

## Hash

### "Street Tax"

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Verse 1: (Boobonic)

First of all I'm a T-H-U-G  
Boobonic nigga, who the fuck you be?  
If you don't really want this block then move over  
so you don't get big weight and lose it like Oprah  
caught a case down South in V.A. court  
the game change every year like EA Sport  
you see now they got platinum, mad you got gold?  
my corner's like the Beatles nigga, get your rock and  
roll  
niggas mad 'cause the Feds stay on me 'cause they in  
cars  
mad 'cause I oversee the Projects like A&R's  
try not to do hits myself, I order that  
while you cooked Four and a half and got a quarter  
back  
you play the tough guy role good, I ought to clap  
and did alot of rappin' too, I should've bought a track  
I had to check this comb in your rug, checkin' for soil  
got popped while you was under your hood checkin'  
your oil.

Verse 2: (The Clipse)

I graduated from Eight balls to blow thats cake size  
match me grand for grand and lets make these stakes  
rise  
mahavaji rich, in Egypt with eight wives  
while my fam rocks links and medallions thats plate  
size  
you up against The Clipse, believe theres no chance  
what you feel about hollows piercin' through your throat  
glands?  
see, I sweet talk the Devil, take him on a slow dance  
while your hardcore posse's is extras and road hands  
get your Fifty deep, us rollin' in Convoys  
you fuckin' with grown Men and y'all is young boys  
love double action, pack anything with loud noise  
as we kidnap your partners and use 'em as decoys.

Chorus -

If y'all ain't got guns (I don't represent you)  
if you ain't got coke (I don't represent you)  
if you ain't got dough (I don't represent you)  
fuck ya clique and that bullshit you been through  
(repeat)

Verse 3: (Mr. Mr.)

I never hold back, I cock back and twist ya  
I never been shot mothafucka, it's Mista  
I scream who's coke? who's whip is that?  
I want the main coke source, not just the crack  
I want the one who cook it up and make you push the  
pack  
you don't like that we cut at you nigga? bust back  
I never been the one to talk and chill shit out  
I shoot 'till it jam and the clip don't spit out  
you heard I'm 'bout to run in your house? you better get  
out  
Mista take stacks and coke and sort shit out  
whoever don't like it wanna come then come  
and you smart mouth niggas get popped with dum-  
dums.

Verse 4: (The Clipse)

Who the fuck wanna see us?  
chrome double barrel heaters  
mothafuckas better bow when they greet us  
red green and black strapped on Gucci wife beaters  
with platinum paint jobs on 3.8 liters  
two ways to live, cocaine or showbiz  
knee deep in crime rhyme, in coke? my shoulders  
what you know about hidin' your bricks in Folgers?  
with Grandmothers and Aunts as primary holders  
whassup lover? tell 'em take aim or take cover  
'cause we poppin' cross hand and christen your little  
Brother  
eagle eye block strutters composed of Baby Mothers  
how they ???? we seen double.

Chorus 2x

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