

Engenheiros Do Hawaii

"Hundred Spokes"

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CHORUS (Repeat) : If you see me on a hundred spokes

It's just me and my homie's gettin blown away.

[Luni Coleone]

Unh, well if u see me on the hundreds, it's me and my folks

Luni, Coleone, boy I ain't no joke

I'm at the touch of class kicken it, V.I.P.

Spittin game at your batch, Coleone got G's

By the buck loads, the young homey make scratch

Ridin luxury cars, fool you can't touch that

Puffin OG on the highway, doin it my way

Do dirt and get released, like my name was O.J.

All day, we roll around gettin high

If you feel me young punk, throw your smoke in the sky

I'm a real rapper, with some thug mentality

Nina ross so my boss, don't run up on me

They call me shotgun, and my game remain high

Rollin down the strip, gettin lip from yo eye

It's Luni Coleone, you best ask about me

My barber June-Nitty and my folks J.T.

CHORUS

[Preschool]

Baby girl, look here, yo boo, what's ur name?

Whisper in your ear to show you, some more game

What's your thang, for me, to get close to you

Oh, got a man? Happy? Well this is what your supposed to do

I'm tell you girl, tryna share yo world, like Mary J

Ask me late night sure-lay, I'm sure your down to play, anyway

Your my little seee-cret

And that's the way we keep it, when we creepin, creepin.

Your bout the flyest thing among us, no wonder it's summer,

Slide me your number, keep it on the under, in front of Yah man, goddamn, wanna take my stand, grab my

hand
In the fork white sand, in a beautiful land, cause I can
If I had it my way, we'd be creepin
Together sleepin, out for weekends, for real yo nigga
know you cheatin
Late night freakin, Missy he see's you, when your
peakin
Cause you lovin the way a brother treatin, beammin,
damn.

CHORUS

[Luni Coleone]
Unh, damn preschool, let's get this cash young homey
I'm down to ride, do or die, yeah it's Coleoney
[Preschool]
Yes, and liscous lucious, busta's can't touch us
Me and lunasicc lovely, facin the world was my mostly
[Luni Coleone]
Dusta busta quick, we remain top dogs
On some hundreds, gettin blunted, we some LG hogs
[Preschool]
Laced with pornofacation, facin, incarceration
Shakin undercover Haitians, in the Touch Of Class
blazin
[Luni Coleone]
Yeah we makin cash, while you hatin, real fast
Gettin buck, in the dust, foot all on the gas
[Preschool]
All on the gas? I guess i'm on the gas too
Just me and you, thinkin bout the things to do, after two
[Luni Coleone]
Unh, boy it's all good, California, east fool
National Gaurds like Killer Tay, regulatin the goods
[Preschool]
My only problem, is me baby mama
Scent of attraction, baby been askin, have some
straight drama

CHORUS (repeat 4x)

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