

Wreckshop Family

"Pen N Pad"

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[Hook]

Cash, money, fast cars and hoes
All I need, is sixteen bars to flow
I got a lot on my brain, got game to expose
I pray to God, for these sixteen bars to flow

[Bridge]

All I need, in this life of sin
Is my note pad, and my pen
Down to ride, to the very end
With my note pad, and my pen

[D-Gotti]

I spit it for the public, boys gotta love it
God gave me the game, to stick to the subject
Huffing puffing, blowing dro down
Hydro ponic speed my brain, I share my thoughts with
the time
All I need, is sixteen bars
To date and do nasty stuff, with sixteen stars
Big dreams started, in my block days
Noid when the cops came, performing all the hot songs
for block fame
Verbal cocaine, I spit
Uplift boys in the hood, make em hustle harder with
them bricks
And them chicks love me, cause I'm a gangsta
This is not a joke, it ain't no studio pranksta
I adjust, to do what I appose to go
As the block by me baby, I'm a chosen pro
So tonight, when I bend knee and talk to God
I'ma thank him for these sixteen bars, know I'm talking
bout

[Hook]

[Bridge - 1 1/2x]

[D-Reck]

The one in the chamber, and sixteen in the clip
I put this on my dreams, that this verse gon rip

The track gon unzip, and the dat gon come thirsty
D-Reck spit slick shit, harder than a dick in wet hips
I'm one of a kind, got so much on my mind
There he go, another CEO spitting rhymes
But who better, to teach the black youth bout cheddar
And he who cleaned the street cash, and mash to the
next level
I'm Mr. Wreckshop, and I ain't talking bout no music
Man I'm way mo' street, than the character I played in
the Movie
One hundred percent thug, I educated to scheme
Can't named a drug, I ain't weighed on the triple beam
Have you ever counted cash, till six in the morning
My plotting out a plan, to get the grass from California
Lord only knows, all the chances that I took to
Just to spit this sixteen bars, out my notebook

(*talking*)

Yeah nigga, we ain't talking bout no mo' jail cell bars
nigga
We talking bout, sixteen bars of spitting nigga

[Hook]

[Bridge]

[D-Gotti]

Been behind bars, now I'm living off bars
These bars got a nigga, looking good sipping bar
Bon voyage, to the block now
Gotto in a Viper, with the top down
This is what it sounds like, when bars on dope
My words feed the hood, blocks need this dope
And the flow is supernatural, boys still catching up
Imagine us imagine a star, plus eat up
A track like a cannibal, trying to make the rally bucks
Hood niggas, already feeling us
Sixteen bars wish out my mouth, to the street
I'm valuable I'm focused, my fans got me on feet
Gotti gon eat, cause I spit it from the heart
Boys who remember when I was a outlaw, ripping
bricks apart
But God got a plan, for us now nigga
These bars gon get us rich, can you see the big picture

[Hook]

[Bridge]

