

Toni Braxton F/ Irv Gotti

"Opin Wide"

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[Verse One]

Chops burn the house down, we build it from the
ground under
Run through your town, catch pounds and bounce like
flubber
Hotter than a Stevie Wonder summer
Makin tracks to Spank that ass like thank you, can I
please have another
A number of hip hop lovers listen to my disc and
discover
The shit I write tight like hip huggers
Mines the type of rhymes to make your eyes bug out
like Chris Tucker
Face turn the color purple like your name was Danny
Glover
Makin amateurs shudder one by one, take a number
Call me Land O' Lakes cause I'm the man that makes
the butter
Ill reputé makin chumps suffocate, months to recover
Full throttle, lay tracks and burn rubber
Your fool's gold is gone and lost its luster (ha)
So now you wanna give me love, I got a special place
for your lips to pucker
My brainstorm's thunder, sucker run for cover
Mountain Brother with the wallet that says "Bad
motherfucker"

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Everybody got a mic, everybody got two tables
Everybody got a deal, cause everybody got their own
label
But ain't nobody bringin it like this, so yo
All y'all motherfuckers can open wide

[Verse Two]

Y'all need to exchange your mics for somethin else
See this ain't purple rain but nobody digs your music
but yourself
It ain't nothin to me, I judge an emcee by hearin if what
they say is raw
Not the guest appearances your label pays for

They put it out expecting miracles, but ain't nobody
hearin you
And them cats sold you leftover material
Y'all toys ain't even Tickle Me Elmo, y'all Teddy Ruxpin
Last time I made some shit like that, disposed of it by
flushin
Guess what ?fan, your style is need of a suntan
You only rapping cause you got rejected from a punk
band
Magnificent butcher, the one man Butch and Sundance
You know who it is, see, my crew ain't new to this
I say screw the music biz, cause most of my favorite
groups
They either sold the fuck out or their label gave em the
boot
Took your soul to the pawn shop, trade it to make a
name for your troops
Hopin to make some loot, but only made your soup
cause

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Now see, playa please, talk like you makin cheese, you
ain't Wisconsin
I read your contract, you gettin jerked liked Navin
Johnson
You rhyme about your clothes and jewelry, soundin like
you suck meat
And past that, your raps is half assed like one
buttcheek
Urinate in the talent pool, shallow plus a fool
From your rhymes, you can tell you took the little bus to
school
Your weak thoughts sound like you allow money to
dictate em
And plus, your beats sound like a kid made em when
they was just playin
Made the mistake of not makin chops your producer
Try to play the big dog, now you're sayin, drop the
chalupa
So while you're washed up like a loofah with no future
We singin We are the champions, no time for losers
And y'all so called independent ?staples think y'all a
label
Makin CDs that ain't good enough for holdin drinks on
coffee tables
Listen to the shit you're kickin, what was that, an
exhibition?
You're not underground, you're just wack, know the
difference

[Chorus]

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