

Hassisen Kone

"Street Tax"

Visit "[Street Tax](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

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