

Black Rob F/ Jennifer Lopez

"East West Hustlers"

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Yo whassup kid?
Yo every motherfuckin year I spend \$70,000
for a fuckin picnic, 4th of July
You motherfuckers come and eat up my shit, now that's
right
Bitches too, bring your own fuckin brown paper bag
Get out my fuckin yard
Nah na not this year, I'm not fuckin with motherfuckers
I'm stickin niggaz up, puttin 'em on the grill
Charcoal in motherfuckers
That's right

[Kool Keith]
I call up Motion, crank the pipes in the green Cutlass
Stankhead roll, super fly spinner on gold vogues
From here to Texas playin Master P, in the Lexus
Speakers and rearview, comin to, bangin through you
Strippers that wiggle wind up, out them short pants
And bitches can dance here's yo' yip baby suck my dick
That's on the Ampex reels, countin dollar bills
Don't smoke no bit that weed man smell like shit

[Motion Man]
I'm built for action, my hairy chest with gold chains
just smokes a fraction, and saves some for the brain
My ostrich headband, playin ball
Move upon the floor like I'm Allen, show my crossover
now
Cadillac the fifth wheel, six hoes in the back
Keith packin the steel
Nigga how the fuck you comin out with this scalliwag?
She ain't ridin in my love
With that kitchen and that kinky purr, or belly rub
And take that other fat hoe with the blubber, I roll like
Daytons
Very expensive for you ones on budgets, my name is
Clifton
Capital C-lift off, giraffe jacket
Puma jeans, trout shoe, elk hat
Yo rub my back 'til my penis bulge out of my slacks
Be like a crook and stab you right up in your tuna and

hug it
I got the bait, five Cadillacs deep in yo' state
Be like them vogue tires, gold trim, I fucked you you're
fired

[Chorus: repeat 4X]
[K] East West hustlers
[M] We showin out
[K] Bronx to the Bay-ay-ay
[M] We showin out

[Motion Man]
You know how it is, I hear a noise and take my shit
straight to the shop
Nigga FIX MY SHIT and run it by eight o'clock
Who she roll with, Clyde that down South Southern-ass
drawer nigga
Yo tell him you with Clifton, and Lady Jones clockin
these figures
You see we all connected
My leopard spot drawers got infected
I had a velvet condom, eagle socks, tyrannosaurus rex,
turtlenecks
Niggaz sweatin in a drop-top Vette, but it ain't mine

[Kool Keith]
44 mag glove compartment and the plastic bag
I come real with shit, Bobby who you fuckin with?
You down South with the Klabman, close your fuckin
mouth
I'm Lenny Jones, chewin steaks, y'all eatin chicken
bones
4th of July them city boys come and start trouble
Uncle Harold lightin ass with the double barrels
Winchester sawed-off, blast a motherfucker's neck off
We blow yo' leg off, the shirts and yo' whole head off
We called the ambulance, paramedics in yo' progress
My cousin Ricky, with jheri curls through yo' vest
Double ocks catch crews out there in many spots
Big boy Uncle Pete, down South hustler
Go help Aunt Reese, you motherfuckers bring the
mustard
Chicken salad, don't fuck with grandma layin on the
palette
Y'all take aim and rest, with liquor on yo' fuckin breath

[Chorus]

[K] I put the garbage out, get your ass out the bedroom
[M] I tamed the monkey, squeezed the vocals up out
the sparrow

[K] Usin your tactics, your little speakers sound plastic
Crossover samples, don't try to come, like you Rambo
Get in yo' ass again, you get the real blast again

[M] I leaned up on the curb and slid some beer for my
folks

Took some tokes, Clifton, liftin

Suck my anal, the baldheaded kid unclog yo' shit like
Drain-o

[K] East West hustlers

[M] We showin out

[Chorus]

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