

## Blumentopf

### "Havin' Thangs"

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It's all about havin' thangs (gold rings, and my  
platinum chain)  
the game is hard to obtain  
It's all about havin' thangs (gold rings, and my  
platinum chain)  
when you get it, it's hard to maintain  
It's all about havin' thangs (gold rings, and my  
platinum chain)  
it's hard to stop slingin caine  
It's all about havin' thangs (gold rings, and my  
platinum chain)  
get it before you get fame

Verse 1 \*(Numskull)\*

Make mine a double shot  
of cold schnapps runnin off my top lip  
freezin on the late night shift  
wit Barney Rubble jaws so cold  
scratch the crack of my ass  
cross-eyed  
one on Narcs an one on Task  
fuck this I'm goin in  
to fuck wit my broad an get a little helmet an a shot of  
hen  
I'm on the way to where my flat is  
daddy is, on the way, down yonder by the back hids  
bad kids is my enemies  
niggas who cop blocks, stop knocks an haters not from  
my spot  
an they always stare like they know me  
an there's one nigga, who swear to God I'ma fuckin  
phony  
be like "Sup folks, I got cream"  
nigga is you smokin, do I look like a mutha fuckin dope  
fiend  
now this shit's gettin kicked off  
it's like 12 to 1 an I bet I don't get ripped off  
so more words is passed  
they approached, I reached, them niggas dashed  
I dashed too cuz murders like the livin hell

I put the lead on ya, an risk 25 wit an L  
instead of bein a down low nigga, hang on no coat tails  
rig-ups, big licks an fake dope sales.

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Verse 2 \*(Poppa L.Q.)\*

Listen up  
I like 100 dollar bill stacks  
best of the congniac  
sexin women from the back  
playas is you wit dat?  
I started from scraps  
to ah, get me some scratch  
first I, bought me some crack  
then I, started to stack  
I got my pockets so fat  
then flipped me a flap  
went bankrupt for a minute  
grindin brought me back  
I got potnas out here ballin but I'm still on the grind  
I juss hope they still ballin when I finally get mine  
playas askin me what's poppin  
but I'm yellin "aint no tellin"  
like Jack told Hellen tryin not to catch my third fuckin  
felon  
pockets swellin, damn right I'm sellin dope  
but damn, ya'll actin like I'm supposed to stay broke  
I got, bills to pay  
I been scramblin all day  
tryin to flip this yay an stay swallowed over ??? ???  
I suited an booted, an heavily looted  
champagne on my brain an devishly suited  
an all the female fiends  
wanna be on the team  
so they can sip the Cristal an blow on the green  
would a million dollar man an some thousand dollar  
clothes  
belittle himself

an fuck wit two dollar hoes?

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Verse 3 \*(Yukmouth)\*

When I was 5 years old I was told there was a road  
to flip a 500 Benzo fresh off the floor  
in the door wit Lorenzo's  
triple gold's an vogues  
any way you go you can't go wrong  
so nigga juss go on that pass "Go"  
collect yo 2 hun wit 2 guns  
an under bucket Cutlass not too flossy or too slump  
the right one (baby!)  
niggas go crazy for the Coca-Cola classic  
at dark I'm strap-a-matic like Jurassic Park  
in '88, niggas straight laced cables an medallions  
a stable fulla stallions  
an yay is for metallions  
niggas smilin in my face to get the safe code  
I lace hoes  
an break those  
niggas I hold for randsom like in Waco  
make no mistake it's Killa Kali  
niggas laugh, spend cash on the Cristali,  
federalis beat yo ass up in the alley  
nigga the jar was shook up, until the caviar was cooked  
up  
(Whalla)  
"There you are, eh Mr. Creamery ya think ya slick  
ya sold me some bullshit, what the fuck is this?!"  
Nigga, it's called the drought season  
that shit you never seen cousin  
while you smokin cream, buzzin niggas mean muggin  
rushin knots down the block niggas snuffin hopps  
bustin at the mutha fuckin cops, nigga duck an watch  
my rings an my phat gold chain  
slangin whole thangs on Soul Train  
nigga fa sho mayne

sittin on glod thangs an thats fa sheezy  
pimpin aint easy mutha fucka cuz I'm breezy.  
Havin' it.

(ha)

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