

Lisa Lisa & Cult Jam

"Wolf Tickets"

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Wolf tickets..

Yeah, game goes on nigga
And it ain't no myth for the nigga fifth
C-L-I-C-K shit up in this bitch for rich
I was told a few hands sellin them wolf tickets
Like they gold tryin to be bold
So we here to buy a few
Cash em in check a chin
Cuz hogs play to win
So if you doin' alot of baulkin', can't walk that walk
Take two steps back and look at yourself
Before you wind up in that in that chalk nigga

(D-Shot)

17 from a broken down hood with no dreams
The only thing I knew was to form a fat team
The Hillside just a small part of the city
Where poppin ass gangstas flossin like me
See I rap
But what I spit gets straight real
I serve no wolf tickets
Nigga I will kill
Any motherfucker that step within my boundry
When you fuck with me, you fuck with my family

(B-Legit)

Motherfuckers talk hard
But never hit the yard
When they car gets snatched
Lil' ol batch
We can knuckle up take it to the blind
Main line livin' got me diggin
Tryin not to catch no time
They got me locked down cuz I made the dump
17 gettin off nigga bring the funk
And ain't no punk from the start
With no love and no heart
So nigga you can sing the part

Chorus-

Why is they barkin', knowin they know,

Talkin that irrelevant, fat mouth n fo sho,
But since they ain't no tellin what jack told Helen
What the hell is they Sellin'?
Wolf Tickets

(E-40)

Haters, come out and play-yay
And I be waitin' with they Chinese AK-yay
But you can't have female dog bitch in your joints
Goin alll about ya way just ta get the brownie points
First one to to wolf that shit first one to bone and skat
like cash
Dissin one them hard hoe ass niggas run in packs
Hatin on the slusha; just cause he heard that
I was thinkin bout throwin me a Testarossa this summer

(Suga-T)

Yeah, wolf tickets is some silly tricks tryin to be the shit
Comin' with that sicky-sing sing stupid ass shit
Soul Train's about to pay me doe
So I can skat from Vallejo to the iggity-iggity O
Uhh, it's a gang of fools wolfin' tryin to get in for free
Sprinkle Me, you see me Suga-T
Uhh, might wanna preciate some real shit spiggity spit
But now fools be straight wolfin' it

Chorus

(B-Legit)

I hate the transformin' - Bustas in disguise
Don't really know what the fuck is between they thighs
To my surprise you've been sleepin with the enemy
And at the same time drinkin' on gin with me
I cut you loose wasn't fuckin with the extra luggage
90 somethin and you just now gettin' published
But you wolfin to the wrong cat
I got the hog on my back and body bleeders in my
milimeter

(E-40)

A thir-a thirteen hundred block magazine
40 cookin' cola, A-1, Ice Cream
Packages stuffed pineapple, yola, and greens
Had a basement full of choppers and Triple Beams
In order to spit this type of shit you gotta know it,
Seen it, did it, lived it, been it
No more 7-11 turf burrito chimmy chomas
Now we some timahs regular customers at benny
dollars

Ha, ha yeah I tried to told ya falsified ass niggas

that it's goin down, comin up out the V-town
You see funk is somethin only a choosen few stand tall
through
But as you can see we pull hoe cards
For you hoe-havin', playa hatin'
Mad at the world cause the game is passin them by
Top naggas that want to be hard
So accept game and stop, look and listen and quit lyin'
to kick it
and cease on the motherfucker wolf tickets you
know!!!!!!

Chorus

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