

Cocoa Brovaz f/ Dawn Penn**"Spit Again"**

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Spit again is on yo set, on deck Sound Bombing three
with my dudes Mr. Choc, Big Cyphs (rob ya all day,
yeah, what) [Verse 1] Lord some boy gon' get dead
tonight Licking pussy oh boy didn't I man? oh boy one,
test ten if he come try Many Morroco suffer, many
Morroco die Semi-autos to stutter bucka, bucka, bbucka
Calling popo for cover, rhyming with Cocoa Brovaz Pure
murder since the day of discover One-of-a-kind never
find another Spit rhymes like no other Sick line grip
chrome nines with rubber Get high in public, ride in
trucks puffing Slide in clubs scutting, whore hunting,
start buzzing 'Till sun grows something, google on
something Ya'll lame like ruffin' sexy something it don't
nothing [Chorus] [Verse 2] (Fire Bun) man I deal what
the fuck Rick Mack 11 on ya now ya traffic touch with Ya
gun know check the steal on ya guns With the world
wide champion killer sound Yeah yeah boy, who you
wanna rump with? So you can call the police on some
clap shit You ain't gangster I live by the street code
Been told never let beef grow old, get rid of that Like
prince crime pistols muzzle' em up Half of a man on
the dash, trucks guzzle it up Like I'm highway hustling
hazing it up Star and Buck ain't the only niggaz heatin'
it up [Chorus] [Bridge 1] It's like murder (scared boy
gangster run away) It's like murder (informer boy
informer) [Bridge 2] x3 No, no, no don't take from now
and then Can't test the sound, so boy we run you outta
town [Verse 3] Lord some boy gon' get dead tonight
Grimy of the never since I been out the light In the eyes
of the media, fuck'em yo I'm still out in public taking
the dough Got a fiend for the right guard with hands
like apes For the strips from the plate gorilla smack ya
face Rhyme a day no rhyme but it's nine to spray Keep
a safe full of bail money just in case [Verse 4] The
routes we take have us on the run from Jake The rules
we break keep us on the move for cake Niggas can't
wait to hate, DJ's dub my plate These days the PJ's ain't
safe Weed smoke clouds my face, whores be crowd
my space Twin fofo's 'round my waist, Keep a extra
round to waste Some x some haze, Smith and Wesson
ga ga ga threat ya stage [Chorus]

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