

Frontline

"That's Right"

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[Locksmith]

Listen, Now look here boy
This right chur is somethin to fear boy
My spit will rip your inner ear boy
Locksmith is it you better fear boy
Too picky I nip pick and skip songs
Too witty let you slip ya chicks gone
No pitty she got picks that switch on
So pretty she unzipped a lip thong
Enough play must employ the heat
Swith back to me and exploit the beat
Ask around chicks say the boys a freak
Cause he get more booty than toilet seats
Nah serious all jokes aside
I am hot enough to make a ocean dry
I am hard enough to make a poster cry
This song is dope
I'm high off my own supply

[Chorus] [2x]

Now you look like a girl with class (That's right)
And you see I got the Bay on smash (That's right)
I can tell you wanna roll with a king (That's right)
So girl exit out the door with me (Let's go)

[Left]

Yeah, Left is the name
And I stay on track like movin trains
How I do it I just can't explain
All I know is god put it deep inside my veins
C'mon dogg I does my thizzle
With no print to be found on smoke and pistols
I'm a go getter hard hitter type nigga
I am no quitter so get yo vest nigga
Bring em here fear fades away
When you standin face to face real men'll stay
And of course I live that way i'm from the Yay
Yeah buddy I said i'm from the Bay
Where we make up all the slangs and teach the game
Every nigga on the team in the hall of fame
Yeah this is Grand Theft Auto III

So ride hard or stop fuckin with me

[Chorus] [2x]

Now you look like a girl with class (That's right)
And you see I got the Bay on smash (That's right)
I can tell you wanna roll with a king (That's right)
So girl exit out the door with me (Let's go)

[Locksmith]

Uh, Yo Yo

Cause when we come through the place is packed
Frontline take the stage draped in black
Everybody face the stage brace ya back
The music is so loud you could taste the clap
The Bay is back indeed some eyes have open
That spit rhymes that blind while opposin
Nice flow so I guess I was chosin
Ice cold I came out my mama frozen

[Left]

Left back again yall know i'm sick
Throw them left hand darts like i'm Michael Vick
My hits make you drop i'm the rap Ronnie Lott
I intercept ya hit van and snatch ya fans
I step in the joint and the music pauses
I live lawless, look flawless, rap marvelous
Touchdown maker like my name was T.O
But yall niggas freeze up and settle for fieldgoals

[Chorus] [4x]

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And you see I got the Bay on smash (That's right)
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