

## **Kingspade "This Dat Beat"**

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Ugh, 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  
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 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



KINGSPADE

You bangin what? KINGSPADE You bangin who?

KINGSPADE

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