

# Seinfeld

## Super Ringtones

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  
Jagaurs, 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

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