

Pia Zadora

"Jeah"

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[Verse One]

Copy and Ok, we stay beating hoes
In broad daylight whooping the living daylights outta
broads; rain sleet or snow
Craziest flow, pay me a G
Rock so long promoters gone have to pay me to leave
I aim and I squeeze, got you favorite emcees' brains on
my sleeves
Starting forest fires, blazing the trees
Critically acclaimed, clinically insane
And if you ain't see how I spit it then I must've did it in
the rain
How rookies want respect? Best decline in fear
You got pussy on your neck wet behind the ears
Locked in at your top ten's vital
Hock phlegm like I'm auditioning for Rakim's title
Too evil to quit, who's more evil and sick?
Coming at you like I sneezed through my dick
Holler bitch lane merging
I'm like a med. school scholarship
For free I'll change a lame virgin to a brain surgeon
New hoes lay for two whole days
Fuck chicks with Eaze, you'd think I'd have full blown A.
I. D. S.
Matter fact, sickest emcee to tear the mic since Eric
Wright
You guest appearing? Bring fire cause I ain't sharing
light
Arrogant with mics, terrorist in flight
Flying where you live, this guy write paragraphs in
Arabic tonight
Preparing dick for dikes, you guessed it
I'll show your crew true essence on June 7th you
peasants

[Verse Two]

Any crew you with is full of shit till the bullets hit when
the oozie spit
I write more lines than the late John Belushi sniffed
Screw who you get, try your luck
But I'm not in the mile high club so I don't give a flying

fuck
Puffing herb in this three inch Dutch
Laying it down for the streets like construction workers
with cement trucks
Haters scanning on radars planning to raid our land
and
Evade all hands with the A. R. cannon'll spray, I'm
scamming
Like, fuck you think you doing to me?
Ruining me? Junior you were humoring me
Crying how I repeat too many lines in rhymes
That only means that you peep too many rhymes of
mine
And the lines are mine so eat a dick; I ain't at your nine
to five
Telling you how to super size the fries
So here's three words, eat shit and die
Keep spitting lies, I'ma keep getting high
Doing shows, screwing hoes on their back
Shoot a load like I squeezed rounds at the Laundromat
Obnoxious hot shit even during sound check we rock
shit
Y'all couldn't open up for us if y'all were locksmiths
And I dare y'all say battling's dead
That's what the last cat that I massacred said
So I keep a glock close, quick to pull it when a cop's
close
That's foolish, that's like wasting bullets on a cockroach

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