

Cappadonna f/ Lounge Lo "That Staten Island Shit"

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[Intro: Cappadonna] Yo, Check it out man All yall
dudes, And all yall chicks Pay that money at the door,
Getting searched Don't try to place the razor under the
sneaker Don't try to put that gun up in your wig yo
Cause I can see you, Diglah, Yo, Check it out Up in the
club like what You know what it is man, Me and my
whole clique, Yo [Chorus: Lounge Lo] It's that club type
shit, That make you nice It's that Henny in that cup
without that juice and ice It's that gang banger shit,
That make you bleed This that Staten Island shit, Yo
that smack a weave [Cappadonna] Ayo, All in the club
like what, Balling it up Bebe Con Dunks, Strut when I
step in the cut Got my eyes on honeys and I'm feeling
they stuff Me and my man Luck Star yo we back in
effect Got them hard ass beats like we packing a tech
And everybody in the joint steady breaking they neck
Got thugs in the back mixing greens with wet Moe
spilling on my clothes and the party is set I go for real
all night til the sun start to rise And I'm back on the
block again flipping them pies Me and my man Luck
Star bagging all of the chicks While they getting they
eagle on yo we hop on they tits Make em lean back
some more on they can hop on the stick And nobody
can stop us, We caught in the mix Got that fresh gear
on like we caught in the flicks Grab sweeties by the
waistline, Rubbing our shit Come on tell me that you
like my moves Go baby girl, Tell me how you like my
grooves Got baggy jeans on with my Timberland shoes
Ride honeys from the back and they loving the cruise
Step right to my business, Any shorty I choose Put it all
up in her dress with she shake in her shoes Me and my
man Luck Star stay thug'n em out Kiss em while they on
the dance floor yall Straight bug'n em out Got haters
on the sideline, Cussing em out Can't wait to get em
home, Start bust'n em out If they don't wanna act right,
Start smut'n em out Make em drink more Henny, Start
gut'n em out Rock a big fat chain, King Tut in the house
You can't knock Don, That's what the hustle about
[Chorus] [Cappadonna] I need a chick that can shake
her ass, She know how to move Got plenty of cash, Got
the glow like Stacey Dash In the buggy eyed Benz,

Keep a glock in the stash Rock Perry Ellis, Liz Claiborne
slacks With a body like Eve and her ass is fat Always
down for a nigga, Never giving it up You know her stuff
stay tight while we living it up Take trips out to Paris yo,
Sip'n it up Dine at the ill spots, Yo we tip'n it up I take
two or three chicks, Not giving a fuck Call little clay
waist, Start pack'n the truck It's like that, Take a cruise
and I'll be right back All the chicks on the block wanna
know where I'm at I like em classy, All the way down to
hood rat With your Timberland boots on, Scarf to match
Army fatigue with your tight jeans, Face is means
Getting the type of chick tryna make my Queen And it
really don't matter to me Cause I'm looking at your ass
and that shit got fatter to me [Chorus] [Outro:
Cappadonna] Yo, Throw me that four-four Booger Foot
City

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