

Rapper Big Pooh f/ Chaundon, Joe Scudda

"Plastic Cups"

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[Intro: Rapper Big Pooh]

Yeah! Rapper! Joe Scudda! Chaundon! Yo! Uh! Uh!

[Verse 1: Rapper Big Pooh]

Yo, I flow liquid, Poobie been gifted
Wrote it in my manual watch how I shift it
No breaks, two takes at the max
Heavy on facts got me cruisin at a slow speed
Haters watch from afar and catch nose bleeds
Or do some Big Syke shit like have your car keys
A bad seed tryin to do good
Niggas can't cause they too hood, I'm too nice!
I'm steady rollin like two dice
You now starrin at a fresh slice, for my old man
Rapper tryin to touch old grams
Put a couple on the stand keep my people out of prison
They praise me faithfully no religion
I thank God everyday what's He's givin
I'm livin, no glamorous life
Ain't nobody sayin, "Yeah Rapper, you do that light!"
I do this right! You lookin at the sun
Or you lookin at the one and the rest is flash lights
Somebody tell these pussy niggas good night
I'm like a pair of stretch jeans homey - extra tight!
Get it right or get it right where you stand
I say I'm on the mission my nigga I'm not playin!
Shoutout to Ronnie J what's up

[Chorus: in tune to J Dilla's "Love Movin'"]

We keep it ghet-to with the plastic cups
I keep it ghet-to with the plastic cups
Real ghet-to with the plastic cups
We keep it ghet-to with the plastic cups
R.I.P. Dilla Dog nigga that's wassup!

[Verse 2: Joe Scudda]

(J-O) Aiiyyo, dirty crib, dirty car, dirty clothes
Got bent, spent nights with dirty hoes
Smoke weed, eat food off a dirty dish
My P.O. said, "Joe, you got dirty piss"
I'm nervous, a hundred and twenty hours of service

for the community, yo where's the immunity?
But it beats jail time, I can't do cell time
My man passed his test, how I failed mine?
Good ass lawyers and the money to pay it
Fuck a bitch-ass court-appointed, the state coulda say
it
He ain't pick up the phone, even left me a loan
Fuck I need you for?! I can do bad on my own
Got me pickin up trash, my whole summer is gone
Seventeen years old, man I
shoulda been home
Instead of out doin dumb shit, I wanna do fun shit
Go to house parties with the cats that I run with
Get drunk, smoke weed, party and pass out
Sleep in late instead of takin the trash out
Workin for free, I need to work with a fee
This community service shit just ain't workin for me

[Chorus: in tune to J Dilla's "Love Movin'"]
Uh, I keep it ghet-to with the plastic cups
We keep it ghet-to with the plastic cups
Real ghet-to with the plastic cups
R.I.P. Richard Pryor nigaa that's wassup!

[Verse 3: Chaundon]
Uh - Bronx Bumbleton, Carolina Hurricane
Word is he's the next shit, yeah I heard the same
{?} the beat, certified the murder game
Most wanted MC, niggas know the name
Ghetto celeb, the broad on my arm
Bottle of Dom, light the block up then I'm gone
Chaundon! - The muh'fuckin voice of the street
J Dilla still wit us, ressurected through beats
Poster boy the success, the face of B-X
Soul of New York, won't expect anything less
Still walk wit a Diddy Bop, through any city block
Flash a smile to a pretty young thing that make her kitty
hot
Pardon me y'all, I'm blessed with the charm
Surrounded by chicks as if I'm on the Birdu farm
I get it on! Make no mistake, there's only one
Chaundon, Boogie Down's in the house and I'm DONE!!

[Rapper Big Pooh - Outro]
I had a dream bout my man last night...
And he said, my nigga Big Dho, that's wassup
To my man Jacee, that's wassup
To my main man Khrysis, that's wassup
To my nigga Don Cannon, that's wassup
To my man Phonte, that's wassup
To DJ Sense, that's wassup

To my nigga Chaundon, that's wassup
To DJ Drama, that's wassup
To my homegirl Jenise, that's wassup
To my man Joe Scudda, that's wassup
To my homeboy Ness, that's wassup
To my man Fat Dame, that's wassup, uh-ha!
Willie the Kid, that's wassup
To my DJ Flash, that's
wassup
Uh, DJ Jamad, that's wassup
To my man Ox Banger, that's wassup
Uh, Amanda Diva, that's wassup
To my man Bun B, that's wassup
To my nigga Rhymefest, that's wassup
To my man Bumpy Knuckles, that's wassup
To my man Premo, that's wassup
To my man Pete Rock, that's wassup
To my man Grapp Lover, that's wassup
To my main man Nottz, that's wassup
Yeah, we keep it ghet-to with the plastic cups
We keep it ghet-to with the plastic cups
Real ghet-to with the plastic cups
Uh, yeah, that's wassup!

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