

Baby Blue Sound Crew

"Love Em All"

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Ha ha

Gotta be one of them baby blue joints

Turn it up a notch let me see them speakers rock

Chocclair featuring Mr. Mints

[Some fans right here]

Hey Mints whos this joint going out to

[What come on]

Chorus:

This is for my street misses

The ones who like to creep misses

In the backseet of my jeep misses

This is for the haters [Ho]

The ones who frost with no dough

We loves them all

You know that we loves them all

Now people say they wanna go

We bring it to the streets

Realize that its too far

So when I bring it where they are, where they are

To the niggers at home

Doin dishes with their ma

Out back playin ball with pa

I don't hate but its love

And I only wanna go where real thugs

Show love to niggas who came nothing that rose above

And broke they balls to be a star

Now they shine bright never stood got a brighter light

See its funny to me how people wanna go and bad talk
me

But in a few years they be puttin chips in your skin and
get your I.D.

Yet you suckas wanna hate on me

Get your priorities right,

I don't fight sit back with a corny ass spot

???

Give you more of that swamp dog thing you been
lookin

??? under your foot on the floor

Have faith yall shouts tha funk that stank

That pumps the radio that pumps the geez in my bank
Stick your whole foot off the plank
Wookie niggers wanna step up a shot equals rank
equals take over war
Uniforms playing their stripes been torn rippin for the
T O R O N T O T dot O dot yall

(Chorus)

Yo Yo yo
I was tryin to live
Only take what you was tryin to give
Hungry take you for a ride in the six
You ain't the only one I'm tryin to hit
Plenty other chicks I end up with
You know try to scoop them up
Especially when the roof is up
Even hop in the coup or truck
Its all the same
Just don't play no games
Like Shauna I really don't do this much
I'm not a family man
I'm in your dreams like candyman
Plus I only touch girls named candylamb
When I'm in candyland
sweet enough to eat it up like candy yams
Call me handy man
Take tickets to the sandyland
I never hawk chicks like a landlord man
I take a girl love on a family plan
Thats why these chicks can't stand me man

(Chorus x2)

This is for my ballas
My huslas my my my brothers
Who like, like my sistas
Who love it beneath the covers
For my thugs, my soldiers
Tryin to get them overs who won't stop for nothin'
You want hits we bust

Yo yo peoples have a man whos an amateur
Don't care whether you come through with a crew
makin noise so they boost ya
Cause niggaz just cruise for wa loose cause they think
what they drop is a shot like the shoota
But I aint' what you used to
I'm a familiar like a brewster
T dot, T dot
See watch out the heat we bring

Swamp dog gonna spread your wings

(Chorus)

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