## Luniz "Hypnotize"

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Aiyyo, dot dot dot who is it the prime wizard Erykah Badu-izm smoker, vocal chord woof choker Now who block is this? (Yo yo yo, no no, chill chill, nah nah, hold up homie) We takin' over

Gimme your girl, gimme your keys to your four do' Explorer Yo Lu-Nile, crack their composure (We decompose your crowd) We layin' down tighter than plaques When I blast I wild like them two bitches from Baps

Yo, the Hong Kong Fooey, human tornado like Rudy Turning your bomb-ba-zee into doobies Platinum overseas like the Fugees, Japanese Germany groupies, mooshi mooshi, sniffin' lines

Off each other's booty love the Luniz
I went from smokin' dubs to QP's
Make hits for thugs that bankin' hoopies
And aimin' uzis, at who dirty mackin' my loochie
Come clost cock the toast and make you see Ghost-s
like Whoopi

Have you ever seen a nigga get snatched up by his drawers

And wonder the cause, 'cuz big dope had his balls Got small methamphetimes with colors to be Cray-ola Took the drunkest O-A and let the X take shit over

No need to get juiced 'cause it's the anti-depressant Smile now but trip later and put your hand out for the present

Lay down for fifteen so your body can feel rest Kick your feet up and start makin' beats on your chest and think

Sex, money, drugs, music Lies, these are the things that keep niggaz I was hypnotized, I'd like to break it down down Cold turn the party out I'd like to, I'd like to break it down down

## Cold turn the party out

Blackstreet

Sex, money, drugs, music
Lies, these are the things that keep niggaz
I was hypnotized, I'd like to break it down down
Cold turn the party out
I'd like to, I'd like to break it down down
Cold turn the party out

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Ah ah, I smoke Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Saturdayh Two lay ya blunt, players with cream If I die my spirit will jump inside machines

Runnin' niggaz over like Christine (Sorry) I mix the green with the last piece of hashish, assburning Hoes in my black mink, your baby momma lovin' my backseat Freak nasty got me slappin' the ass cheeks of

So high, I'm so high I feel like I'm wearin' a disguise Superman type of, with Kryptonite eyes Not knowin' I'm trippin', I walks out to my vehic' Buckle up for safety on my way to get some cheap shit

I'm out the parkin' lot, sideways on two wheels Vision is double, trouble to me is bein' real Listen to my big block bill cause in the town that's a earful Shares and mo' shares, swang if it's good

Now how I get dollars, I be the rap artist blue collar School scholars on knowledge to move dollars I do gotta motion chirp, like Impalas For niggaz who rock Timbs, Gortex, or new Walla's

You're facin', the Cochise of operation
And if you ain't tastin' you should steady observations
Doctor/patient, leavin' mics with laceratons
Love to stay bent with my doggs rollin' adjacent
(Woof)

And when they bark they turn your sunny days to dark You play the back like Rosa Parks when the arc sparks I bang rawly, do you orally My horny sounds will pound more heavy than E-40

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I'm gettin' money y'all, I'm gettin' money, nigga Bend your back like Long Isle Iced Teas with five liquors

Knew about the cheddar since I took my child picture SDial 900-Do-Away-With-All-Snitches

Stop complaining, the game is for entertainment What is it when niggaz heads gettin covered with blankets?

It's just a one-eight-seven on your motherfuckin' crew I'll have your brains doin' donuts like you in a rental

Flip fools with credentials, nasty like havin' sex with kinfolk
Blaze high, then smoke

Drunk-a-Lot, stays on top, that's why we roll Two and two, four deep makes a crew Red Yuk and Num with the sidekick Hennesey Fuzzy, wuzza, fuzzy, little friend of me

Hitters on the payroll, secure because we practice Pure ass-kick cures for who's acting drastic Drank and buddha blast, callin' shots on Motorolas One step shy, so I'ma drank until it's over

Kick this for the fake Versace wearin' fake Donna Karan Mossino

Players we know, ain't no gambino Peons be watchin too much Casino Wannabe Nino Brown with the uzi But clown you more like Downtown Judy

Niggaz can't fool me, I love the way you ball outta control

In your rhyme, then see you in person without a dime But I'm global, with Reggie Noble man blazin' Dive in a crowd like Method Man and Van Halen Sex, money, drugs, music
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