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Kingspade "This Dat Beat"

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Ugh, ugh, ugh, yeah Ya'll better turn this one up Ya'll better bang this shit, ya'll better get ready

Ya'll better bang this shit till your trunk pops open (yeah)

And your licenses plate frame sounds broken (what!) Slow cruisin with some goose in my gatorade No excuses just night on a saturday Ride fulla females and they all bomb Upfront, laid back, like the bishop don juan (yea I'm pimp!)

Pullin up to the spot, parkin on the grass You know kingspade clique be runnin last (aye yo) Bitch ass get checked you steppin to the vet (uh!)

We been in it for a minute you ain't even heard shit yet So sit back relax let the track do the work Bob ya head to this shit till your neck starts to hurt If you movin right now (yeah), the beats kinda ill That kingspade clique, (well) them boys have got skills D-loc and Johnny Richter comin up on the creep In a 66 dumpbump bangin down the street

This dat beat, that you bang when you rollin down the

And everybody knows you comin, bumpin KINGSPADE This dat beat, that you bang when you rollin down the street

And everybody knows you comin, bumpin KINGSPADE

You best react fast, this is a 100 yard dash (start runnin!), Don't be late, or you'll be comin in last (oooh!)

The biggest purse goes to those who finish first And me against you is like a Porsche against a Hearse You may as well not exist, don't even pull to the line (back up!),

Cause you already lost, the money's already mine, It's best to let it go, do whatever you know, Cause you ain't nothin but a rookie, dealin with a seasoned pro

I'm a veteran, ain't no time fo you gentlemen, Trunk bumpin, vibratin while my bumpers scrapin, Bomb chronic joint blazin, hangin, out the window with my elbow,

Real low, tryin to holler at this soul, 'proachin train tracks,

So I hit all the switches, lifted the front and the back, To avoid all the ditches, didn't want the clippin, So I raised up and BOUNCED

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Running into walls, like a fish in a aquarium

Acting like a looney, locked in a cemetarium

I'm goin' crazy for the feelin' of bass

Fuck smokin crack, give me hits of 808 (c'mon!)

I love it when the track goes

Yo Mike hit me off with a little more (booooom)

Now thats the type of shit that make me want to drive
I love bass tunes, almost as much as gettin high
I give it up and give it back, Kingspade up on the map

D-Loc and Johnny Richter smokin sacks in the back
In the club tryin to dub on this hoe hangin low

Cause you know how we do it when we up at a show

This dat beat, that you bang when you rollin down the street

And everybody knows you comin, bumpin KINGSPADE This dat beat, that you bang when you rollin down the street

And everybody knows you comin, bumpin KINGSPADE

You bangin what? KINGSPADE You bangin who? KINGSPADE

You bangin what? KINGSPADE You bangin who?

KINGSPADE
You bangin what? KINGSPADE You bangin who?
KINGSPADE

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