

Bono

"Havin' Thangs"

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It's all about havin' thangs (gold rings, and my
platinum chain)
the game is hard to obtain
It's all about havin' thangs (gold rings, and my
platinum chain)
when you get it, it's hard to maintain
It's all about havin' thangs (gold rings, and my
platinum chain)
it's hard to stop slingin caine
It's all about havin' thangs (gold rings, and my
platinum chain)
get it before you get fame

Verse 1 *(Numskull)*

Make mine a double shot
of cold schnapps runnin off my top lip
freezin on the late night shift
wit Barney Rubble jaws so cold
scratch the crack of my ass
cross-eyed
one on Narcs an one on Task
fuck this I'm goin in
to fuck wit my broad an get a little helmet an a shot of
hen
I'm on the way to where my flat is
daddy is, on the way, down yonder by the back hids
bad kids is my enemies
niggas who cop blocks, stop knocks an haters not from
my spot
an they always stare like they know me
an there's one nigga, who swear to God I'ma fuckin
phony
be like "Sup folks, I got cream"
nigga is you smokin, do I look like a mutha fuckin dope
fiend
now this shit's gettin kicked off
it's like 12 to 1 an I bet I don't get ripped off
so more words is passed
they approached, I reached, them niggas dashed
I dashed too cuz murders like the livin hell

I put the lead on ya, an risk 25 wit an L
instead of bein a down low nigga, hang on no coat tails
rig-ups, big licks an fake dope sales.

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Verse 2 *(Poppa L.Q.)*

Listen up
I like 100 dollar bill stacks
best of the congniac
sexin women from the back
playas is you wit dat?
I started from scraps
to ah, get me some scratch
first I, bought me some crack
then I, started to stack
I got my pockets so fat
then flipped me a flap
went bankrupt for a minute
grindin brought me back
I got potnas out here ballin but I'm still on the grind
I juss hope they still ballin when I finally get mine
playas askin me what's poppin
but I'm yellin "aint no tellin"
like Jack told Hellen tryin not to catch my third fuckin
felon
pockets swellin, damn right I'm sellin dope
but damn, ya'll actin like I'm supposed to stay broke
I got, bills to pay
I been scramblin all day
tryin to flip this yay an stay swallowed over ??? ???
I suited an booted, an heavily looted
champagne on my brain an devishly suited
an all the female fiends
wanna be on the team
so they can sip the Cristal an blow on the green
would a million dollar man an some thousand dollar
clothes
belittle himself

an fuck wit two dollar hoes?

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Verse 3 *(Yukmouth)*

When I was 5 years old I was told there was a road
to flip a 500 Benzo fresh off the floor
in the door wit Lorenzo's
triple gold's an vogues
any way you go you can't go wrong
so nigga juss go on that pass "Go"
collect yo 2 hun wit 2 guns
an under bucket Cutlass not too flossy or too slump
the right one (baby!)
niggas go crazy for the Coca-Cola classic
at dark I'm strap-a-matic like Jurassic Park
in '88, niggas straight laced cables an medallions
a stable fulla stallions
an yay is for metallions
niggas smilin in my face to get the safe code
I lace hoes
an break those
niggas I hold for randsom like in Waco
make no mistake it's Killa Kali
niggas laugh, spend cash on the Cristali,
federalis beat yo ass up in the alley
nigga the jar was shook up, until the caviar was cooked
up
(Whalla)
"There you are, eh Mr. Creamery ya think ya slick
ya sold me some bullshit, what the fuck is this?!"
Nigga, it's called the drought season
that shit you never seen cousin
while you smokin cream, buzzin niggas mean muggin
rushin knots down the block niggas snuffin hopps
bustin at the mutha fuckin cops, nigga duck an watch
my rings an my phat gold chain
slangin whole thangs on Soul Train
nigga fa sho mayne

sittin on glod thangs an thats fa sheezy
pimpin aint easy mutha fucka cuz I'm breezy.
Havin' it.

(ha)

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