

## Dusty Springfield "My Colouring Book"

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Stick 'em up as we proceed  
Stick 'em up motherfuckers  
To give you what you need  
Put your hands in the air

It's star time  
(Bring the fire along, c'mon)  
We still here  
(Bring the fire along, c'mon)  
It's star time  
(Bad Boy, M.O.P., Busta Rhymes)  
Motherfuckers  
Yeah, c'mon

I'm the definition of, fuck it y'all already know  
I stack heavy doe, sell out every show  
It'll never die, we live  
And we gon' stay big time 'til it's time to see Big  
(B.I.G. forever)

Get a grip, Bad Boy never slip  
We, runnin' strips while y'all runnin' lips  
Haters wanna stop my lute  
They don't want me wearing Sean John

They want me wearing lawn suits  
P.D. increase the heat in ya streets  
Keep ya tapes on rewind, CD's on repeat  
My mental, more older, jewellery, more colder  
Got a lot like its '97 all over

You know what I came to do, change the rules  
Even when I stand still I'm makin' moves  
I, paid my dues as soon as I stepped in  
P. Diddy a.k.a. News at Eleven

Throw your hands up in the air now  
We're gonna hit you with the heat for the streets  
Throw your hands up in the air now  
We won't stop, it's Bad Boy for life

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M.O.P.

Catch me walking on the wildness side of your block  
Yo, I bang mine, niggas showing me hood  
Love throwing up gang signs  
(Yo, is that who I think it is?)

You see it, Brooklyn Military remains in blazin'  
Respect our hood because the clove is a ghetto  
But niggas start switchin' like hoes in stilettos  
(It's Lil' Fame and them)

Remember them niggas from the hill up  
In Brownsville  
We still bangin' 'em  
Ahh

Sound the alarm  
It's the first family and we're back to drop bombs,  
boom  
(Napalm)  
Nuke those justice, it's the worlds famous  
Fast Caress' street

Vow, to keep the homies proud in the street  
To make our music loud and stomp over beats  
Like, there you go  
(Ba ba bom bom ba bom bom)  
Yeah, we ain't goin' nowhere

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Niggas put a hundred grand up  
Stand up, before I stick your bitch-ass you better put  
your hands up  
Hate if you want and front like you ain't wit' it, nigga  
I bust your motherfucking head with a skillet, nigga  
More rugged nigga, heat for the track

I'm like a Pick-up truck with broken concrete in the back

Now let me add a couple G's to the stack  
I know we got you dumb and how we put this together  
And run when you didn't even see it coming  
Back the fire armor and pop your car

Nigga watch me shatter your windshield with a rock  
guitar  
We be them zero tolerance niggas  
I'll turn on your ass, bitch  
And melt you niggas like a fire, burnin' yo' ass bitch

Relax bitch, the fact is we trifle with heat  
With cycles with lyrics right from the street  
I'm sayin', "As we come through, put the shit down"  
Soldiers get up, faggot niggas need to sit down, what?

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