

## Live

### "Creepin'"

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East Coast, West Coast..

All my country, funky, brother, motherfuckers

[Verse One]

To my, no good niggaz, and my, no good bitches

Sorry if I left somebody leavin out with stitches

Seems y'all too bold for ya britches

Enslaved your mind like cotton pickers for runnin wit  
some rotten niggaz

I get raw to the core with hardcore metaphors

Reservoir Dog style, truly yours

Yes, I be the slug up in your chest

Then you wonder why you can't feel the full strength of  
cigarettes

My nationality is, brutality

I got the gun up under your leather nigga so walk  
casually

You'd be surprised how much info you can get

For a bottle of crack to find yo' punk ass and yo'  
kinfolks

Plus, that crew you run with is butt

I was dusted one day when I made your man choke up

Rappers comin to New Jersey and be gettin fucked up

Talkin about where they from and shit when dem sons  
ain't runnin shit

and go off a BIT if you do a show in da Bricks

You'd swear you was fly and how we bring so much  
turbulence

I keep your nervous level high nigga

You better kiss your son and daughter, tell em bye  
nigga

When we creep

[Verse Two]

I give respect to all my woolly niggaz with the Rolex

Shinin briquettes, flashin cash and dumpin Moets

Especially when my royalty check is late, I don't  
hesitate

I scoop up Keith, and see who's flashin at the Palla-  
-dium, hide your weed niggaz cause here I come

Lookin bummy for low profile, so loud MC's overlook

me  
I slip the bartender some more  
Just to tell me [how much cash and Dom P you pour]  
Huh, I should start robbin rappers in the industry  
If we ain't clickin then I'm engineerin your injuries  
Forty-eight tracks of automatics and facts  
Lyrically splat-datted till your mentality blacks  
And I don't give a FUCK if you did thirty bids  
Still I bring Ecstasy like I'm the rapper Jaleel  
Blaow blaow blaow, lickin shots for your fuckin  
mind, I got you niggaz duckin out like I'm one-time  
Or five-oh, po-po, I drive hoes nutty  
Like I be doin security at my live shows  
Your A&R is a punk, he got you gassed  
when I brutally smash any contender in my weight class  
Aiyyo Twinz yo this nigga got jewels  
(hold that nigga while I rob this fool)  
When we creep

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