

95 South

"Games, Dames, and Automobiles"

Visit "[Games, Dames, and Automobiles](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo check it out (one time)
Network Reps, Punch and Words (Network Reps)
Have just assembled
Pay attention

Aiyo forget gettin busy, a brother stays productive
Makin what is turn to was cause I must give
Steady hits, get ready kid, I'm leavin dead zones
Rough sounds, they got bloodhounds tryna peep the
set
Emcees get bent, for fackin jax then, I make it happen
Street event, major attraction, paper assassin
Workin while you relaxin, hurtin my back and never
slackin
You get broke on my brake, no joke I take action
Carshin spots like tidal waves smashin rocks
Never got glasses locked on cash and props, I'd rather
not
Instead dashes hot like cops blastin shots
And I realize that, for the most part, no heart emcees
Try to deny facts when the flow starts, to get a bit
More complicated than the rhetoric that they kick
Cause K mixes concentrated elements is evident
And obvious, when my lines drop, that instead of just
Watchin this, I got they minds locked without postin bail
Confrontation, you better off droppin Coast in jail

Chorus:

If you don't know, then I can't mess wit you (I ain't
messin wit you)
If you steal flows, then I can't mess wit you (I ain't
messin wit you)
If you're a chick from the show, I probably left wit you
(That's right, I slept wit you)
If you ain't tryna roll, forget the rest of you (I ain't
stressin you)

[car screeching]

Enter the over proof sleuth calculating whose
Fakin in the booth and still rakin in the loot
Son slide in opposite stances, spread my vibe like its

cancer
Lock horns with the shadow dancer, the neck romancer
Who controls the track, never holdin back
Deflatin gas niggas from a swollen cap
Understand, we got no room for false plans
Come in like a lion and you leavin like a lamb,
sacrificial hand
You wanna strap the missile and bomb the holy land
You're not invincible, just a lonely man
I know the ambassador of a rappin tour has to score,
So I'ma blow shows when I'm passin your vicinity
You'll be gone quick like virginity, first you wanna be
gritty
But now you're silk and linen me, I'm skimmin the
Profit of a prophet thats false, you need to stop and
halt
Meltin ice grills like I'm droppin salt, its not your fault
How could your frontin ass know, livin next to your
enemy
Like Kennedy and Castro

Word up Network Reps (Castro)
Takin all your cash flow
Y'all don't know (educated you assholes)

Chorus: (1st half)

[phone rings] (Wordsworth)
Now let me fill y'all in on details, how Words tip scales
I got some females at Yale that send e-mails
Faxin'em, I get cash to spendin from gasin' women
Got the guest lists and passes to get in
Began junior high, freshman adolescence
mirrors on my shoes, lookin under girls dresses
I'm eager to rhyme, arrived in the clothes I slept in
We got nothin in Common besides only Resurrection
If its about women, in one ear and out the other
All's fair, long as sperm don't come out the rubber
Everyday I wake up and take a morning piss
Hide my porno flicks in a box of Girl 6
Harassed by former chicks, that perform in whips
And out my crib I got kicked, forgot mom came home
at six
And I know why you feel shame, cause I can call your
girls crib Sayin its
Words, while you use your real name

[Punchline]

And its a damn shame, that they got caught frontin
Sayin you nice, when you can't rip the function
Plus, you take credit for the next man's production

Puttin yourself in weird positions like fuckin
Metaphors is raw, in ciphers you fear it
That's why I only hang wit niggas who got lyrics
You beat around the bush and just talk off an ear
While just keep it brief like tight underwear
I wreck crews when there's nothin else to do
It seems your ego is gettin the best of you
Shit you never knew, you about to learn
We got dope beats, you can't produce like bad sperm
To whom it may concern, we droppin the bomb
We real, you fake like a prosthetic arm, address the
mike with charm
Watch Punch crush it, the Moet lifestyle with the 40
ounce budget
Now just hush it and don't say nothin
I dedicate this to the ones that be frontin
(Cats be frontin in the game know what I mean,
break it down like this y'all)

Chorus 2X

Punchline wit the rhyme
Network Reps
Big Met
Words
Engineer on the boards
Underground hip-hop be the new day baby
Comin through
Its like that
Rotten Apple

Visit [95 South](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.