

Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud

"Stomp"

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Was this in them trees
These are the things
They held me vision
Seein' more things
Me and DJ Paul
We got the hook off
We gon' stee
We gon' play socidal to go slappin' through thy window
Somethin's creepin' up slow
It was a Lodus
Read about a hoe
Some sippin' on the women
Who gon' want to cross my fules, attention
Not only was you weak
Need another nigga drivin'
I stop the car
Said do you want to buck em'
Rough Koopsta
Shirt I knew your hurt
Take the bridge back
Take a bag with them slugs
Sentence see your gone son
Devils in your Chris
It's the coulda me dree z's
Koopsta got em' stee
Make prophet me
See that's what you get for talkin' shit
Trick I drop you in the splunder
Cut you up like Jerry Springer biatch

Come, come who the fuck
They want some
Niggas want to jump, jump
Get'cha make ya pump, Paul
Still gon' miss ya bump, bump
Off a nigga fakin'
Goin' to a richin'
Bitches turn to shaken
Mafioso rule by
And he will act a fool
when he don't give a damn

If your fuckin' red or blue boy
Couldn't buy the wet slide
Goin' on this best lide
Lord Infamous done with tight
When me gotta get mine
You know what I want
But do Koopsta gets it
Storm on this bitch
Like some new used confetti
Astronomical Triple 6
Writes space on top of astroids
Comin' to rip up the shore
We killin' the fool
So act a fool boy

Chorus x4

Stomp motherfucker, stomp motherfucker, stomp
(lay at, move his ass down to the pump)

How long gon' go deep
In the North
When niggas stay drunk
And smoke on your portch
From on my streets
Wit all only peeps
I used to scratch
And throw down beats
I made a mix
With real deep bass
The noise I had to be slangin' tapes
DJ in this shit try to make that shit
Tone be speakers that stack they crates
Studio 9 was the place to be
Where all jocks were tryin' to get
The chance get on the tape
Bein' a fool
Keep tryin' i'm not goin' to quit
The club was packed from wall to wall
The gangsta walk is what we call
Whn niggas are buckin'
I'm still gonna dance
The third a fool
Let's look if all
We took the club
And show no love
Just throw in our face
And gettin' refunds
They might wanna fight
Later on the night
Cause Memphis playas don't give a fuck
Security junk

We smack the punks
For throwin' us out
For smokin' a blunt
The number ones on
It just cam on
And now it's time to fuckin' stomp

Juicy's in the motherfuckin' house
It's the peel yo
Motherfuckin' stand back
It's they fuckin' steelo
On your fuckin' ass
We can't fuckin' brag
Cause we comin' up
Robbers on my ass
Should I blast
Cause they runnin' up
Maybe it's my premadin'
No present turn to yo
With the sayin'
Saw your nine
Boy I call that kick door
I stick those
Bitches in my trunk
And now we back to my hood
Don't want the left they die yet
But he wishin' he would
Wasn't in the mood
For this bunk shit
But these niggas had to creep
That boy they stupid
I sit, I leave these hoes for a permanent sleep
And now we out the club
We gotta get em' up
Triple 6 and Prophet Posse
Ya'll know we make em' stomp

Chorus x4

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