

Helmut Lotti

"Never Shit Where You Eat"

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[Hook 5X: Laza-life & Dungeon Masta]

Make money, money, make money, money, money
Take money, money, take money, money, money

[Chorus: Popa Chief]

Never shit where you eat, never admit defeat
We never got beaten, and if we have to we cheat
Only t'ing about me is sweet, be the carrot cake I eat
Don't trust everyone you meet
Scan for leaks, all the squeeks, exclude the meak
Shout your wisdom from the highest mountain peak
Keep in mind crooked politicians get impeached
Even the littlest shorties be packin heat

[Hook 2X]

[Laza-life]

Girl you're big now, tradin your fist for the biscuit
Shit this, difficult, we sent to have you dyslex'
Mission to stick shift, endin of the nonsense
Cee-Lo trip six, head crack come to them dipsticks
Shit this, fix got him stripped to statistics
Head crack in the tidbits, from ballistics
Son ain't hissin, like dumb bat, listen and snitched on
Nixon
To get his richest, bitches, my definiton
Attempts for the movement, ends up with the switches
Stick politics for their drinks, in the midst of a sentence
Drain pisses, slickness, got 'em all pinned by tradition

[Hook 4X]

[Dungeon Masta]

Yo.. blaze us!
Niggas wanna test me, but see me not
Bust my glock, thugged out, bring in the cops
Hittin the block, stackin cheddar, pushin your rock
Drugs and shots, the 10th Chamber never be stopped
Eh yo, shorty where my forty? Get my cap and twist
After this, session you can have the dick
You long for this, gold tip hard and stiff

Gotta get my life right, just before I spit
Guns with clips, blow you if you ain't legit
Drunk nigga comin through with my Pilot lit
What?

[Hook 2X]

[Popa Chief]

Yo, time stands still for no one
I walk rappers with that lyrical perfection
I got more body than Doc Kevorkian
Ghetto fashion, that motherfucker, no reflection
Mental erection, the end of the pussy is an extension
Know the passin, by the leep, ends the valley
That's your ass, with the postman
Guess who's disgruntled, to the core of the earth by
tunnel
Flirted with death, nigga danger for Aaron Hawk
I pay attention to details, on point like e-mail
Been there and back, quicker than Rocket Ishmail
Burn heart felt, dead men tell no tales
You can't be trusted like Leon left with a keg of
fishscale
About that, who you think gon' biggest, biggest sell?
I make what I write, on paper, real
A picture worth a thousand words you can feel
I'm not stuck on crills, or how many pounds you steal
Or how many drug deals it take to keep it ill
Never miss the mill, before I die I'ma touch a bill
Put that on my moms and my seeds, signed and
sealed
Shot my mouth on the top of Blueberry Hills
Went up in the air and ain't came down still
You know the drill.. yeah

[Hook 4X]

[Chorus - replace "shorties" with "niggaz" on last line]

[Hook repeats to fade w/ slight variations]

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