

Andy Summers, Zoot Money, Steve Winwood % Chris Wo

"Cock and Squeeze"

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Yeah, y'all faggots..
(Hear me? Yeah.. ready set.. then take shit)
Y'all, the fuck? Who wanna battle, what?
None of y'all, do you? (no)
Dirty Dozen, Outsidad (what?) bitch
Who wanna battle?

[Bugz ?]
Gimmie some hash, and when I trip nigga gimmie your
mass
Then after that lend me your mag and gimmie yo' cash
That precious pen you call the life, I put it in too fast
Get in your ass if you unhappily leave Eagle Man (yeah)
You wanna see through glass, don't pay much to
breeze through class
(bitch) You broke as fuck and on the bus because your
evil smash
This shit is lethal fast, battle me, I keep you mad
Put you in a sleeper drag, your ass to the reepers pad
Either blast, or feel the wrath of my heater lad
Lyric punches makin meters blast, turn your speaker
out
Rear, club, or anywhere where there's people at
They love my day, couldn't care where they leave's you
at
Your girl's a rat, tell that hoe I'm not gon' beep her back
Don't need her glock, got too many other neater rats
Who heater fat? I bet your gat ain't fuckin wit my gat
I'm on the lyrics, sayin the vocals that you almost clap
(clap clap) Don't clap, you mo' wack than a cold sack
You showin that when you blow, that's a known fact
Clone rap, suck a MC broad, need to pick another fued
What? And find you a job, or either go out and rob
because
rappin ain'tcha function, you outta place
like a two of hearts and two of diamond in a game of
spades
While my inovative ways, shootcha lyrics to a blaze
Put a grimace on your grade, I'ma guiness on the page
The history, puttin, suckin niggaz out they misery
It's not a mystery, my victorys are bodacious (hah)

It wouldn't matter if the judge is racist
And I was battlin your aces in your bitches basement
I'm unfuck-witable, thats literal, face it, the general
The sisters of a senate-al, holdin on my genetals
Right before I send the blows, down to earth like
minerals
Even after centerfolds (grr arf!) the videos, my evil
goes
incognito hoes, I'ma skitle bros, Meena biter
I hope you niggaz catch a case of arthrit-ah
You ain't no riders, and still don't even have a slider
I D her when you need me, we gon' burst in into
fighters
(yeah, yeah bitch!) You motherfuckin tighter

[Chorus]

Cock, and, squeeze, bust, Dirty Dozen, don't fuck wit us
Detriot niggaz roll deep, hoe heat, and fuck Slick
Yeah, yeah bitch - stay off my dick!

[Kon Artis]

That's the time that you up and cuttin you wit a knife
The situan, the alcohol bath for the night
Then watch the strugglin, you squeal for your life (uh-
huh)
Dump a radio bumpin your demo in the bath wit the
light
That's what I take from you, meet you and fake humble
Attack your foundation until it crumble
So me and my dawg be on stumble
Come off 'gnac but stayin in the right mind
It's the blazin track and we're back, for fake individuals
that rap
Screamin out they group name like they scared and
shit
Knownin that the Kon Artis come prepared wit clips
Full of them male scritchies (what?)
You watch and take pictures (how you do that?)
Notes and write down poets and 'bout how I rap and
get witcha
Told you niggaz before we got much the game
Nuttin to lose, corruptin the lives of all groups
Tie 'em up and put 'em in situations to hurt 'em
Tie 'em up to trees, you was throwin darts at 'em
wit venom in 'em, then murder 'em, servin 'em right
He be, the Kon Artis {*screech*} swervin the night
We rock from state to state (uh-huh) and city to city
You make us sick like a faggot tryin silicon titties
and already want a size D bra, I wanna die wit tight shit
Give it to y'all bleek raw, raw, raw, raw, raw
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[Chorus]

[Proof]

Gimmie a sicker than (?), check it out
I turn a hard nigga yellow, and bake his ass faster than
a cheetah
Don't blaze no blunts (uh-huh) but I blaze them thangs
Amaze your gang, wit bullets, I rattle your frame
Who's that, bustin at, Big Suburban, hustle that
Play wit three bitches alias and four hustlers
Bustin three glocks, on your block
Yellin my name loud, puttin bombs inside your mailbox
and prepare docks - punch your dreadlocks, wait for
the cops
and tell 'em that yo' ass had beef wit Biggie and 2Pac
I lit the flesh (uh-huh) shot bled to death (what?)
Like Red and Meth, you need the hoop-a, shoop-a
for battlin boards, got on a moyer, I sat on your horse
Got battled thanks to your tours, show up at you
battlin your eyecore, pure wit this shit
On your mic rip, you might slip, fall, hang it up
like Sonny (?), peace to (?)
Rock 'til the early morn', shit is on
Gotta a problem fiend, fiend problems
My crew mug shot D-12 uglier than the green goblin
I bring fear too, horror, near you
A fact why nobody wanna hear you, you wack BITCH!
What the fuck you thought what happened
when bullets start collapsin your frame
Maintain to bring pain, freestyle fanatic named Pete
First is off the paper, this one turn your auto vapor
Me, MC, the extraordinar', steppin on your (?)
Screamin "7 Mile bitch, come from Runyan"
Hold down your fort, snort like cocaine
Richard Pryor, I clap more clips than (?)
Yeah, yeah bitch, what the fuck you thought?
Ya niggaz get caught (?), I'm incredible like the hawk
Watchin the facet nigga, P-R, the letter O
My sex is hetero, cash checks like federal
Your hetero, bitch! Hahahaha

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