

Bates Katherine Lee

"Pov City Anthem"

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{*phone rings and phone lady talks*}
Hello, "Tah Murdah" has a message for "Sex Street"
To accept the message, press one
To cancel the message {*phone button pushed*}
Tah Murdah 2001 Murda I.N.C. motherfucker
Mr. Fingaz got beats

[Cadillac Tah]
Uhhahhhhh.. gangsta, gangsta
Uhh, uhh - gangsta, gangsta
MURDA! MURDA! - gangsta, gangsta
Fuck y'all niggaz talkin about? - gangsta, gangsta
Uhh, uhh - gangsta, gangsta
Uhh, uhh, uhh (Yeah) This is how we do - gangsta,
gangsta
(Yeah, 2001) - gangsta, gangsta
2001 nigga, check this shit - gangsta, gangsta

[Verse One]
Now everybody just BOUNCE! BOUNCE!
My Pov City hustlers, BOUNCE! BOUNCE!
All my hood slimies, and Prada mamis
See how we fall off in the club, its nuttin but love
Plenty bottles of skimmy twisted and stick bud
And it fifty-fifty love, all across the board dog
Gully respect Gully never floss for broads
or, get out of my character when she back it up
And after somethin good performs, I'll have you get up
on it
Ma, I'll give it how you want it, make you a new lady
Coke'll open her crazy, now all day she two way me
Type of shit like "ohh baby", everything you do is gravy
And models I'm hittin lately, so all you can do is hate
me
Stare me down and screw face me, hype ya man up to
lace me
C'mon, all y'all buttersoft, sweeter then tasties
My hands grip two hammers, double action
Prime time, nigga minus the actin

[Chorus]

NOW GET YA MUTHAFUCKIN HANDS UP! High, touch
the sky
And if you holdin weight, nigga get it up
Mamis in the club lookin right; oh you ain't spendin the
night?
Give her the pin number, mami hit me up
We can SkyTel tag until I get you in the back of the Jag
After we burn a bag, I'ma hit the guts
Oh you a baller? Then ball to this
My pimps, gangstas, and dogs I ain't mad at you
player, play on

[Verse Two]

Now hear me holla out GANGSTA, GANGSTA
PAPER CHASER - I love the cake
And petit mamis with the coke bottle shape
So keep shakin that money maker, ma-ma I can't hate
ya
Its a cold world, ol' girl - so take advice from a pimp
What I'm spittin is venomus ism listen
When the chrome rims glistenin, on the 'llac truck
Traffic get backed up - we in this, cloud of smoke from
spinach
Niggaz ain't big enough to go some rounds or minutes
I'm heavyweight, and I ain't speakin bought pounds in
fitness
Use to spit off for sport but now its business
When you see me holla like you know me and I ain't
scared homie
Picked up the mic, and put down the gats and yo
Now I rap and blow, with a fire acid flow
You know, and dog I ain't gotta repeat it
Right in front of ya eyes, ya see it, the best kept secret

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Now everybody just (ride..)
If you sittin on dubs, in that big body rollin a bud
Then get (high..) uhh, get it crunk
(Murda.. gangster love)
Now you know its only right and necessary
that I smash Freddy, after spittin heavy - bars
Methaphors god, my shit is deadly
Swift and better believe I'm focused now
Feed you to the vultures, murderous poster child
Click, clak, BLAOW! The pound sure to drop
Then catch me full of that hall or, blowin on them
poppers
But love, livin and, love them, thug, women
who will hustle and grind when its hard times

Playa, we came in this game with no gimmicks
You're finished, diminished ya frame get holes in it
Straight business and +No Limits+, like Master P
So if you bout that, scrilla my nilla then stack them
cheese
And twist up, burn the vanilla dutch, we live it up
No bread, dick and Big Red we givin sluts
I'm just a villian, willin to kill for that pot of gold
You gotta know, its all for the dough

[Chorus]

[Cadillac Tah]

Yeah, its a playa event nigga
All my players ya heard me
Pov City nigga, yeah, uhh
Heart of the grungy, cheddar boys, mercy
Yeah, it's goin down nigga
2001, murda, murda
Uh, uh, gangsta, gangsta..
C-LIFE!!!

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