pressure like the heimlich
Dime chicks, that I love to stick lick
Murderers, thieves, hustlers, pimps and tricks
Chorus 6X
Lalalalalalalalalala
Rolex, fat checks, while sex in tecks
Bad ho's, corresing my chest, sippin the Beck's
Burning l's in your projects, what's next
It's the first of the month, go get those welfare checks
Crazy connects, pushing a Lex, suckin on breasts
Sleep all day, all night, fuck and duck the tech
Dibs, the one's that quickest to draws, the one that lives
Makin moves like a chess wiz, gotta feed my eight kids
My niggas in the ghetto, know what time it is
I need deep and pussy pampers, cribs and bibs
Day to day, is how a nigga lives
Nothing's what a nigga is
So he ends up in pri-
Zon, I think ya pussy so go get ya son
Tough ass rappers, crazy talk no action
Got freaky stunts, bring some
Makin all Queens in my kingdom
Eighty niggas can't get a crumb
Dizzy broads with dope bodies, a dime a dozen
Bottom line the pussy bangin, it'll make me cum
Chorus 6X
Jagaur's, strip bars, ghetto supastar
Me and ya pussy out on the road, whippin ya car
I'm takin off her bra, she gettin bucked baby pa
Look new, but true, fuck like a pro likes action
No camera, co reck it and leave a scar
Niggas is fake and rough, but sleep like spar
To cuss, bust, dutch us and bringin the ruckus
Money makin brothers wanna fight and fuss
Cruisin out my flesh light, plus make playas look ridiculous

Trying hard, but can't stop the bumrush
Sun trust, all the temples I crush, ya must back up
Spontaneous combustion
Forty five freaks inside my dungeon
When I get paid I want it in alumson
Lick a shot and cause pandemonium
Crazy niggas in jail or the insane asylum
Brooklyn Brooklyn is where I'm from
Three minutes and some change and I still ain't say none
Chorus 6X

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>