

## **Lovin Spoonful**

### **"1st Round Draft Pick"**

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cause ain't tellin' when it's on.  
Going, Going, Gone you better raise up  
cause ain't no telling when it's on.  
(straight soldier don't make me have to show ya.)

Straight Soldier don't make me have to show ya.

Chorus (2X)

Verse One:

Now I'm set, ready to peel a cap  
for a bas-relief still got P-funk knockin'  
out bustin' out teeth, with the show that's  
boss now who lost? Told you over and over  
that it would cost. Bringin' a crisis to those who  
wanna act tough, enough is enough got  
your ass on Q when I caught'cha bluff  
ain't no passes or freebee you don't  
wanna see me cause it's worser than  
hell straight from Long Beach. That  
Wayniac an Eastside nigga wit' an attitude  
quicker than quick to bust a cap in a punk fool.  
God damn it's only right from the hitman you  
wouldn't understand the way I think of my game  
plan. Therefore, a nigga like you better slow  
your roll, act like you know before I show.  
The real deal still kickin' the shit with the passion  
dangerous psycho-manic nigga when I'm blastin'  
think not. Come try me and it's on for life.  
Cause I'm causin' shattered dreams as I  
kill your kids and your wife nigga, so back  
off this soldier quick cause I'm still goin' muthafucka'  
the first round draft pick.

Chorus

Verse Two:

God damn! Another murder on the Eastside  
six police cars plus an undercover G ride

Yellow tape stretched out like the fuckin freeway  
talkin on the phone to this bitch on a three-way  
She done got the scoop on the shit as it went down  
it's a homicide youngsta' wounded plus a dead  
cop. Niggas gon be niggas comin' up it's a must  
G fuckin' wit' that bone and get that ass put to  
sleep see. Because of hard times got us all  
on the jack move be careful who you jack cuz  
this nigga straight servin' fools. Ain't nothin  
poppin' but some coochie and some popcorn  
who will be the next nigga that the Loc is gonna  
have to warn? It's a sad case then life is fucked  
up, set killin' set that's how the shit is summed up  
be careful where you goin' certain places that  
you ride cuz right about now it's gettin' crucial  
on the Eastside

Chorus

Verse Three:

Waitin' for the roll call to begin ya' thought it would  
end but it's not still tearin'em limb from limb, gangsta  
stroll when I T-roll gotta put a hole unless I'm ready  
to unload and take a soul. Flashbacks on my  
younger days still got me fazed but like they say  
nothin' seems to amaze. Cuz you have to be a  
street wise nigga to peep the game, watch the aim  
cuz the bullet don't carry a name. And it might be  
the cops who take pop at a young black nigga  
gettin' his props, no doubt it. Cuz it's been done  
before so here's a quiz if you don't die you go to  
court your word against his. Fucked up but that's  
the justice and the peace the matter's in my hands  
I know how to make it cease. Grab my reasons  
and keep'em quiet, cuz I know damn well that they  
don't wanna see another riot. Uncontrollable when I  
get it goin' you push the button of a nigga that keeps  
it flowin, daily. Can't stop, won't stop, and I won't  
quit, signing off muthafuckas from the first round draft  
pick.

Chorus (3X)

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