Hotel, Motel

O.G. Spanish Fly

What's up, it's that OG Spanish Fly
Chilling with my homeboy Royal T
My boy Silencer
And we bout to hit a mo-mo

Hotel, motel
Bitch what you want to do today (say what)
I said I'm kicking back with a twenty pack
And I'm smoking doser from a twenty sack
Highland is bumping on a Sunday night
I see some fine ass bitches and some bitches that might
want to chill with the youngster that's up to no good
And I wake up every morning with my dick on morning wood
This is some Dago shit, downtown bumping and dumping
Waiting on you fools to start tripping, run up then
What's up girl, I ain't tripping on your man
I do it Dago style, Low Pro always in command
So jump in the van if you want to take a ride
We headed to the Holiday on the Westside
So leave your man, that's the plan
Mija we're about to have a one night stand

I said hotel, motel, Holiday Inn
And if you keep on acting up, I'll just fuck your friend
I said hotel, motel, Holiday Inn
And if you keep on acting up, I'll just fuck your friend

Southern Cali got the Regals and Impalas
Real criminals, pelones smoking marijuana
Rolling twenty deep, enemies up at the scene
I'm the Silent, and once again I'm on the creep
Jumping at the verse representing San Diego
I'm gonna cause death with the tape of an arrow
I'm insane and I'm up to no good
Are you down for your set, go ahead throw your neighborhood
Motherfucker now what
I got the hollows for all you bitches and I don't give a fuck
All the time, you talk and tell stories
I will take you off the map, this is my territory

I kick it with cholos and criminals in the city
And all the ladies get happy, they like to show me their titties
Bounce, rock, roll, and skate
And this is for the hynas that love to hate

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The vatos are ready to head back to the barrio
Homies deep at the park, so I got to go
Spit game at the cutties
I'm going straight for the one with Brown skin and a big booty
I'm a loc'd out vato in Dago
Down with my homies so I got a lot of say so
See I'm down with the OG's
Wearing Dickies and Pendletons, rapping over oldies
And for all you fools don't like me
I beat em down with my gat, then I stomp em with my Nikes
I let em know you can't clown me
See I'm the Royal, I'm known, and fine hynas want to hound me
I knock the boots and I break out
Kick out the back, 'cause there's cops on the stake out
A veterano once told me
If you want to be down, stay true to your homies

I said hotel, motel, Holiday Inn
And if you keep on acting up, I'll just fuck your friend
I said hotel, motel, Holiday Inn
And if you keep on acting up, I'll just fuck your friend

Yeah, what's up mija
This is the homeboy Royal T
Down with my homeboy Spanish Fly
You know what this whole jam means right here
It means we're fucking you and your homegirl
Ha ha, peace

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