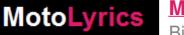
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Yo, hard beats like this keep my mentality raw I G off C 4 lyrics to blow off them Lex door My tex-ture be the kind that explore MC's then blow em out, metaphor after metaphor I'm more wetter than your boy bigger So how you figure you can fuck with this rap unemploy nigga I should own a fly bitch house and a Benz But I got chickenheads criminals and broke friends that love to get in, keep the seventeen spinnin Pull out from my jaw linin, commence to split end Brains and body parts that motion couldn't picture Cause when I'm shittin niggaz hit mo decks than a skipper Mr and Mrs Howe, MaryAnne and Ginger Gilligan, you need the Professor to take the rigger waters out I got orders to kill em softly I wouldn't leave a trace if I died and police chalked me Who's the Boss G you better radio the walkie talkie For the Fatal Attract MC's that stalk me Got a big dick and your bitch click When I flip this I got more work than a olympic gymnast Bust it, I cut the mustard, on any track Milkier than Similak when I'm next up to bat ("Redman is on the mic and I'ma..." "Dope motherfucker, yeah, you best ax somebody" --Snoop)

(Yesh yesh y'all, and you don't stop -- Sermon 8X)

Fuck the talk I walk whatever I claim to do Knock a mule on her ass and turn her pussy black and blue You couldn't run up if your Fighter was Virtua

I'm a round-the-clock lyricist, I sleep in my work boots It's a Thin Line Between Love and Hate

It's a thin line between the trigger and the finger of a thirty-eight

Deaths by far, my rap repatoire be the art of murderin makin it hard for you to spar We can chill and puff the ganja, but don't be mad when the

Funk Doctor Spock smoke it with your baby mama Get off my dick and tell your bitch to come here Male groupies gettin shaky when I come from the rear Hah, that get on your nerve neighbor that play the music loud as fuck three in the mornin off a paper With mad Zul in the L-S-C

In the downtown area, scannin the perimeter All my boos with the open toed shoes If you ain't gettin that pussy eaten right, let me show you

Then let you taste these, this Brown Fox said Ain't No Nigga like the -- Funk Doctor Spock G

(Yesh yesh y'all, and you don't stop -- Sermon 4X)

As I dive into the crowd I wanna see who the fuck gettin loud Who da fuck runnin off at dey mouf? I let my nigga Fifty Cent knock that ass out Word bond, bitches talkin bout pourin out Cristal and Dom P they better stick to Sade Blackin out whylin, smackin out weaves Break niggaz cheap ass chains and medallions You're just a part time sucker in the game Shit is real motherfucker start namin names And if you name my name I whoop ass like Steven Seagal Give you Under Siege 2 without the fuckin train Let your brains hang from the 808 bang

And if I wrecked your cipher then my Squad is to blame

(Yesh yesh y'all, and you don't stop -- Erick Sermon 12X then fades)

We'll be right back with some more funk shit for all you stankin asses after we pay these bills

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