

Bananafishbones

"Spitz Network"

Visit "[Spitz Network](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Yukmouth]

Yuk that project nigga, I was forced to hustle
I was forced to tussle drugs slangin' that born to
bubble
Nigga back and forth to court in trouble
Cuffed by the task force in trouble
I won a Porsche from the juggle
Pocket full of stones like Barney Rubble cursed by the
devil
Birds on the level of a kingpin smirk on the bezel
I hit the hood inside my Esco-lade, make the ghetto say
Yuk so ghetto wid his ghetto ways
My ghetto pays, three and four bricks a day
Pop Cris and play, the hardest representin' the Bay
I fuck free puffin' trees inside me luxury way
Y'all ain't tellin' me shit I'm tryna fuck celebrity chicks
Yo rockin' a throwback seventy six, I got grand from
eighty seven
Ya bitch nigga always said I'd be rich
The fans hit dead at the strip
I still get executive chips
Distribution deal executive shit
Yuk and Lynch what's better than this
Let the veterans spit
Infra red in the clip deaden ya lip
Ya bitch rappers better step shit up
Call me Texas Yuk, fuck a van I rock the Lexus truck
Wit the Smoke-A-Lot logo gear
Get ya coastal on a promo
Yuk out of this world like Hans Solo
Rap-A-Lot mafioso cop birds from Acopolco
Real talk to mock vocals
Fuck the cops and po-pos, headlocks and choke holds
They put me in again I pop the four-fours drop them
homos
And learn that the glock is no joke
And learn that the Blocc is no joke
Slang rocks and snort coke, we cook kis like gumbo
drops
We chop O-Z's to jumbo rocks, pay off Colombo cops
Beef with me the funk won't stop

The gun expert let the tech burst the Spit Network

[Hook]

It's the Spitz Network, the Spitz Network come on
The Spitz Network, the Spitz Network come on
The Spitz Network, the Spitz Network come on
The Spitz Network, the Spitz Network come on
The Spitz Network, the Spitz Network come on
The Spitz Network, the Spitz Network come on
The Spitz Network, the Spitz Network

[Brotha Lynch]

Homie the human gas nozzle, twenty four gallons a
shell on you
Then I bail on you, somethin' smell on you you tell
homie
I'm sicker than malt liquor wid the gin mix wid a fifth of
brandy
And I'm hard like Chinese trigonometry you niggas
can't understand me
When I, go to plan C and shift gears like a five point O
Dick click, I'ma let one go, everybody get on the floor
I got that petrol my mamma ain't around and I can't let
go
And I'm bound to run up in a high speed butt naked
and let the techs go
Bound to give my 'ut two children and hit the nitro
Catch me on a summer night, bleedin' ya sector
Eat 'em up like Hannible Lector leave blood on the walls
meat in my jaws, heat in my claws bleed her on the
walls
beat up your dog with ease
Teflons and I'm so tired of bein' stepped on
And when I'm done with you niggas you'll be so tired of
bein' crept on
In blue with my nigga, Yukmouth he in all red
I'll leave 'em all dead call me the hog head spit raw
lead

Hook

[Cos]

You see I hops outta somethin' bout as old as me
And then I drops off somethin' or I pops off somethin'
While these hot dogs stuntin' I'm just playin' my part
Back streets fuck the frontin' I like to stay in the dark
I pack heat that crack bubbles so just let the games
start
Gimme a corner I got hustle I'll be ballin' by dark
So fuck the feds and the NARCs they just slowin' me
down

Cause I be paranoid now when I be rollin' around
But I'm shark off the water call me deep sea rider
Hop out the lark wid four five and then I sneak three by
ya
Before ya realise you been hit my nigga Lynch beside
ya
With the nozzle of his grill stuffed an inch inside ya
Flood ya nostrils wid ya head we make ya bleed like
hoes
When we plug you up what follows make you freeze like
poles
It ain't nothin' 'til ya partner's got the greasy nose
Holdin' his tummy for weeks at a time livin' like old
dudes
Ya see down in the alley sippin' on old brew
It's the East levy in alligator and old school
Nikes lock the cops escape paper like it was owed to
me
You bitches hoes to me, you'll give the O's to me
These streets are cold to me, it's gettin' old to me
Now I drink straight out the bottle just like it's sold to
me
Now I don't believe in tomorrow until it's shown to me
I put ya name on my hollows spit at ya home homie

Hook

[Brotha Lynch]

I'm bout to set it off like deaf Gebby gebby
Shoot out ya little house on the prarie
Eat out ya raw insides if ya dare me
Open up ya heart like a Christian be aware of me
Fixin' niggas like a hysterectomy, you won't get respect
from me
Right up in ya chest wid these, heat up ya whole set wid
these
T-O-E's cause I be offa these O-E's
Handin' out these notes please like food stamps
I'm givin' niggas stomach cramps
You hear me and Yuk and C-O you start to panic
I'm a, manic depressive givin' motherfuckers chest lifts
Chuck niggas we the siccmade nemesis
Better respect this before I
Hit ya to fuck up wid that wet shit and
dope get ya neck flipped wrecked
To the ninety six you fall
Drippin' blood off my hand G that's death
Without poverty jam straps in ya rib trust me
Better act right fuck a jack knife that night
Bullets'll hit ya crib shootin' through cushions in ya livin'
room

You won't be livin' soon, it's goin' in 'em soon
Do the asshole to ya womb nigga
Ya like that don't ya?, good, I'm right back dumpin
At that ass and I'm fast to flash
Cut you up like Grandmaster Flash
And I pass the ass, dumpin' lead toes action pad
And I bag the cash, you sit and wait for the Glad bags
and the aftermath, coroners come grab the bags and
pack the truck
While I stack the bucks put you in the back of the truck
nigga
That's what's up nigga

Hook

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

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