

## Little Boots

### "Bring It On"

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[Rapper Big Pooh:]

Yeah... muh'fuckin Rapper...

H-O-J..."Soldiers of Fortune" coming soon...

You muh'fuckas still think this shit's sweet

Heh - uh...

You silly niggaz must got it confused, thinkin I'm gon  
move

Or readjust my stance I got nuttin to lose

Muh'fuckas think they better cause they frontin with  
jewels

Look a lil' green nigga, tell me where's your blues (OW!  
)

I'm bad news; preach sermon minus the pews

You listenin close checkin for clues

I'm lookin for cues, eight-bar corner pocket Cash Rules

You don't wan' it wit me, dude

I bring back two for everyone that you lay

You're now standin on sankin ground and them boys  
don't play (nope)

Revolutionary like 'Shea, bitches gettin funky

On Pooh cause I said, "Not today"

Won't break neck or go outta my way

Never one to bite tounge, won't regret when I say, "I'm  
the best"

Keep fam close to the vest, attack rap like a full court  
press

Press pause, on mediocre niggaz spit spark, showin  
flaws

Your shit don't burn like ours, I'm military pressin these  
bars

I saw your life flashin not closing cars

I'm talkin bout your broad, nigga pannies and bras

Pay homage when you in a presence of stars... and  
here we are

Shout out to Cleveland...

Shout out to Mick Boogie...

The whole state of Ohio...

Shout out to Sandusky...

That's for my nigga DJ Flash...

Yeah... Shout out to Ray Cash...  
He puttin Cleveland back on the map y'all...  
CHEA!

[Ray Cash:]

I got it from here Pooh, damn (OW! )  
You see the world is made up of the half the have-nots  
(nots)  
Me and my niggaz from the other half of the haves  
Seein life through the eyes of a ol time  
When my rhymes was reminder where all these other  
niggaz'll still hustle  
They need muzzles, dog they woof the heart  
Figure I'll let 'em live, now later I whoop 'em hard  
Y'all I swear to God, God I swear to D  
Some niggaz G, but other niggaz don't compare to me  
They ain't my pedigree, we ain't the same breed  
We have nothing in common, not even the weed  
See this shit that I'm smokin, not even seed  
Take a hit of this and mybe you could be just where I be  
Until then, you niggaz know they gang I claim  
Recognize Bill St. Gang (do the damn thang! )  
Chea! It's no place like home, I return wit'out Toto  
(wit'out Toto)  
Had to turn away when Tony killed Minolo (uh)  
If you remembered the beef then you should  
remember the speech:  
Live life like a boss, a man dies on his feet  
From the cradle to the grave where my regrets I should  
suffer  
From now until then, I murder for my Little Brother  
So, bring it on if you think you could hang  
But if not then let me do my thang, yeah...

Mount, high, as, a mutha-fuckin, kite, holla  
Ray, Will, chill, Mick, Boogie  
Lil', Brutha, Ray, Cash, OW!

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