

Spm "Hoggin And Doggin"

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Chorus

(Carolyn)

We we we mobbin
we hoggin and we doggin
we creepin and we crawin
it's time to do you all in

Verse 1

(Lucky)

hold up im too thowed, im the young capo
5 star general, lucky luciano
yo my checks too fat, the banks cant cash it
gimme ten days, meanwhile i got plastic
country to country i live in hotels
no ashy elbows, pedicured toenails
sittin on a beach chair, 200 dollar chanclas
am i in acapulco or puerto vallaca
sippin outta pineapple actin a fool
step out on my balconey and check out my view
im lookin brand new, i get menages crunk
lucky look cleaner then andre monk
open up my closet and you're in the galleria
im the shit homeboy, call my lucky diarrhea
covered in diamonds, get a load of this wrist
just to show out and stunt, im the dope house prince

Chorus (2 X's)

verse 2

(SPM)

im kinda hotta than lava, i got a dog that slobba
i might be yo father betta ask yo mama
i practice karate like the boy chuck norris
im papa bear im like "who the hell dem eatin my
porridge"
im still ralph lauren and im still mike jordan
im still comin down orem just floorin the foreign
never borin or simple, man im really excitin
i go to clubs and be fightin, i be kickin and bitin
i might poke ya eye out , i dont fight that fair
i fought a dude with some braids and started pullin his
hair

but my boys back me up and leave nobody standin
im like "why y'all jump in? man i almost had'em"
and they was like "los, he was beatin yo ass"
i was lettin him get tired, man you messed up my
plans
anyway, imma write a song about it, and tell
all my fans that i beat him up all by myself--haha

Chorus (2 X's)

verse 3

(Low-G)

i might play chalupa, thats mexican bingo
peace to my boys up in coffield and beto
my benz take diesel, dejame explico
if i hit the pen walk around with a pico
i used to slang cincos, chilled on domingos
dickies look young aint got no wrinkles
shoot like ming when he hit 12 footaz
i be pullin hoes like a kid pick boogaz
you can see my rolli when i dip guacamole
gotta all white pit like angelina jolie
i put red dots on 9 milla glocks
might make you think that you got chicken pox
got rims like a spida, weed to the lighta
its ya boy low, ima killa not a fighta
roll with china, phone off the ring
i know you hear the hook, nigga thats my lil prima

Chorus (2 X's)

(Bash)

im at the dope house smoked out, baby bash loc'd out
doin tracks with charlie brown whe broe out
he choked out his C.O., did it on the D-lo
went to see his wife and his daughter and his mijo
the game is so frio, now he tippin Styrofoam
said he gotta be right back before th lights is on
buts its al gravity, learn from tragedy
just to let you konw cold tem batches be
cause when it comes to the jealous man it gets messy
i fuck around and gotta turn into some joe pesci
i pimp the blood out ya mama and ya loved ones
sell dog shit to ya uncles and ya cousins
and guaranteed that you wont say nada
radio or not, man you still dont want no brrr--aa, brrr--
aa
and thats the really realest shit i ever spoken
dot get twisted mayne, dope house is still open

Chorus (2 X's)

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