Studio Gangster

Poohman

"I've seen you on the street" "Where you from?" "From Oakland"
"Nah, you're not from Oakland, I know Oakland"Let's take a ride with the boy from the Eastside
Where nothing's a crime no roots to a bye-bye
Tired of motherfuckers spitting nothing but drama rhymes
Flapping his lips, and ain't never squeezed a nine
Try to compete with me fool, you ain't competitive
Stop claiming my town, before I give your ass a sedative
Haymaker and uppercuts, hey nigga you weak as fuck
I'm hitting like Tyson, so fool what's up?
You and your boys, you pop a whole lot of weak shit
Yelling "Pooh-Man is flapping" but he's fucking your bitch
Getting ganked by your manager, did for your cash
That's what you get with your uneducated ass
Pooh's the pistol-toting, dank-smoking, bitch-choking
Young player from Oakland
I was taught by O.G.'s fool, what you stressing?
AK's, Mac 12's fool, Smith & Wessons
You got the audacity to false claim where you be
R.I.P. to S-P-I-C-E
You wanna be down with my town but my town ain't down with ya clown
So studio gangster put your motherfucking mic down
I'm coming for your ass, nigga, you're outta pocket
Squeeze the trigger, eight ball in the corner pocketA lotta stories circulating round town
Seems my peers in this business try to put me down
He said this, she said that
But you know where they talking that fool: behind my back
Never had the guts to step up
And my fans know that I can take a rhyme and change the flow
Somewhat of a realist, cause I stay as real as this
And all those other brothers can do is make a wish
Huh, so I refuse to kiss they ass
I got something better, motherfucker (gunshots)
More and more I find myself in the media
Or maybe on the screen for New Line Cinema
Yeah, your lips are flapping but my bank is still stacking
'93 and I ain't out to do nothing but keep taxing
Punk-ass bitch, you slimy-ass worm
When will you learn you only get what the fuck you earn?
I'm from the town of the motherfucking Mack

Even my bitch draws a big black gat, huh
So all the talking you doing gets you nowhere, player
The "Peace to My Nine" bullshit I just couldn't bear
Here's my glock, listen to me cock it
The trigger is pulled, it's eight ball in the corner pocketI'm getting tired of my name used in a bad way
Even though I ain't around, these fools got something to say
Claim I'm a thug, I sell drug ficticious
Man I'm telling you, these lies be vicious
And these same motherfuckers be all in my face
'93 I got the pop, and they all want a taste
You see I'm out to get richer, in otherwords more cash
Pooh be coming in first with these niggas coming in last
So I take my nine and my sensor alarm
And I straight go crazy and take his fucking head off
For being all in my fucking mix
You punk motherfucking ass hoe-trusting bitch
Yeah your partner pump you up, you throw your chest in the air
And then you got the nerves to badmouth a player
If I was you I'd shut my motherfucking mouth
Before my partner Little E blow your motherfucking head off
You want some funk nigga, well you got it
It's like eight ball to the corner pocket

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/