

Jennifer Lopez

"Off That Chewy"

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how can sick can one nigga be
you think im off that PCP but its Chewy!
a lot of niggas never heard of me
i said beware of me
now they scared of me
hu...i said come to my sunday service
nigga seen who the reverend was then they got
nervous
the niggity nasty Jim Jones
boot ya in the head,
steal toes to the dome
poted dank, fools its your choice
niggas hate my face but they love my voice
and just like that, i make them ball and nob
kiss the hand of a true dog god
cross ya heart foo, and hope to die
cause you will die when you crucify
cause i gots frisco all sewed up
pitbulls in a bunch hidin in the cuts
cause when i say it, i mean no mercy
the frisco hitler, turnin cali to germany
im a down muthafucka when my homies call
20 rock while my dogs roll up like fog
this was a triple six verse not a triple four
and after this, im gonna give you some more

yeah and it don't stop
yeah and it won't quit
dre dog is in the house
fuck that muthafuckin bullshit

my father abandoned me, my mother couldn't handle
me
thats why i made ill mater of my family
nigga you ain't shit, im the lyrical lord
ask whats up nigga, two plus four
cause when i catch you im gonna bust your dick
roll up a blunt, chewy and tai stick
i snort caine, and do cocktails
make way for the six five killa whale
that love to box and don't care if i die

with fists that will open and shut your eye
niggas hate dre dog, so i'll die one day
but reappear like the lord on easter sunday
yeah, dankers going to call me puff daddy
dippin in a caddy, pant hood a saggy
i don't play dead, i don't roll over
turn ya back and i'll break ya shoulder
a voice that will suffocate your ass like plastic
a throat that will chug a lug battery acid
im dre dog, can you tell im high?
nigga heres a shovel, dig deep into my mind
you violatin, and a blow ya a chin
and after this muthafucka i'll come again

yeah and it don't stop
yeah and it don't quit
dre dog is in the house
fuck that muthafuckin bullshit

yeah and it won't stop
yeah and it don't quit
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open up the frisco gates of hell
fillmo, HP, dre, RBL
and the siccer i come, the more they run
im in a rage, off that indo and cocaine
you got my fade nigga that was my chewy
Fuck ya crew cause ya crew never knew me
and just like the world turns muthafucka that burns like
mase
when dre dog is in ya face
so come nigga, but im a come quicker
finger nails will make ya call me jack the ripper
and then i'll crack yo back like a flower seed
punch you in the back of ya head and make ya eyes
bleed
dre dog won't stop
cause its 187 on a muthafuckin cop
and ya stripes will get took quick, bust ya damn dick
by a reckless young black pit
indo or tai, nigga lets get high
2 to 3 blunts and watch the red eyes
plot, watch me plot
911, 415, coughnut im in a hot spot
get ya glock, and ya guage your there for me
and fortay get the rest of OCP
and all the punks will pound them
you want to hear this with a beat nigga, buy the fuckin
album

but for now heres a scripture,
in the back of the bible you'll see my picture
ill mannered, RBL, fortay, its a triple team
and man im ghost and oh yeah sweet dreams

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