

## Cadillac Tah

### "POV City"

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Verse1: Now everybody just bounce bounce  
my pov city hustlers bounce all me hood  
slimmies and panamamies seek hell  
We fall off in the club its nothin but love  
Pretty bottles of skimmy and sticky bud  
and its 50 50 luv.  
All across the bore dog  
gully respect gully never falls for row dog  
get out of my character when she back it up  
but after such good preformance i had to get up on it  
Ma I give it how u want it make u a new lady  
Poker open her crazy  
now all day she two way me  
type of shit like ooooo baby  
Everything u do is gravy  
models Im hittin lately  
So all u can do is hate me  
Stare me down and skrew face me  
Hype your man up to lace me  
C'mon all ya'll butter soft swetter to taste me  
My hands rip two hammers  
double action prime time mince the acts.

Chorus: Now get your motherfuckin hands up high  
Touch the sky and if u holdin white then get it up  
Mammies in the club lookin right o u ain't spendin the  
night give her the  
pen number mommy hit me up.  
Keep the sky tailed tag  
Until i get u in the back of the jag  
After we burn a bag  
I'ma bring the guns  
O you a baller then ball to this  
my pimps, gangsters, and dogs  
I ain't mad at u playa  
Play on Play on

Verse 2: And then we holla out  
Gangsta Gangsta  
Paper chaser I love the cape  
And pietite mammies with the coke bottle shape

So keep shakin that money maker ma ma I  
can't hate ya  
Its a cold world ol' girl  
Now take advice from a pimp  
While im spittin this vinimious  
into missin women  
Crone rims glissinn' on the lac truck  
Traffic get backed up we in the cloudest smoke from  
vinx  
Im heavy wieght and I ain't speakin bout pounds and  
vinx  
Use to spit off the sport but now its business  
When u see me holla like u know me i ain't scared  
hommie  
Pick up the mic and put down the rap and flow  
Now I rap and flow wit a fire acid flow  
You know  
And God I ain't got to repeat it  
Right infront of your eyes u see it  
The best test reader motherfucker

Chorus: Repeat from last time

Verse 3:Now everybody just  
(singer)Ride.....  
If u sittin on dubes in that big body rollin up drugs and  
get  
(singer)High.....Murda its Murda  
Now u know its only right and nessesary  
That I snatch ready that we spittin heavy  
Bombs medaphors dog nigga its gravy  
Switzer better belive im focus now  
Feed you to the vulchers murderest  
poster child.  
Click,Clack,Blaw  
The pound sure to drop  
And catch you full of that Harlem born on a mop  
Its for love,livin,and love them thugs,Women  
Who will hustle and grind  
When its hard times  
Playa we came in this game wit no gimicks  
And finish the minute your frame  
Get hoes in it  
Straight business wit No Limits  
Like Master P  
So if u bout that strill on my nilla  
and stack them g's  
and stwist up burn the vanilla dust  
we livin up  
no bread .... and big red we givin sluts  
I'm just a villain

willin to kill for that pot of gold  
You gotta know its all for the dow

Chorus: Repeat from last time

Tah: Yeh its a playa event  
All my playas ya heard  
Pov City  
Yeh  
Part of the grinsey  
Cheedarball  
Murse  
Yeh its goin down  
2001 Murda Murda  
Ugh Gangsta Gangsta  
C-Life

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