

Jeru The Damaja "Seinfeld"

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Ham hops, crack rocks, ooo-wops, cell blocks

Biscuits, gravy, smothered pork chops

Big diamond bracelets, mad lootin drug spots
High speed chases, robbiries, crooked cops

Bitches with fat asses, no brain and drop top
Guess who's pregnant, so and so got shot

Benzes, blue and green contact lenses

Ya money, ya car and how live you and your mens is
Knowin who your friends is, millionaire dollar shoppin
benjeses

Ya money how much them timbs is

In my roll, fuckin shit raw, gettin driz-niz

Me and ya dip, in the cut, blazin a bliz, she suckin my
diz-nick

Cope p'los and heron bricks
So many girls in this world, which one should I pick?

Shit is gettin thick, you better move quick

Rappers is mad gangsters, applying pressure like the
heimlich

Dime chicks, that I love to stick lick

Murderers, thieves, hustlers, pimps and tricks

Chorus 6X

Lalalalalalalalalalala

Rolex, fat checks, while sex in tecks

Bad ho's, corresing my chest, sippin the Beck's

Burning I's in your projects, what's next

It's the first of the month, go get those welfare checks
Crazy connects, pushing a Lex, suckin on breasts

Sleep all day, all night, fuck and duck the tech

Dibs, the one's that quickest to draws, the one that
lives

Makin moves like a chess wiz, gotta feed my eight kids
My niggas in the ghetto, know what time it is

I need deep and pussy pampers, cribs and bibs

Day to day, is how a nigga lives

Nothing's what a nigga is

So he ends up in pri-

Zon, I think ya pussy so go get ya son
Tough ass rappers, crazy talk no action

Got freaky stunts, bring some

Makin all Queens in my kingdom

Eighty niggas can't get a crumb

Dizzy broads with dope bodies, a dime a dozen

Bottom line the pussy bangin, it'll make me cum

Chorus 6X

Jagaur, strip bars, ghetto supastar

Me and ya pussy out on the road, whippin ya car

I'm takin off her bra, she gettin bucked baby pa

Look new, but true, fuck like a pro likes action

No camera, co reck it and leave a scar

Niggas is fake and rough, but sleep like spar

To cuss, bust, dutch us and bringin the ruckus
Money makin brothers wanna fight and fuss

Cruisin out my flesh light, plus make playas look
ridiculous
Trying hard, but can't stop the bumrush

Sun trust, all the temples I crush, ya must back up
Spontaneous combustion

Forty five freaks inside my dungeon

When I get paid I want it in alumson

Lick a shot and cause pandemonium

Crazy niggas in jail or the insane asylum
Brooklyn Brooklyn is where I'm from

Three minutes and some change and I still ain't say
none

Chorus 6X

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