

Eppu Normaali "So Much Drama"

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Verse 1 *(Nik Nack)*

Nik Nack is in the house for the four,
my niggaz locked up, left a kilo.... it's good as sold,
stole,
gumbo pot creamery,
rise to the top,
my limo even slide through on the late night for that
high,
I wanna zoom-zoom, bumpin Luni-Tunes,
candy paint K-5
bitches I stay high,
playa hate,
callin me a balla, shot calla,
cuz I'm slangin all the major weight,
blam!!
close the door to my residence,
po-po start searchin low, but found no evidence,
they tryin to wash me an our county like Downy,
quick to pick a nigga Nack up like Downty,
don't clown me,
bitch!!
dike hoes wanna lick my clit,
but end up gettin stuck in the gut, wit a dick,
down fo my shit,
tricks wanna get em up wit me,
because they heard their baby-daddy fucked wit me,
but I'm out on you hoes,
wit the 10 g belt,
the only thing I'm concentratin on is checkin my mail,
what the hell??!! what the fuck??!!
do you mean,
your boyfriend is a dope fiend, an he smoked up all my
ice cream,
oops upside yo head fo gettin licked like a lolli-pop,
let yo nigga cut, where's my shit, now you get lolli-
hopped,
by everybody on the turf,
oh yeah about that skrilla.... hell yeah that welfare
check is mines on
the first.

(chorus) x2

It's so much drama in the streets,
an I can't tell you why the funk be deep!
Do you really know where ya going to,
an do you like the things that life is showin you??

Verse 2 *(Knumskull)*

Fuck around an trust yo underfolks,
like dope fiends, you leave yo cream wit,
post, you come back an yo whole bundle gone,
or this, niggaz add dirt to the list,
getaway clean,
but one wanna keep everything,
he gots to cook it, cuz we need the good shit to post,
tryin to bake a whole thing, this fool claim that the pot
broke,
but here goes 5 g's an dubbs,
you can probably catch mo cuz I chop slugs,
blood bubbles, so I charge it to the game wit no shame,
even though we got away wit a whole thang of cocaine,
I got fucked in the deal, sumpthin cool,
(Why meee!!)
cuz that 5 g's he gave me was boo-boo,
too much drama in the streets of the Oak,
niggaz will tell you what they want you to hear,
not what you should know,
instead of sellin mo cream,
niggaz is sellin mo dreams,
lyin juss to kick it sellin weight wit no fiends,
now this is sumpthin that I don't understand,
why the FUCK would that nigga Master P call himself
the Ice Cream Man,
BITCH!! Don't you hear the muzik??
That's jankie as fuck,
he musta been off the fluid,
niggaz steadily tryin to take shit from the next man,
don't playa hate, juss give a pound an let the best
stand,
it's too much skrilla in the Land,
fo niggaz to be hatin,
Captian Savin,
I juss don't understand.

Verse 3 *(Yukmouth)*

Cuz when I was a youngsta, money was so damn hard
to find.
But dealt wit my young comrads an we was deadly on

the grind.

When I wanted to bubble, fools start trippin talkin shit.
They never woulda thought I'd be, the mutha fuckin wit
all of the grip.

Check this out here you jive ass turkeys man. Hoe's
slobberin-obberin in
the O. There's only one Mobb man, don't hop on the
back of the Ice Cream
truck an get yo ass booted off.

I can't stand punks on a man hunt,
that destroy,
lay low, cuz my four-four,
will make yo ass glow, like Bruce Lee woo,
(sho nuff)
since they bigga,
many figga that I can't throw,
but they don't know about this bole-legged skinny
nigga,
mad because I'm foldin grip,
plus rollin thick,
still up on that late night loadin clips,
holdin shit,
to myself,
shotgun bullets be bad fo them health,
so save that gang-bang shit on somebody else,
where I peep thugs,
have drugs to sell you,
don't fuck wit the L-U-N-I-Z that's what they tell you,
peep the murder we wrote,
we roll wit C-Note an Noo-Trybe to fools slide,
at my show because I make the whole fuckin O hooride
slide to get the remedy,
M.D.,
twamp, twamp,
make you wanna pump, pump on the enemy,
been havin suicidal tendecies the whole day,
alazae will have a nigga on lock down like O.J.,
(slang-a-gang-of-caine)
like the Cubans,
they hate when I'm crusin,
don't fuck around an get yo life ruined fool,
so take yo last look,
you get yo ass whooped,
Rolex took,
cuz broke niggaz make the best crooks,
you best look over your shoulder, highrolla,
wit that cola, cuz my soldiers come wit mo folks then
yours does,
no bluers or blunders,

we fed to head wit mo bread than Wonder,
an strapped wit a Mac-11 an go under.

(chorus) 4X

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