

The Sweet-any "Platinum+"

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Uh, yo
Everytime we drop a rhyme
Uh, uh-huh, yeah, uh
It's like this

(City Spud)
Now, now everything I drop yo it's platinum plus
That's why everybody tryna hate on us
I keep the, fly hunnies in the mood to
You gotta, prove to us you can groove with us
And make ya, move with us it'd be the best thing for ya
Got, smoothest tats keep it natural like quarter water
Move with us stay all up in your garments
Pop's stayin' at it while you savin' up your quarters
In order to rock a party yo you gotta keep it live
Yella they got me, got me, 55
Curvin' off that herb and you can see it in my eyes
Lunatics get down and we can rock it all night
(And that's for real)
(Yo, uh, yo)

(Chorus 2X: City Spud)
Check the rhyme y'all (rhyme y'all) We got it hap'nin
Got the whole crowd movin' from the hit that's platinum
If ya, think not you better beg the gig
Cuz my whole crew behind me one-hundred percent
(St. Lunatics!)

(ELL}
Now cain't nobody get as live as we
Just to be the best is what we strive to be
Open your eyes and see, the way the rookies
Be invadin' our privacy, man they be ridin' D's
Like a drop top six with the flyest diesel
While you thinkin' like a G I'm thinkin millions
Add on like a buildin', stand high on streets
Hold on to some 98, paid for keys, cats please
I've been, like, three wheel leavin' E's
Bees swarm like bees, 'til the haters be my enemy
You ain't sellin' me; to eat me; and fettle bees
Repeatedly repeatin' me (repeat me) To beat me, they

see me
Mad cuz they cain't beat me, nor see me
Mad cuz my ride got rims, and a TV
I'm ruthless like Eazy, but huggable like Teddy
Rugsben
I'm not as strict so you'll never ever ever put my bugs in
Your pocket; I mow you, I don't owe you
Swiney stole you in your eye socket
Maggot and Da Lie Rocket
And no matter what to top it, you ask me what's up?
I say the star and the moon who will be home soon

(Chorus)

(Lil' T)
St. Lunatics emit like Voltron we way beyond your level
Cover the platinum hits cuz ghetto my problem's a little
But 'til then, St. Lunatics Entertainment (D2!!!)
State studios paggin' pins make a million
Be Rumpel like Stiltsken (you gotta feel that)
If not, just be my rap like album I hit it back
Lunatics got my back like murders and Malcolm X
All you haters relax, every kickin' light stat

(Nelly)
Thinkin' about somethin' nauseous with that shhh
straight up
Muh-muha-muha-my side for all y'all
Thinkin' about somethin' nauseous with that shhh
straight up
Be-beha-beha-behabeha-be that L
Thinkin' about somethin' nauseous with that shhh
straight up
Muh-muha-muha-my side for all y'all
Thinkin' about somethin' nauseous with that sh-sh-sh-
shshhh
Be that L be-beha-be that L

(Chorus)

Yo
Check the rhyme y'all
Check the rhyme y'all
Yo what's that y'all?
Keep it live y'all
Make it real loud y'all
Check the rhyme y'all
Things like that y'all
Keep it live y'all
Jay E y'all
Jay E y'all

I'm on the tracks y'all
Lunatics y'all
Gimme that fetch y'all
D2 y'all
Non-Asia
Non-Asia

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