

Santana F/ Musiq**"It's Yours"**

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(Chorus)

Yo, what the hell are you looking for?
Can an emcee make money anymore?
Can I get paid and still stay raw?
Represent for that 804
Yeah my squad spit better than yours
Keep our jawnts in between ya'll jaws
We drink Hennessy, the hell with Coors
Lonnie B. (Scratchin' "It's Yours")

[Lonnie B.]

Yo, hey yo I got block hot plus I'm bigger than Wayne
Every since the Juvenile I been spittin' them flames
Ya understand ya'll they want me to get in the game
I'll fuck ya head up without stickin' my dick in your brain
We got it lock down, stop now, ya'll don't know
An underground nigga makin' all that dough
I'm a radio DJ, ya'll that slow
See I'ma pimp the game while ya'll go broke
BDS chicks like to watch what I'm spinnin'
If it's beef then I bring my peace like John Lennon
Use to doo-doo wop in the drop but now I'm older
When we drop it's over, next Joe Doja
Can't hold you liquor then ya best stay sober
You gotta pay the judges, I win free like Oprah
Minds steady bubblin', thoughts getting' doper
Bust a freestyle that's like givin' my coke up

(Chorus)

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Mad Skillz (Scratchin' "It's Yours")

[Mad Skillz]

Uh, dog I stay getting' raw, rippin' these raps
Or behind closed doors, flippin' these tracks

Dolo flow, shit, I get a kick outta dat
Put you chick on a mat, dick stiffen her back
Sick the sack, rap like I'm spittin' wit gats
And I done told ya'll niggas bout the click and the clack
Sittin' wit stacks, trust me, ya'll don't want to "G" that
And this could get ugly and ya'll don't want to see that
From the cute nigga, the truck and coupe nigga
Soloist and I'll do ya whole crew nigga
Don't get souped nigga, that's the joint
I'm supa, you not, and that's the point
So while you sit back and grit black
Yo I'ma spit that shit that'll stick to the track when I hit
that
Fuck gettin' up, half these cats can't get back
With tracks when I'm sick at, hold up, did ya'll get that?

(Chorus)

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Danja Mowf (Scratchin' "It's Yours")

[Danja Mowf]

That's me
Yo, when the lightening and thunder and rain come out
I emerge in the form of the Danja Mowf
Yo I know you want to hate, let cha anger out
But I'm gonna still put another banga out
Duet these cats then I hang'em out
They don't know what the down south slang about
What the hell is ya'll talkin' yin-yang about?
That's the main reason why my middle finger out
You can get that, when I spit raps I'm the shit black
Get back when I flip tracks, that's a hit black
Don't think my click gets stacks, look at this plaque
But if the money get funny, click click clack
Chicks that's built real phat get the dick sack
After I hit, that's it, you can split jack
Used to have a job with Missy but I quit that
If you can't tell, yo, I don't give a shit black

(Chorus)

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