

Cadillac Tah "POV City Anthem"

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Hello, "Tah Murdah" has a message for
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Tah Murdah 2001 Murda I.N.C. motherfucker
Mr. Fingaz got beats

Gangsta, gangsta
Uhh, uhh, gangsta, gangsta
Murda, murda, gangsta, gangsta
Fuck y'all niggaz talkin' about?
Uhh, uhh, gangsta, gangsta
Uhh, uhh, uhh, yeah, this is how we do
Yeah, 2001
2001 nigga, check this shit

Now everybody just bounce, bounce
My Pov City hustlers, bounce, bounce
All my hood slimies, and Prada mamis
See how we fall off in the club, its nuttin' but love

Plenty bottles of skimmy twisted and stick bud
And it fifty-fifty love, all across the board dog
Gully respect Gully never floss for broads
Or, get out of my character when she back it up

And after somethin' good performs, I'll have you get up
on it
Ma, I'll give it how you want it, make you a new lady
Coke'll open her crazy, now all day she two way me
Type of shit like "Ohh baby", everything you do is gravy

And models I'm hittin' lately, so all you can do is hate
me
Stare me down and screw face me, hype ya man up to
lace me
C'mon, all y'all buttersoft, sweeter then tasties
My hands grip two hammers, double action
Prime time, nigga minus the actin'

Now get ya muthafuckin' hands up, high, touch the sky
And if you holdin' weight, nigga get it up

Mamis in the club lookin' right, oh you ain't spendin' the night?

Give her the pin number, mami hit me up

We can SkyTel tag until I get you in the back of the Jag

After we burn a bag, I'ma hit the guts

Oh you a baller? Then ball to this

My pimps, gangstas, and dogs I ain't mad at you

player, play on

Now hear me holla out gangsta, gangsta

Paper chaser, I love the cake

And petit mamis with the coke bottle shape

So keep shakin' that money maker, ma-ma I can't hate

ya

Its a cold world, ol' girl, so take advice from a pimp

What I'm spittin' is venomus ism listen

When the chrome rims glistenin', on the 'llac truck

Traffic get backed up, we in this, cloud of smoke from

spinach

Niggaz ain't big enough to go some rounds or minutes

I'm heavyweight, and I ain't speakin' 'bout pounds in

fitness

Use to spit off for sport but now its business

When you see me holla like you know me and I ain't

scared homie

Picked up the mic, and put down the gats and yo

Now I rap and blow, with a fire acid flow

You know, and dog I ain't gotta repeat it

Right in front of ya eyes, ya see it, the best kept secret

Now get ya muthafuckin' hands up, high, touch the sky

And if you holdin' weight, nigga get it up

Mamis in the club lookin' right; oh you ain't spendin' the night?

Give her the pin number, mami hit me up

We can SkyTel tag until I get you in the back of the Jag

After we burn a bag, I'ma hit the guts

Oh you a baller? Then ball to this

My pimps, gangstas, and dogs I ain't mad at you

player, play on

Now everybody just ride

If you sittin' on dubs, in that big body rollin' a bud

Then get high, uhh, get it crunk

Murda, gangster love

Now you know its only right and necessary
That I smash Freddy, after spittin' heavy, bars
Methaphors god, my shit is deadly
Swift and better believe, I'm focused now

Feed you to the vultures, murderous poster child
Click, clak, blaow, he pound sure to drop
Then catch me full of that hall or, blowin' on them
poppers
But love, livin' and, love them, thug, women

Who will hustle and grind when its hard times
Playa, we came in this game with no gimmicks
You're finished, diminished ya frame get holes in it
Straight business and No Limits, like Master P

So if you bout that, scrilla my nilla then stack them
cheese
And twist up, burn the vanilla dutch, we live it up
No bread, dick and Big Red we givin' sluts
I'm just a villian, willin' to kill for that pot of gold
You gotta know, it's all for the dough

Now get ya muthafuckin' hands up, high, touch the sky
And if you holdin' weight, nigga get it up
Mamis in the club lookin' right; oh you ain't spendin' the
night?
Give her the pin number, mami hit me up

We can SkyTel tag until I get you in the back of the Jag
After we burn a bag, I'ma hit the guts
Oh you a baller? Then ball to this
My pimps, gangstas, and dogs I ain't mad
At you player, play on, play on

Yeah, its a playa event nigga
All my players ya heard me
Pov City nigga, yeah, uhh
Heart of the grungy, cheddar boys, mercy
Yeah, it's goin' down nigga
2001, murda, murda
Uh, uh, gangsta, gangsta
C-Life

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