

SoulFly

"City Boy"

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Yeahhh, back in yo' motherfuckin' ass again, it's the
Poison Clan!
For the nine-tre (!)! So everybody in the house, lemme
hear ya say
"Poison Claaaaan!" (Poison Claaaaan!)
Lemme hear ya say "Poison Claaaaan!" (Poison
Claaaaan!)
Yo Money, kick the fly shit!

Verse 1: JT Money

Mic-check 1-2, time to wreck with the ill shit, the real
shit
Bitches on the dils-nik, plus I got skills, kid
Suckas can't hang with the styles that I let go
They all get Petrol, I play 'em like tech mo
Fade out, pitch black to the right
I run that ditch like Lorenzo White
For a touchdown, nigga from Rufftown
No I don't fuck 'round, peace to my nigga named
Bustdown
What now? Suckas can't see me! Niggas wanna be me
Bitches on my dick, 'cause I roll with the PC
We be chillin', livin' like villains
Gotta keep the strap, 'cause them niggas be illin'
I got flavor, plus I'm gettin' paper
Hoe, if you wanna holler, hit me on my SkyPager
Might see you later, then again I might not
'Cause I run the block with Big Ram and U-wop
Don't stop to the boogie, baby doll
Verse one, a nigga out like that y'all!

Uh! Come on! Do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!
Uh! Do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy!
Yeah, do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy!
Uh! Do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy!

Verse 2: JT Money

"Shake Watcha Mama Gave Ya" was a hit, now I'm on
some other shit
Niggas don't know who they fuckin' with
I'm the one nigga to make the hoes shake ass
Pussy flav niggas, y'all better break fast
Tryin' to sound like me, tryin' to be like me
Y' need to stop ridin' on my D-I-C,
K, motherfuckers, y'all know who I'm talkin' 'bout
Your records only here when I ain't got a record out
Booty-ass track, corny-ass rap
Every time you see me, try to give a nigga doubt
But I don't want yo' doubt, motherfucker, you can keep
it
Try to imitate me but you keep makin' weak shit
Niggas don't step 'cause I got a gat
That'll bust 40 rounds thorough his heart to his back
Like this, like that, crack his head with a Suflex
Peace to the hoes that's down with group-sex
The hell with a pretty boy!
Verse two, silly suckas, do the City Boy, DO IT!

Uh! Do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy!
Come on! Do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!
Wussup! Do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy!
Uh! Come on! Do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!
All the niggas! Do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!
Uh! All the hoes, do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!

Verse 3: JT Money

PC's the squad, Rufftown's the Mob
Suckas lookin' hard, they only get scarred
Mike Fresh made the track and it's hittin'
Baby, if you're gonna mess around, make 'em wear a
mitten
I'm representin' Rufftown, check the way the group
swing
Girlies on the tip, wantin' me to knock the poontang
City Boy in effect, gettin' hype
'Cause y'all shit played out like the pin stripes
But JT keep' comin' with the rough shit
And I'm not the City Boy you wanna fuck with
So don't be on me, if you don't know me

Peace to Clayvosie, yeah, that's my homie
A-shooby-do-wop, I packs me an u-wop
I roll with a U-wop, that's down with the boot-knock
So girls, don't front like you ain't down
I got the Fever For Da Flavor like H-Town
And if you see somethin' you want, then persue it
Posion Clan out, do the City Boy, DO IT!!

Uh! Do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!
Do it! Yeah, do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!
Do it! Rufftown, do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!
Uh! Luke Records, do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!
Mike Fresh in the house, do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!
Uzi man in the house, do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!
Big Ram in the house, do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!
Home Team in the house, do the City Boy!
Do the City Boy! Do the City Boy!
Do it!

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