

Rockets

"Taste"

Visit "[Taste](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

L.A. got a taste,
New York got a taste,
Detroit got a taste of it,
(They say they love it)
Chi. Town got a taste,
The A got a taste,
The Bay got a taste of it,
(They say they love it)
The U.K. got a taste,
Japan got a taste,
And France got a taste of it,
(They say they love it)
The World got a taste,
Your girl got a taste,
Even your mom got a taste of it,
(They say they love it)

(Big Mibbs)

I'm coming from the city where no pity is shown
And everybody wants to be a G when they grown
They heat seek at your dome
With simple squeeze of the chrome
You see a n*gga one week
Next week he gone
But lately it's been shady I don't like the zone
That's why I got so crazy on the microphone
You see I write the poems
They un-light your dome
Come in the doors open and the lights is on
And this shit hit harder then the time you found out that
your girl was
Cheating
Or maybe even
That faithful evening
You turned on the T.V. screen and seen Rodney King
take that beaten
Heavy hitter shit now the whole crowd feinding
For that un-cut raw, they can taste it even
It's the reason I'm breathing
Now take three of these and call me if you have any
questions

Good evening

Jersey got a taste,
H Town got a taste,
Richmond got a taste of it,
(They say they love it)
N.C. got a taste,
Portland got a taste,
Boston got a taste of it,
(They say they love it)
AZ got a taste,
Fresno got a taste,
Brooklyn got a taste of it,
(They say they love it)
The World got a taste,
Your girl got a taste,
Your grandma got a taste of it,
(They say they love it)

(BeYoung)

Just ask your momma
She know about it
How we go about it
It's our shows that she take her drawers and throw em
out it
Ain't no clothes allowed in,
Watch us take these lame n*gga's in the game plus the
frame and we
Blow em out it
Ya, Ya, I say we blow them out it
Ain't no turning back now, know the throne is ours.

And that's a guarantee, cause see, I ain't into gassing
n*gga's
I run my thing like it's solar powered
These trash n*gga's I can go without it
These trash n*gga's love to coach you 'bout it
Cause they the ones supplying the shit
N*gga's in their mid thirties still lying and shit
Like, "Mother fucking positive shit, I'm getting paid
man life is a bitch"
Uh, that's why I do me, and keep it cool see
Pac Div man you'll know who them dudes be

Cleveland got a taste,
DC got a taste,
VA got a taste of it,
(They say they love it)
Vegas got a taste,
Memphis got a taste,

Oakland got a taste of it
(They say they love it)
Pittsburgh got a taste,
Little Rock got a taste,
N.O. got a taste of it
(They say they love it)
The World got a taste,
Your girl got a taste,
Your Auntie got a taste of it
(They say they love it)

(Like)

I got to much passion for that monotone rapping
If silence is golden I wouldn't know it, I'm trying to go
platinum
Designer coat fashion, finer sewn fabrics
I'm so classic like I'm walking on a runway
You talk a lot of gun play, all that tough actin'
To me means your coming out the closet one day... any
day, any way
I'm heavy hitting I could home run in any play
With no stripes, I'm so nice, what you know right, cause
I'm dope like,
What you sold, right? you know snow white,
How you a millionaire, still rapping 'bout your coke
price?
I don't get it, it's a joke right?
But the kids love it so it ain't wrong right?
Just food for thought, for the soul like,
Here's a piece have a whole bite and taste it.

Philly got a taste,
South Beach got a taste,
Dallas got a taste of it,
(They say they love it)
Louisville got a taste,
C Town got a taste,
B'more got a taste of it,
(They say they love it)
Austin got a taste,
Denver got a taste,
Palm Dale got a taste of it,
(They say they love it)
The World got a taste,
Your girl got a taste,
Now you got a taste of it.
(They say they love it)

