

Kevin Rudolf "Spit In Your Face"

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Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh
Ay, yo, oh
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
So I'mma spit in your face

Uh, straight off the bat, I come
Straight off my back with a gun like I'm in Iraq
And in fact I attack and tackle and sack and crack
And crack 'em and snap back and battle my own
shadow
'Cause ya'll wack and all that

Bullshit ya talkin', startin' to get funky
Toss me the chunky, I'mma brew these punkies
Stir, I'm from the block but you don't pass like a flunky
We make a bitch a mule and everybody act a donkey

Yes, I want you to come around here with that plan, boy
I'll shoot this motherfucker 'til I burn my hand, boy
Bust up in the court and shoot the witness on the stand,
boy
This is my game, ask everybody in the stands, boy

I'm all red, I'm on fire like a ant pile
They put the clamp down if I put the stamp down
You get the stampede, I make blood bleed
You suck dick, I succeed

Yeah, yeah, and this is how victory tastes
So I'mma spit in ya face
Kevin

Singin', ay, yo, oh, oh, oh
Ay, yo, oh
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
So I'mma spit in your face

Singin', ay, yo, oh, oh, oh
Ay, yo, oh
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
So I'mma spit in your face

If this is a race, I ain't goin' for no pace
I am goin' for your place, bow ya home, how ya gon'
Fuck with me if I ain't fuckin' around
2 eyes to the sky, 10 toes touchin' the ground

Bitch nigga, I am not your homeboy
We are not from the same home, boy
My Nina Baker bring your joy
I'll destroy who ya employ
I shoot 12 rounds, now Jr. Jones Roy

Y'all so backwards, I don't do Backwoods, I'mma
swisher, man
8 in the mornin' your body get found by a fisherman
Yeah, You guys is bitches, little girls
And Mr. Smith & Wesson wanna kiss ya pussy pearl

Tongue kiss an angel, spit fire at the devil
And I do whatever for the root of all evil
Gold, silver, bronze, no, try the black medal
Turn your motherfuckin' flowers to feathers
Now fly to heaven
Kevin

Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh
Ay, yo, oh
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
So I'mma spit in your face

Singin', ay, yo, oh, oh, oh
Ay, yo, oh
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
So I'mma spit in your face

And crazy's what they callin' me but crazy isn't hardly
what I am
Try creatively retarded or amazingly rewarded
Ain't no faith in me the hardest never crack, I'm crack
I'm dope in Reynolds Wrap, now let's just hope you get
it back
Let's just hope that you get it
And if I have anything to do with it, motherfucker, I did
it

Yeah, Young Tune, gorilla monsoon
Mr. Martian will hang your ass from the moon
'Cause you'll get sun, you just get it soon
Turn your I.D. to a tomb

Goons are us, the food's for us
We eat with our hands, no fork and spoon for us

We will take the knives and we will take the wives
And we won't take the jewelry but we will take the lives
Yeah

So I'mma spit in your face
Singin', ay, yo, oh, oh, oh
Ay, yo, oh
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
So I'mma spit in your face

Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh
I'mma spit in your face

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