

Die Wölfe - Hard Rock Aus österreich

"Spit That G"

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[Cappadonna]

Uh-huh, ye-yeah, it's like this
If you got big dollars, Spit That G
Knowwhatlmean? If you got mad honies, Spit That G
If you gettin dough or whatever
Whips, phats cars, new kicks, Spit That G
This is how we do it
Word up, it's like this, check it out
Check it out, yo

[Chorus: Cappadonna (all)]

If you got ladies (Spit That G)
If you got endo (Spit That G)
If you got currency (Spit That G)
W.T.C. (Spit That G)
Say Spit That G (Spit That G)
Say Spit That G (Spit That G)
More sex and money make the world go round
Dumb Diddy snatch ya chick up, hit the floor now

[Solomon Childs]

Want money? I need bodyguards, as big as stiff
worker, R.C.
Me mega-poverty, New York City, dollar signs prevail
Five place love, exclusive, nine millimeters
My voice box run through tracks like wild cheetahs
Champagne and catfish at the club, Geda's
Janet Jackson figures, I'm on now
Gucci sweaters for all of my niggaz
Calm braided, chrome rims
Ghetto birds with pink Timb's
A box of shells for the Cola for Kim's
Sponsored by the Clan, see
Pop more vanilla cherry than Luke Perry
Now tell me this ain't the thug life

[Hook 2X: Suga Bang Bang]

Talkin bout the good life
Livin in da ghetto, wild

[12 O'Clock]

What happened to the fist fights, the MC battles,
nigga?
Slingin newspapers on the Verrazano Narrow
Gettin off the fifth train on Carol to get wet
Summertime sweat got me rockin short sets
From the loaf tops, no socks, Hawaiian suits
Tied nicely with the wooden spoon for the scoop
Young girls playin double Dutch and hoola-hoops
Cap'n Crunch and Fruit Loops, camels and goose boots
It was the FUBU, the stripped Lee's, the Hoopty's
Five dollar bag of weed's a real bag of weed
A ki was at twenty g's, hurled one at dope fiends
O.D., niggaz throwin bricks at my click
Now Giuliani got the state N.Y. locked like cuff
Black Bad Boys gettin rich like Puff
The Excursion truck need two spots on the parkin lot
A stash box for the top, the lock

[Prodical]

Brook-nam, grace and charm, remain calm with
chron's of Lebanon
Black man author, green Leprechaun from Lexington
P. Sunn, I crack ya face with the gun
Smack the taste outta ya dunn, ya fam's on the run
Now y'all respect Sunn, shine all type direction
Hype discretion with the right connection, recitin
lessons
But my wea-pon reign automatic projection
Blow out ya reception, hose through ya reflection
Old gold complexion, Sunn I'll swoll to perfection
Did a fifteen, me and my team, supreme legends
Twenty-one-two, I get that money with the Wu
Up in the Cayman Islands, bitches sweeter than honey
dew

[Hook 4X]

[Interlude: Prodical (Timbo King)]

Eh-yo, let's talk about it (Let's talk about it)
Eh-yo, we be about it, be about it
Yo, we be about it (Killa Beez)
We all about it, yo we all about it
We all about it, we be about it
Killa Beez, yo we all about it

[Timbo King]

Yo I slap money for the love of rap money
Rock gully, high cop that bag of bomb
This grown man talk, I could bag ya mom
Watch and learn, block got lots of germ
Straight like that, bake cake, ate like that

Love to kill, I just hate like that
Yo these guns yap bodies on it, ain't nobody want it
Wide body six-hundred, brand new papers on it
Front roast up, corner thugs roast up
Mix the black with green, watch me mack the scene
As a matter of fact, them caps gon' bang
Brook-lawn pack those things, crack/cocaine

[Chorus]

[Hook 2X]

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