Seinfeld

Studio Group

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 copsBitches with fat asses, no brain and drop top
Guess who's pregnant, so and so got shotBenzes, blue and green contact lensesYa 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-nickCope 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 lickMurderers, thieves, hustlers, pimps and tricksChorus 6X
LalalalalalalalalalalaRolex, 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 techDibs, the one's that quickest to draws, the one that livesMakin 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 actionGot 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 cumChorus 6XJagaurs, 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 fussCruisin out my flesh light, plus make playas look ridiculous

Trying hard, but can't stop the bumrushSun trust, all the temples I crush, ya must back up
Spontaneous combustionForty five freaks inside my dungeon
When I get paid I want it in alumson
Lick a shot and cause pandemoniumCrazy 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 noneChorus 6X

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