

Kany García

"Poppin' Tags"

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[Chorus: Twista]

And we gone stay hustling on the block until we caught
And we gone stay showing off that jewelry that we
bought
And we gone stay heated in case it's in and out of court
'Cause we some gangstas, I don't know what the fuck
you thought

[Verse One: Ludacris]

Sometimes I think that I gotta see a little bit of brighter
days
'Cause I confine myself to a city near you in a solid
cage
And you could look to the left and the right, but I'm
trapped on center stage
And I could rap to the beat, but I don't know how to
change my wage
I still hear a pull and I track 'em, and strack 'em, and
whack 'em
Jack a nigga for the day to days and I yak 'em, attack
'em, and sack 'em
Get a weapon and I crack his brain 'cause I'm hustler,
baller, pro
And it wouldn't be right for me to be around busters,
and crawlers, and hoes
But I'm a pimp at night so talk shit and I'm gonna lift
'em up off of their toes
With a street sweeper regulating quarters, and ki's,
and o's
In the two seater, Ludacris and Twista with bags of 'dro
Smoking and choking, get 'em up and croaking
It's so potent, I'm hoping to keep on floating
Soaking wet and you can bet, people I'm high
I'm seeing lions, and tigers and bears - oh my!
And I can't hide it and keep it hidden, good riddance of
feeling good
I'm weapon-concealing, stealing my neighborhood
Would, could, and should break a nigga off
They'll see you later, go to the doctor, hold my balls
and (cough)
Because the vapors and I caught the drawn, brain

blown, honey I'm home
Give me the microphone, and fools is like, "leave me
alone!"

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Twista]

Throw it up if you get high, get blowed, get drunk
If you on what I'm on come on and kick it, let's ride,
smoke 'dro, beat the trunk
All the bad ass bitches that want to party, just shake it,
great players get pumped
Me and my thugs and hustlers in the party, get money,
fuck hoes, get crunk
(Look out) Put a little bit of hash and some
motherfucking purple haze
I feel it all over my body, adrenaline with the Bacardi
got me up and then ripping shit in a rage
In the netti confetti with a belly, gucci
Timberland stepping on the pedal up in the 'lac truck
Want to get me for the wood
Better get the whole motherfucking 'hood to come and
give you some back up
We can get into it and if you want to do it
I'm leaking the fluids out of the bodies that want to
come at this
If they ever got some blood for fucking with thugs that I
bury
My adversaries better not want none of Twis'
Represent for the city, anybody that different with me
got into thinking its a game
And whether you in my city and I talk shit
I'm going to kill him, especially if he say my name
I've been known to handle my business
Or I'm gonna stick him up for the scrilla, from K-Tilla,
smoking on a fat pilla
Murder haters that I'm full of
Niggaz claiming they wanna bring a baretta they'll be
killas
Balling out so hard the size of my rims grows to a
hellafied sight-scene
When the dough become no bigger, I'm gonna still
drop that 2003
(Throw it up if you...)

[Chorus] - 2X

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