

Gonzaguinha

"Honeycomb"

Visit "[Honeycomb](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Andre Nickatina]

I'm such a diamond back sparrow
Illegal drugs in a barrel
After shootin' cupid with his own arrow
Makin' noise like SLOT machines
And when I CLOCK this cream
I'ma get up in your mind
Rap, GLOCKS, n thangs
And crash the party like the 5-0
But I didn't come to break it up, I came to make the
party way more live ho!
Situation's fornication
You never seen an occupation like mine, and the rhyme
design
Flamboyant like the Liberace
Blow weed like kamikaze
To the bitches that really want me
To the pigs that never spot me
Blow heat like quarter backs
Down at the warder track
I gave ya money for dope
You bring the quarter back
Indica and everythang
And when the bell rings
It's like the twelveth grade, tiga man we gon' sell
thangs
Make trips to Hollywood
And Chicago
Down in the Florida Keys, and Marraco
My mother got a twin sister
'Mean if I see my mother's sister, I wouldn't know if it
was my mother or my
mother's sister
Aim like a P2-10
Bullets that cut the wind
Brought up and born in the church
With doin' major sin
On everything I'm in
Is how I play to win
Just the sound of a lawsuit makes a tiga grin
Cu-cu-cu-cut your body

Man Nicky very naughty, naughty, naughty, naughty...

[Chorus]

Man it's the honeycomb, You get your money gone
You either hoop, or rap, or get your blast on
Man it's the honeycomb, You get your money gone
You bring a sack of crack to the drug zone
Man it's the honeycomb, You get your money gone
Makin' cash so fast over a cell phone
Man it's the honeycomb, You get your money gone
You think it's jokes to crack on your funny bone

[Savage C]

My style is like a rifle
Spittin' on rivals
And I put that on disciples in the Bible
I'm spiteful
Of crooked hoes, crooked po's, and crooked crows
I blaze studios with nucleur thorough flows
Mouth runnin' like a track meet
No diggity like Black Street
Lyrically we pack heat
Like jackas on back streets
Suckas is sorry like Atari
We're hotter than the safari
Talkin' shit like Charles Barkley off a fifth of Bacardi
Burnin' sacks like Bob Marley
Hittin' j's like Iverson
Rhymin' doper than Vidakin
Trunk boomin' like a siracin
With more nuts than Murder Dog
We bustin' like shot guns
Call me Tom Cruise because I bomb fools like Top Gun
I cover my ceilings with verses to keep things on the
raps
And my floors with ajacks just to stay on track
Get it crackin' like pile drivers
The microphone migiver's desire to stay higher than
five sky divers
And if 5-O creeps, they gettin' shook like hands
While we slide out to the honeycomb hide out, like
champs
We block journals while blazin verbals til' our hands
turn purple
You'll get jumped like hurdles by Nicky and Nocturnal

[Chorus]

[KD]

I got spits like I had a thousand pairs of mits
We never slip cuz we all about our grip, Don't trip

We're the opposite of sluts cuz we never give a fuck
And we crush what we bust
Prudential city on the hush
Cuz I write the songs up on the microphone
Until the fights break out and all the lights turn on
It's gettin' rowdy like bar fights
Know nothin' but hard nights
A Nocturnal huslter never love to play my cards right
So understand I'm the man in this
Steady chokin', always smokin' on the cannibis
Like the bodies in cemetaries
We stayin' underground
They told me drop it like it's hot, So I had to put it down

[Chorus]

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

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