

Clinton Sparks f/ Fabolous, XL

"Still Can't Deny It"

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"Get familiar!"

Clinton Sparks, Clinton Clinton Sparks

[Verse One: Fabolous]

Niggaz can't breathe when I come through, think I got a young shirt on

Nah, I pull up the sleeves when I come through

Hoodrats all fixin they weave when I come through

I'm lookin Super-man, like Chris Reeves in a Hum 2

These niggaz change like the leaves when the summer's through

And these bitches know they gotta leave when I come to

Slide out the suicides of the R

Got the waiters in the club doin suicides to the bar

Ghetto pop bottles, they should fire Tyra

and give me a show called "The Ghetto's Top Models"

I'm in a teflon fitted, that'll stop hollows

Dark tinted sedan, that the cops follow

Somethin like, when they movin the mayor

And my phone book alone, will prove I'm a player

I get around like gossip do, you lucky you live

But it's still possible to get you in the hospital

Stupid questions, I'ma answer 'em now

If I was barely goin gold I won't be dancin around (no way)

Fly backs out, you lil' bird-ass nigga

And snack on the cookies and milk in first class nigga

I pull the cruise club on the back block

In a Magnum that's the same color as the crack rock (damn)

Now watch you start fiendin worse, I'm changin my name

So now you can call me remember where you seen it first

[Chorus: XL]

Nigga why they keep lookin at me

Like he gonna start poppin that shit (gonna start poppin that shit)

You should know, when I let things go
That yo' ass is gonna get hit (ass is gonna get hit)
Recognize who you fuckin with
And get familiar nigga where we from (nigga where we from)
Street family, nigga don't you try it
Cause y'all niggaz still can't deny it (still can't deny it)

[Verse Two: Fabolous]

And usually dames choose the same
And scream out the music name
It goes fast... whenever I'm in attendance
You see icy rings, watches and pendants (wow!)
I'm surround by girls who take sense
Me and Clue look alike, in them twin Bents
It's just that intense, we doin mo' betta
These niggaz ain't go-getters, they ho sweaters
Might fool y'all but me, I know better
I flow better than any of these slow spreaders
And keep stock in the bank, for the low betters
Nigga I blow cheddar like Richard Pryor
in "Brewster's Millions," but bitch I'm flyer
I switch attire then I switch the tires
And stay from 'round you niggaz that snitch on wire
You know the "Real Talk" of New York

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: XL]

We rollin, gettin dough
And pull up in the flyest of rides
And let these niggaz know
that fuckin with me ain't nothin nice
Cause all I do is roll my trees and get high
And stay with a bad-ass chick by my side
My name is this game is hard to deny (deny..)

[Chorus]

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