MotoLyrics.com

Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Jon Secada ''That Hella-Thurl Shit''

Visit "That Hella-Thurl Shit" on MotoLyrics.com

[Talking: 1- Kaos 2- Buck Bam Sham 3- Kemo]

- 1- Young Buck Bam Shammer (laughing)
- 2- Whut's up derty

1- Give us some of that hella thurl G shit nigga

3- Ya nigga gon lay some nigga dogg

[Kaos]

MotoLyrics

This that hella thurl shit This that hella thurl shit (That hella thurl shit nigga) This that hella thurl shit This that hella thurl shit (That hella thurl shit nigga)

[Verse 1: Kaos]

Dubs, 22's, 24's, it don't matter what you roll mo Hoes freakin summin for the low low Iced out, tatt'ed out, bitches sattin ass out Urbody fucked up shit, got niggas passed out Titties floppin, niggas watchin, hoes nina poppin Cedric rounds of that STL, A.K.A. Hatytown Two do' Cuttie, burnin money You ain't gotta hold it for me All my niggas ballin, bitch, she gotta luv it Smashin hella hos, havin hella dros mo Rolls, bank mo 20's, 50's and 1 double O Always actin bad, pants sagged, du rag Tilted hat, to the back Yellin where them hoes at

[Hook: Kaos & Chipmunk Voice] This is that shit for all them bitches and thugs That beat they subs, pullin up to them clubs In them trucks, and you ain't gon see shit But smoke in up out of they nose, cuz all my Biggas stayed blowed, 24's, that's how we roll We the type of niggas that'll take that chick You been wit, for 6 months but see we blitz that bitch And then we set it out derty, oh Taches comin off our mouth derty And then she's gettin the fuck out derty

[Verse 2: Kaos] Woke up quick, lil' derty at about noon Babba Bam, Kemo Feezy and my nigga Lil' Chuma They had, 4 red bones wit a wig, 2 Philippino twins About to get a suite, kick it in the Chestire Inn Roll through the dub, bumpin that Hol' 9 Young niggas on my block throwin up gang signs (URR URR!) Lemme holla at ya derty, goddamnit We got them trees, them sunflowers without no seeds

[Verse 3: Mr. McFeezee]

Get it like these, get it off that issue Hot enough to burn through the skin tissue When the smoke on the way to the mental Skate bird, they fall off the windshield Think of all my folks in the pen I'ma stop, push the end of the boulder Where ya wanna go, to the ocean again Tryin to cop wit my pen, keep my herb po-bag in Tell me where the crack bag is, scales crazy fool inflate And none of this past is, watchin us Stickin out of end of the block wit binocular The hoes say hi, I'ma show you where the tri-piggas at Checkin out where the helicopters at, boy poppin the gat

Askin em where the hospital at, Mr. McFeezee

[Hook]

[Verse 4: Kemo]

Gangstas, coke dealers, cold scrilla, poverty Robbery, I'm the neighborhood, role model be Little kids follow me, teach ghetto psychology Catch me with the glock next to my cock And the crack rock'll be On the way wit Chuma dogg, let's clear up the rumors y'all

Niggas get 26 for bricks, get em for 22 at Ball Plus my nigga Kaos keep the haos say, parlay I say Parlay ya dig, pistol play fuck up my day and shit Weigh this shit, make each one them bitches 28 a zip We came a long way from choppin yay wit razor blades and shit

Erase a bitch, we rule ya whole existence from the face of this

Nation-ish, consider potential customers of my place or bed

These Show-Me state niggas, they love it when we pack

these shows And watch these labels give me money, stack stack my flow Speakin on these fuckin subjects that a rapper know Don't mean to jump off of the subject, but I slap a ho

[Hook]

[Chipmunk Voice Talking] This some wild ass shit ain't it? I know you sittin there like "what the fuck?" America, home of the fuckin dope Fuck, motherfuckin Bam Sham, you did it again You fuckin goddamn he did it again Hella Thurl, Hol' 9 Goddamn you motherfuckas did it again Another hot ass track, you motherfuckas

Visit Jon Secada page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.