

As It Stands

"Clifton"

Visit "[Clifton](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Kool Keith]

Yeah, straight from the ranch

Motion Man {*echoes*}

J. Reno, Kool Keith {*echoes*}

Kool Keith

I used to rock a booty butt banger with a hanger
Snap back with back slaps, bypass them corny raps
Perhaps some action, maxin in the Turb' relaxin
Unique investigator, sportin More alligators
From here to Virginia, clubs when I step up in ya
Tell the maid from my toes, to my shoulder blade
Extreme act up on front stage, make em back up
You get that workout, that head piece gettin slapped up
Now turn yo' lip up, you drop that mic you turn yo' lip
down

I spin on stage like, blowin mics, make you sit down
From here to North Carolina, 95 to South Carolina
Atlanta Georgia Florida flowin down, like I'm water
Mexican Indian, fly girls, the Puerto Ricans
Pum-pum-pump the eight-oh-eight-oh-eight-oh-eight-oh
peakin

Now start spectacular, expert, them legs will work
Bronx Bomber watch em strip, Eddy tip that fine mama
Hydraulics expand, while drums bang like Gap Band
I clap hand, take his mic, give him five to my man
Switch his work to talent shows, I do concerts
Light up shirts like 4th of July atomic fireworks
Extraction attack, white backpacks on wack macks
Yeahhhhhhhh...

Chorus: Motion Man + Kool Keith (repeat 2X)

[M] Clifton! Santiago

[K] Keith, Telavasquez (PSYCH!)

[Clifton Santiago]

My name is Cadillac Clifton Santiago

At the bodega, I need a fat sandwich major

You know my switches, Impala drop, scrapin sparks

I mack these bitches, white Asian Puerto Rican

Black Russian Haitian, with jungle fever, I ain't hatin
A cup more Coppertone, I'm cappin on your kinky ear
Bitches they stare, cause I'm WILD cock diesel
Boy hopin that I recognize they girls in this song
Bodda-boom-bodda-bing bodda-bing-da-bing-bong, yo
check it
I call up Televas-quez, he's gettin ass
And when he finish, call up Santiago and bring the cash
I'm out to desecrate, move wild Western state
I got your sister lickin ass, suckin hairy balls
My occupation downfall and bringin niggaz bad luck
My name is Clifton Santiago salesman at the mall
I'm full ?, a hundred niggaz deep up in the movies
Like Greg I'm groovy, yo Bobby sit and watch the movie
and kick that hoe out with that one tooth, lookin goofy
She's on my tab, better make popcorn to pay her half
They know I'm wild, I don't mess around with
chickenheads
Barney and Fred, Wilma Betty Bam-Bam Pebbles
(On different channels, lyrics)

Chorus

[Ev Dog]
Slidin through the back of the do'
You didn't see me in the midst, with my pistol, Ev Dog
Flyin heads is my job, I will clobber you
Walkin backwards, shoes and jacket turned around
Gloves on, opposite hands
Can you recognize me?
I wear Blu Blocker shades so you can't see what I see
Holdin a mirror up, so I don't run into nobody
but I don't care, cause I know karate (HI-YAH!)
Vulcan Pinch and that Yoga too
Don't you know I'm Stretch Armstrong in the flesh
with a mocha tan, and a criminal mind?
Like Chairhead Chippendale, yeah
Comedy? Yes, no? Maybe not
But if I got a lip don't zip
Baggy jeans on, walkin through a crowded room
Avoid all contact with me, click boom!
People scatter stop that chatter they resort to screamin
Am I dreamin, drunk or just zooted out?
I need help call 9-1-1 pronto
My modus operandi is complete
One down, many to go, others to show
the argonaut is ain't no fuckin circus sideshow
Ringling and Barnum and Bailey we are not
Wild Kingdom Mutual of Northern Cal
Hahahaha..

Chorus 2X

Visit [As It Stands](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.