

# Spit

## Shaka Ponk

Beat it ! in my boom is the limit  
All the pieces of my own body town are getting down-down,  
In the press, the face of my boy is overex... posed !  
They composed a funny pose with the poor body cause :  
The tales sells better, drama is right with a little touch o' lie  
The truth is a money-quiz bizz (like in tv series), so i, buy my dope in a (coffee) shop  
What's the last power-fun solution for a kid on the run !

Beat it ! in my boom is the limit  
Masta tv'ees spit, spit the pictures in my eyes with the loco media stlyle :  
Putting in my head what's good, what's bad  
I've got a bomb'ho tickin' in my head 'ho  
A loco bongo is kickin' in my head  
The priest egal the punk, and the punk egal da fight !  
It's out of pure Spite !

The bang of the gang is to blame but the cop's handcuff leadz the gang to the bang  
Medic is the last funkcd solution for the kid on the runSHAKIN' ON / MOVIN' ON / SHAKIN' ON / MOVIN'  
ON (x4)

Beat it ! in my boom is the limit  
Masta tv'ees spit, spit the pictures in my eyes  
Every-day-every-night the world in on fire  
I've got a bomb'ho tickin' in my head 'ho  
A loco bongo is kickin' in my head  
(what ?)

The bang of the gang is to blame but the cop's handcuff leadz the gang to the bang  
Medic is the last funkcd solution for the kid on the runSHAKIN' ON / MOVIN' ON / SHAKIN' ON / MOVIN'  
ON (x4)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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