

FlipBoy

"Straight Spittin'"

Visit "[Straight Spittin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Straight spittin'
Flipmode squad
_the_imperial_

I'll bust all you cats in the game for malpractice
I'm in jersey, where I'm paying no taxes
I'll stick your girl, agnus
Flipmode bring the madness
Platinum status, rampage I'm the baddest
Check the credit, yo you might as well dead it
I said it, fuck the edit, it's uncut
Nigga what, it's crunch time for me to shine
I'm a show you easily for me to take mines
Pass my nickel plated nine, call me einstein
Buck a shot two times and stick you for your rhyme
Put you in a pine box
You and your whole family's on detox
Hustlin crack for reeboks
Holy socks, cut you with my ox
Rampage got the city locked
And your function, to the flat bush junction
Causin rambuncion, watch me do you somethin

Baby sham on some new shit
New and exclusive
5'3", caramel, tight grip on a four fifth
Leave em all stiff, blow smoke from this foul drift
Nigga with the 6 story, throw em off the cliff
As I speak the shit to put my name on the list
The small thug with a slug put a mark on his wrist
A tattoo of pyramids, puttin hollows in clips
Peeped your gat, jammed tight, ross your lookin to riff
(what the fuck?)
Qb's type shit, cause we runnin your clique
See me in the drop, with your six, sayin she snitched
But never that, 'cause-o, high beam through the
window
My lookouts move slow, they heard you never blast
though
Got a safe in your crib, sham, you know the code
Search, spoke out, 3, 2, 1, that's zero

Took the c notes and flip mode left on the quietest note
Swallowed these then cleared your throat
Bitch ass, you should have spoke

gimmie an f

Fuck the bullshit, fire my gun
Fly a nigga head, fuck it for fun
Fuck where you from

gimmie an l

Layin on beaches, killin all leeches
Love to break a liar face
Pick up the pieces, yo

gimmie an i

Intelligence eliminates all irrelavance
Icon of immaculate rhyme common sense

gimmie a p

Powerful professional
Poppin my pistol
Make a pack of people paranoid like 20 pitbulls

gimmie an m

Master of all missions
Maker of decisions
Head on collisions
Massacre the meat rack, ask the women

gimmie an o

Got niggas open, open heart surgery
Rhyme so official, overthrow governments
Shit is nursery

gimmie a d

Diggin my dick all inside your chick
Dominate the heavyweight division
Rhymin district

gimmie an e

Everlasting slang
Eternal ebonics
Lyrical e-mail
Stabalize livin in all my economics

squad

Group of men, women
Unified force
Squadron
Movin like one in unison
Beg your pardon

What they call me

A hundred on a harley
Out of nowhere, and keep you surfin like brawley(sp?)
Narley! I'm the bitch with the pistol
Woody woodpecker or I.I. at the bristol
Official stand, hold it down in trent
Then link up at the tunnel with the rest of my camp

Paper like meade, I'm in the mix like speed
And be screamin on the mic till my tonsils bleed
Yeah that's the way it is
Like when a kid get chirstened
Like comin to the bricks to find your whip missin
Rockin uptown, on down to west howston
Houston, peace to my bitches that's boostin
After juicin, I'm a straight black ball a rapper
Tap a nigga's nerves like them hackers
Be goin on the modem, I get the call from the
dispatcher
Then show them mother f'ers what I'm after

Yo I back slap a wack mc for trying to be
Something he not, pull his card, blow up his spot
Nigga talkin bout murder but ain't committin one
Niggas talkin bout gats but ain't bustin one
Yo, I see you in the (?) portayin like you a thug
Yea, your man got a gatt, but he ain't bustin no slug
You
You's a local black spokesman, I split your front open
Viscious knife wound, fucked up like ron goldman
Spliff, I spit, fully equipped for any bullshit
Grew up with the bad and ugly, quick to pull shit
Ignorant, vulgar, on your taperecorder
Idol to your son and probably lover to your daughter
Fatman son, wilted grandson, (?) nephew, frank the
cousin

--more--(82%)

uh huh, one more time, uh huh, spliff, come on
Bust my gun, like columbians
Make niggas colapse like fucked up lungs

Better obey the laws of the land
Or lay still like soldiers of fortune in nam
Closed coffin with flags folded in half
Triangular shape, blow out the candles with grace
For fabulous tastes, some will, battle for space
Pay the ultimate price, poltergeist
Put the holy ghost in your life, bring you closer to christ
Focus your dice, when the vulture's in flight
Resculpture the mic, then smash heads like the opium
bite
Prophet in vein, metropolis claim body and soul
Id's controlled in the optical frame
Never stoppin the game
Remove your squad with steady plans
I body slam punks like superstar billy gramm

*straight spittin...word is bond...flip mode

squad...striaght spittin...lyrical
Ass whippin...we straight spittin....*

Visit [FlipBoy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.