

MotoLyrics.com

Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

RZA "Red Velvet"

Visit "Red Velvet" on MotoLyrics.com

(Big Boi - talking)

One more time for y'all, y-y-yeah, huh If you didn't know you know now, OutKast, Stankonia We shittin on ery'body talkin that bullshit

(Big Boi)

Now Peter Piper picked a pepper, that was his downfall I'm down with 'Dre 3000 'cause he got my back y'all Ball if you want to, but do it with some class G Ask me, do OutKast got some flows so you can blast me

Nasty, niggaz on the point they see you shinin Engi-neers in the studio see me rhymin Don't get me wrong, got four albums; stay consistant You got a bodyguard, I let my nigga tote the biscuit Twist ya cap back, you got blood off on ya fur hat Cap, cap, ya link snap, you slumped off in ya Cadillac For what though, some diamonds and a Bentley what you dyin for

Aight hoe, I'ma bake my cheese and let my mic flow Prioritize to live through

Tell these other niggas how you bought yo' kid some tennis shoes

Let these brothers know that your momma she got her house too

Let these niggas know that your sister wouldn't of..

finished.. college.. without you

I doubt you, do that though, so do this here

and keep that bullshit out of our ear

You too near me to not hear me, too open to conceal me

The love for the music keepin Big Boi spittin real G

(Hook)

Cause they know where you live and they've seen what ya drive

And they say they gonna put one in your hel-met Cause you brag 'bout that watch, and all them things that you got

Them dirty boys turn your poundcake to red velvet

(Dre)

How can you measure a nigga by multiple figures he may got, got, got

Had he not purchased the newest Mercedes that lose it's value soon as you drive that bitch off the lot, lot, lot

Would he still be the latest, most wanted, doggonit you want it

He got it-type nigga 'round the town, town, town
Had he not played it so flat
he ask you when half of these niggas hurtin and workin
Would be he be found, found, found
In a ho (ho) tel (tel) room (room) shot up (shot up)
With his dick shoved in some B got a lot up
Bill Gates don't dangle diamonds in the face
of peasants when he Microsoft'n in the place
You gettin on my nerves, well I'm gettin on your case

Consider your surroundings or you leave without a

(Hook)

trace

(Big Boi)

I know you got the biggest bank roll and you ballin Follow the heater because the leader he is haulin Ass like Juan Valdez, I think he scared Cause my nigga Khujo Goodie got that toolie to his head

(Dre)

Little did he know that, waitin in the closet No matter what you call that, playboy sure got done

Don was the one who came in contact with those with slow goals who prone to sell crack On this megaphone, hey look world I'm on You off, he floss hard cause he celebrate the fact

Little did he know that, waitin in the closet No matter what you call that, playboy sure got done

(Hook) 2x

Visit <u>RZA</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.