

Young Heart Attack

"Kaviealstars"

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(Otis & Shug)

Gotta get my money!
Gotta get my money!
Gotta get it... !

(Chorus)

Diamonds an clothes (diamonds an clothes)
Money an hoes (money an hoes)
Make lotta doe (make lotta doe)
For them thugs an Kavieal's
Mobbin' a Range (mobbin' a Range)
Stackin my change (stackin my change)
Cuz it ain't no thang (cuz it ain't no thang)
Gettin it to me's how we play.

Verse 1 *(Bart)*

We hit the spot on a Sunday afternoon
it's hella hot the homies sellin rocks
actin' a fool
aight, cool
you know the rules
Linen an jewels
but you can catch me in a Lex side lined by the pool
the Mobb kind wit no care for the vice
my crew was trife
stay influenced for a selectable price
the Mobb Life
the lime light
we balla tight
Mercedez an pretty ladies to fill a room full of spikes
you bitches hate it cuz we finally made it
first it was famous now it's the world that we out there
takin
no longer chasin
Kamakazi to the world yellin
"You cowards jealous!"
An wonder why that we all felons
I do it better

crack your cerebellum
I push a kick to watch my stack develop
you playa hatas got me born to swell up
on a mission dodgin clips
an the Mobb representin
it's Kaviealstar's
Handle Bar wishes.
Uh.

Chorus *(Otis & Shug)*

Verse 2 *(C-Bo)*

We get the money
mo' money
that's how it came
Rolex, chains an thangs
my mission's to only gain
when Otis & Shug sang we get them major change
two live playas on they way to do major thangs
not juss to floss
we be the boss
like Kingpin's
me an B.A. in a rag Ferari swingin
wit the connection like the WESTSIDE!
On the best side
we do it, gotta get the money... right
an keep it crackin like Kastro hoes say
money over tricks buy the tons wit no play
house party poppin at the Malibu estates
diamond jew-els
big bodies an sails an Navigate's
we get them light skinned
dark skinned
short an tall
we like them baseball playas you know we knocks 'em
all
catch me at home plate, butt naked in my drawls
grand slams an home runs they never find the ball
we Kavial's!

(Chorus)

Verse 3 *(Bart)*

Steppin wit my weapon concentratin on seven
got both of my knees dirty
gamblin
two grand on eleven
my nigga hit
yellin out this shit

shake 'em up better
but I'm juss scramblin
handlin
my portion of chedda
we good fellas
hood fellas
pop the Crist an hop in the six-hundred
cuz ain't question where that bitch runnin
I hit 'em an quit 'em
stick 'em an lick 'em
but if it's worse enough I bet she pullin my linen
my head spinnin
legs bendin
it's all splended
we all grinnin
cuz havin a ball cuz we all chillin
juss feel the realest
don't need to mention
we juss kickin an stick up enough doe to make a livin,
livin.

(Chorus) 2x

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