

Brooklyn Zu f/ Lifestylez, Popa Chief "Marvelous"

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[Chorus: Raison the Zoo Keeper]

This shit is marvelous, glorious style, ya'll can't touch
this

Bust this, we bucking them niggas that can't be trusted
Yo, we bucking them niggas who can't be trusted
Yo, yo, we bucking them niggas who can't be trusted

[Merdoc]

Aiyo, most of these shorties wanna jump right on me
Truth be the story, yo, they can't afford me
I come from Medina, where we move, that's all we know
Pain, no gain, no guts, no glory
I make certain moves, my rhymes is Pro Tools
Merdy sings the blues, and my team is bad news
They say good things come to those niggas that wait
I told 'em better things come to those niggas that go
get it
Nigga get that through ya fitted, little homey
Hungry is as hungry does, it's been a long time coming
Still trying to shake the fuzz, still trying to catch a buzz
I'm trying to live long and prosper, eat steak, lobster
And pasta, like a mobster
I use my street name, I got a mean shoot game
My blunt stay lit and my feet don't fail me
Been trying to catch this body, filthy, I'm not guilty
I'm a wind talker, I'm a slick talker, a New Yorker
My style the kind that release the street vulture

[Chorus 2X]

[12 O'Clock]

The place that I rep, got the highest murder rate
And that beef that you talk, get a body put away
Long no trey eights, the AK pump shotguns without the
pump
So punk DA, I'm in the club wit the loaded hammer,
chilling in Alabama
Trying to get that currency, the color of David Banner
Heard them niggas had high times in Atlanta
Told 'em Fruity Pebbles smell like apple banana
Had to get 'em like Kane, put a gun through his brain

You a baller type nigga, why don't you take off them
chains
You'll survive, don't drive, faggot dry ya eyes
I know that money's in that place, where that wood burn
fire

[Lifestylez]

Aiyo, worldwind blow, acapella spit, lick dick
Trick bitch, face first, zip lip, fresh wrist
Cock back, hammers flow, flow rhymes, and can't
nobody
Ever see my niggas like these
See you gangsta, left heavy shit
Exhault now, leave playa burn when I spit
Pop a clip, squeeze fire shots, ease through my P's
Cornbread, Earl and Me, dead man dreams
Dangerous wheel type, fools armageddon
G-O-D, bury mics, June's black brethren
Keep calm, sweating, stick you up, wit my brethren
Call me Do Streets, even kicked the devil out of heaven
Armored wall styles, techniques, tough kevlar
Rally up, last Sunday, build bond
Peace God, ante up, this your white lie
Battle like Bedstuy, thugs suicide to die

[Chorus 2X]

[Popa Chief]

High like a 747, would spit like a reverend
Bust like a mack 11
Websurfing, you better look Zu shit up
Special request, select the hook Zu spinner
Fast and furious, black and dangerous
Opposite of tickelish, special forces
Hating, hold your horses, foe, cut your loses
Not enough workers, too, many forces
Time change, people change, the game change
Some people get paper, some beg for change
The dope game, street fame, live it up, fast lane
The whole world revolves around ill gotten game
Broken liquor bottles, empty beer cans
Sex sells, pussy popping on the handstand
Dudes is stuck like tree stumps in the same place
Meanwhile I castrate, conquering base space
Hooked after one tape, damn, not another cakae
Feeling like a million bucks, just got the Benz plate

[Chorus 4X]

