

Dj Clue "I Like Control"

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New Missy
Featuring Mocha
Nicole
D.J clue

What hot, we droppin'
What not, we stoppin'
Y'all rock stoppin', we bottle poppin'
Y'all block watchin', we watch coppin'
Y'all car hoppin'
'Cause now we got it locked and
We dedicate for y'all feather weight

You better skate 'cause we never late
Gon' replicate then bet I set it straight
But you can't bet what you never make
I'm the same cat from the same tracks
That hadda bring crack when you played that
When I spit move way back, you get sprayed at
I write my own shit bitch, can you say that?

A lot of y'all MC's talk mo' shit
Talkin' bout hits and all the whips you dip
I know most of y'all rappers live dead broke
I go to your accountant and he say, "No dough"
Rappin 'bout the weed and you can't even roll
If I blow you a gun nigga, can you smoke?

Why you gotta front when you whack as shit
Me and Mocha, we ain't braggin' bitch
I ain't gotta rap about the dough I hold
And I ain't 'bout to talk about the cars I drove
And I ain't gotta front about the shows I blow
Turn on your radio, see me control

It's best that thee put on the bets wit' me
And testin' me? I hit your chest wit' three
Let's make it clear that we gon' take it there
The way it appears, there ain't a club shakin' rears
Mocha here, call me the richest chick
With the thickest chips, and the quickest whip
Get a grip, why can't you try wit' me

Dumb variety, I get it done lively

My rhymes they like
They really really like
They for it adore it
So come let them enjoy
My rhymes they like
They really really like
They for it adore it
So come let them enjoy it

Woo, I get it hot like heat
You the MC that 'posed to scare me?
Ahhh, scream 'till my voice get hoarse
Spit on the mic, make all y'all moist
Hey, you don't wanna fuck with me
And if you do, then you've been practicing
And no one even told you who I was

Well I'm ma set it off, show you who I am
God damn, I got skills like a thief
And while you sleep I snatch out all ya teeth
Hey, you don't really want that beef
I repeat, you don't really want that beef
I said hey, you don't really want that beef
Now you know not to mess with me

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Word up
D.J Clue
The Professional
Niggas don't want it
Word up, word up

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