

Finley Quaye "Hubtouchablez"

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Geah (hey)
Hey
C.M.W in the house (rock on)
Hubtouchablez in the house (rock on)
Geah (hey)
Half Ounce in the house, hey
(Geah, c'mon, geah)

I dips around, sips around 2 o'clock
The hammer's backjacked, cocked on the glock
Westward bound, stay down
To the fools that's gon' bow
How you like us now?
Steady living by the trigger
I toss on nigga
Nuthin' on my ass but Tommy Hilfiger
Droppin' chronic by the pound
Who's teachin' classes?
Bitches blowin all day with their naked-asses
Checks my spot, better yet, checks my knot
Jack to Jill, round the hill, I get the scrill'
Better pay me
I need the money, so I'm goin' crazy
Can I still kill it? You bet!
Words float from the tongue to get your panties wet
So hop yo' ass in the back seat, let's roof
And stick your big ass out the sunroof

(chorus)

Hubtouchablez as we dips around
As we tips through your town straight puttin' it down
We them killin' muthafuckas with no regrets
Geah, hey

I puts it down 'funky enough' like The D.O.C.
Maybe you can't see, blind like Stevie
That's sick, you blind and you just can't see
You need to wear sun-glasses like D.M.C.
Cruise around in S.5. classes
Sippin' on D.P. in tall glasses

Bullet proof vest protects the chest, cause it ain't
wettin'
Call me Big Daddy Kane, ain't no half steppin'
'Who's got the props? Who's got the props?'
The Hubtouchablez is in the house, it don't stop
Get moves for that ass
Come smooth on that ass
But the girls be shaking that ass for the cash
Got 'em hangin' loosely
Just introduced me
Now you tryin to juice me
Damn baby, I know ho's got their heat
But back the fuck up and gimme 80 feet

(chorus)

Hubtouchablez as we dips around
As we tips through your town straight puttin' it down
We them killin' muthafuckas with no regrets
Leave your crew fucked up, don't talk no shit
Hubtouchablez as we dips around
As we tips through your town straight puttin' it down
Leave you crew fucked up, we no regrets
We them killin' muthafuckas, want much respect

Hey, geah, hey, geah
Half Ounce in the house (rock on)
Geah

'Walk this way' cause it's my way to swing
No playa hatin', ain't nuthin' but a Compton thang
Fucked up, now you lookin' silly
Body kinda chilly from the chrome milly
But milly couldn't imitate it no more
Like P.E. yo bum rush the show!
In fact, like Goldie the Mack
"Take a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back"
Play a game of knick knack patty wack
Toss my sack out and watch it come right back
Fatten the pockets cause we got to have it on the daily
Me and my nigga Big Bird flossin' crazy
Girls to big lips, to big hips
Only get down for players with big chips
And we be's the biggest playas to straight macs
Snaggin taggin redbones to ?????? blacks

Hey, geah
C.M.W. in the house, uh c'mon uh
Half Ounce in the house, geah c'mon
Y'know I'm sayin' straight paper chasin, got to get that
greenery

Floss around geah, uh

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