

## Freddie Hart

# "Lollypop Kats"

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[Intro: Pearl Handle]

If your shit is hot, then it's hot  
If it's an original flow, watch you blow  
Keep it tighter than a knot, every show  
If it's not, let it go, see the top is a heavy load  
We need to step it up, step it up, ya'll cats, the truck up  
It's Pearl, Pearl Handles... uh, uh

[Pearl Handle]

Let's step it up with intelligence, growth and  
development  
We sufferin', some are reluctant to stop bustin'  
Hate is the most expensive indulgence, the greatest  
need is common sense  
Supreme math, teach us consciousness  
Black and dominant, check your documents  
Sports, Cablevision, Jackie Robinson to Iverson  
Court system, can't go margin' the Cochran  
Yes, shots spark in the roof top-ins  
Foul apartments, niggas is starvin'  
Water bugs and mouse droppings, opeds that once  
had name  
Straighter halls, praise the Lords, stickers in every door  
Footprint picture frames in every wall  
Now the play is AK's and sawed-offs  
Big pistols, nickel plated cronz hit you  
Rippin' you tissues, amputatin' your arms  
Hidin' warm symptoms, numbin' your system  
Handicap parked in the wheelchair emblem

[Naisha]

There's too much drinkin' and smokin', leads to fightin'  
and cursin'  
Jeeps worth to see the tour Suburban  
Even the body left the service, but what it takes  
The early wake, for niggas to advance stakes, and best  
cake  
More hate, leavin' bottles at wakes  
We all a victim of this every day chase  
Rhymes shaped, Riker's Island gates, Naisha one of  
the greats

I see it in my baby face, black face my way  
Lettin' the aids to the presence of his day  
Can crime pay? Paper cliche, saw the skies to L.A.  
Up in cafe's, Holiday Inn's, the elegant  
Pretend, she laid in the Benz, a honey with friends  
Center of attraction, shorty playin' my direction  
Feelin' these ears and these eyes, payin' attention  
This goes for all the snitches, from New York to  
Sweden  
Life is what you make it, said Esco, I rock an S.O.  
Product of M.M.O., producin' the sick flow  
Hittin' them up with dope blow, that terrorize your side  
show  
And scream for more M.M.O.

[Chorus: Triggnomm]

These cats is lollypop, M.M.O. real hip hop  
Killa one dart, blood on your block, we crime swap  
Why your rhyme stop? High beam and lime squat  
Give me light, of beatin' the mic, I give you insight

[Itchy-Fingas]

Aiyo, my eyes open, vision a million when I wrote this  
Proceed caution, you take a toke and say it's potent  
Just stay focused and keep your burners in a holster  
These cats approach you, I make a menace of they  
culture  
Writin' exact, generate, money in stacks, for the whole  
summer  
I'm slumped in a bulletproof hummer  
Federal serve, observe, up in the telly in a hot tub  
We rock clubs, ya'll niggas better cop more Icebergs  
Hit ice and chains, niggas that ain't ice in your Range  
Where the pricey thing? I stop back and let your life  
hang  
Up in the zone, press chrome against flesh and bones  
I see ya'll niggas ain't ready, the more guns, the merry  
Put rhymes, confetti style, turn fed the criminal  
Hit your general, four times, spread him around

[Ill Knob]

Who be the thug criminal, hit you hard with the  
subliminal  
Individual, Ill Knob, with the visual  
Attack, where my niggas at? Watch your step, don't  
forget  
We be rollin' deep like, beauty when she sleep through  
Snow White with your seven dwarfs, slash, faggot ass,  
little maggot ass  
Beat you down and drag your ass  
What you talkin' bout, snitched on my man and took the

walk about

Outline your sketch on the pavement, what's the talk about?

The murder rap, couldn't beat the case, cause you heard the rap

Chewin' on the telephone wires, at the Burger Shack

5-0 rush in the lab, paraphernalia down the toilet

Everything was good, 'til niggas spoiled it

The foul underhanded ways'll get your ass clapped

Ga Bow nigga, blaow nigga, where you runnin' now, nigga?

[Chorus 2X]

[Interlude: Triggnommm]

These cats is lollypop, lollypop cats

M.M.O., official, operation, all upon cooperation

Russ Prez on the track, never wiz-ack

Mac to your biz-ack, what nigga, lollypop cats

M.M.O. real hip hop, Klik Ga Bow cats, foul cats, A.T.L. cats

[Chorus]

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