

## Mountain Brothers "Opin Wide"

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[Verse One]

Chops burn the house down, we build it from the  
ground under  
Run through your town, catch pounds and bounce like  
flubber  
Hotter than a Stevie Wonder summer  
Makin tracks to Spank that ass like thank you, can I  
please have another  
A number of hip hop lovers listen to my disc and  
discover  
The shit I write tight like hip huggers  
Mines the type of rhymes to make your eyes bug out  
like Chris Tucker  
Face turn the color purple like your name was Danny  
Glover  
Makin amateurs shudder one by one, take a number  
Call me Land O' Lakes cause I'm the man that makes  
the butter  
Ill repute makin chumps suffocate, months to recover  
Full throttle, lay tracks and burn rubber  
Your fool's gold is gone and lost it's luster (ha)  
So now you wanna give me love, I got a special place  
for your lips to pucker  
My brainstorm's thunder, sucker run for cover  
Mountain Brother with the wallet that says "Bad  
motherfucker"

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Everybody got a mic, everybody got two tables  
Everybody got a deal, cause everybody got their own  
label  
But ain't nobody bringin it like this, so yo  
All y'all motherfuckers can open wide

[Verse Two]

Y'all need to exchange your mics for somethin else  
See this ain't purple rain but nobody digs your music  
but yourself  
It ain't nothin to me, I judge an emcee by hearin if what  
they say is raw  
Not the guest appearances your label pays for  
They put it out expecting miracles, but ain't nobody

hearin you  
And them cats sold you leftover material  
Y'all toys ain't even Tickle Me Elmo, y'all Teddy Ruxpin  
Last time I made some shit like that, disposed of it by  
flushin  
Guess what ?fan, your style is need of a suntan  
You only rapping cause you got rejected from a punk  
band  
Magnificent butcher, the one man Butch and Sundance  
You know who it is, see, my crew ain't new to this  
I say screw the music biz, cause most of my favorite  
groups  
They either sold the fuck out or their label gave em the  
boot  
Took your soul to the pawn shop, trade it to make a  
name for your troops  
Hopin to make some loot, but only made your soup  
cause

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Now see, playa please, talk like you makin cheese, you  
ain't Wisconsin  
I read your contract, you gettin jerked liked Navin  
Johnson  
You rhyme about your clothes and jewelry, soundin like  
you suck meat  
And past that, your raps is half assed like one  
buttcheek  
Urinate in the talent pool, shallow plus a fool  
From your rhymes, you can tell you took the little bus to  
school  
Your weak thoughts sound like you allow money to  
dictate em  
And plus, your beats sound like a kid made em when  
they was just playin  
Made the mistake of not makin chops your producer  
Try to play the big dog, now you're sayin, drop the  
chalupa  
So while you're washed up like a loofah with no future  
We singin We are the champions, no time for losers  
And y'all so called independent ?staples think y'all a  
label  
Makin CDs that ain't good enough for holdin drinks on  
coffee tables  
Listen to the shit you're kickin, what was that, an  
exhibition?  
You're not underground, you're just wack, know the  
difference

[Chorus]

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