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## Sporty Thievz F/Mocha ''Steady Bootleggin'''

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["Some get over the hump... bootleggin! Some go down in the dark! Bootleggin. Some get over the hump... bootleggin! Some go down in the dark! Bootleggin. Steady bootleggin! Steady bootleggin! Steady bootleggin! Steady bootleggin!"]

Verse One: Sadat X

I've been watching you for about two weeks Selling phony imitations of myself if I chose to wild I might flip or break your table Strong arms tappin all your pockets Look, look at this tape, loose ass plastic Copy machine picture damn straight I'm gonna hit ya But I don't cause I maintain, you're just a common street peddler offender, the question revolves Is the record company involved? Hmm, dig the reality, is that I'm bein played Should somebody take the weight cause my pocket's like on E That I can't see, therefore I burnt teeth When I find the source to my loss of income I gots ta see him Jack, yo I gots ta see And the street vendor out there, don't steal don't sell my tape I don't give a fuck about the plea that you coppin Everyone's got problems sellin my tape ain't gonna solve em On my ave... holdin your eye with a heatin pad Dig the scene cat, knowledge the crime, know the time Or you'll be out much more than a dime ["So many fingers... steady bootleggin! Some of these high class ahead they still bootleggin! So many fingers... steady bootleggin! Some of these high class ahead they still bootleggin!

Steady bootleggin! Steady bootleggin! Steady bootleggin! Steady bootleggin!"] Verse Two: Lord Jamar

A kick in the ass from a leg and a boot Constitute the right to shoot one who steals my loot Bang bang like it ain't no thing to the bastard Who sold my shit before it's mastered Now how the fuck did you get a copy? It's an inside job or the security is sloppy But nevertheless I'm doin my best to solve this mess I find out, I blow a hole in his chest It's black music that they wanna discredit Garth Brooks ain't bootlegged cause they'd never let it happen, that's why I'm cappin and slappin All the motherfuckers sellin tapes to young black kids rappin They try to say hardcore don't sell But everywhere I go they killed my shit well New York to California everywhere in between know the flavor of the God so what the fuck do you mean? I gotta get my props in ninety-two it's up to you the listener to do your part and buy that bullshit from the start I can't get back what I don't receive Best believe they got a trick up they sleeve ["Too much bootleggin! Too much bootleggin is goin on! Too much bootleggin! Too much bootleggin is goin on. Too much bootleggin! Too much bootleggin is goin on! Too much bootleggin! Too much bootleggin is goin on."]

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