

## Spoon

### "Uh! Oh!"

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Roc A Bloc in dis muthafucka (Uh! Oh!)  
Sporty Theivz in this muthafucka (Uh! Oh!)  
Pacewon in this muthafucka (Uh! Oh!)  
Eyewitness in this muthafucka (Uh! Oh)

[Verse 1] Sporty Theivz

Chill Cousin  
Send in the Narcs it's website's in it they cocks  
Wit niggaz that's hot wit rocks in they cigarete box  
Legitamite spotz rock's on the grim rim watch  
Swimmin in crops Spot hot simerin rocks  
Remeber to drop the gun right in front of the cops  
Some of them shots was locked but they wanted to pop  
In front of the lock now bigger niggaz runnin your block  
Sellin you shop, every weeks bag a couple hundered,  
don't stop  
Hey yo, where your gun at, ooh that's nice niga run that  
And sum that cat, leave yo jacket?  
Come back wit gas they want they bullets from gunnin  
me (oh word?)  
In front of me suddenly, like they down to put one in  
me  
But y'all aint runnin me, y'all ain't nuttin but reasoners  
Nigga we can fight monday and everyday till the week  
ends  
Behind your curtains peekin, you the softest goner  
For your bitch, run up off her like, ?GET OFF THIS  
CORNER?  
Outside wit dead weights who dat in the red eight?  
Anotha shook nigga drivin, keepin his head straight  
When the L start rollin niggaz get they cell stolen  
Drinkin and blowin and the party's still goin

[Pacewon]

Yo Yo  
Bitches chasin after me  
To No Limit like Master P  
Got a Life To Live like Ericka Kane I stare at the pane  
I smile and I chuckle, trunks sayin ?Fuck you?

My style of rhyme make em walk like a duck do  
Curious about the MC's that I cut through  
Wit a razor it's the Pacer, spray stuff that fuck yo face  
up  
It's kinda like Foreman fightin Fraiser, break yo boy's  
bonez  
Step inside the ring more quick than Roy Jonez  
Pack the 9 m.m. alloy chrome  
Why y'all walk around wit a paranoid dome  
Pacewon for life Roc-A-Bloc drop the madness  
Savage for my hip hop niggaz makin cabbage

[Verse 2] Sporty Theivz

Yo Yo Now if it wasn't for the Bronx (uh huh)  
Kirk Wouldn't loop it, and I wouldnd't be here makin  
rapperz look stupid  
I coulda went to school wit you, might even be cool wit  
you  
But I'll blow you Ha like I don't know you Ha  
And it's nothin personal, maybe the wrong day  
Or you spit the wrong rhyme and I took it the wrong way  
I can rock or not rock a rock, rock a drug, all courtesy  
of RoC-A-Bloc  
Rock a glock in case I need to topz to pop, I aint curse  
but that's good yo  
I'm tryin to stop, man FUCK y'all, damn i just did it  
again  
Like tellin my girl ? FUCK OFF ? then hit it again  
Like tryin to stop smokin then just FLit it again, Flit it  
again  
Like a Nigga wont get it again  
This is my game, and i'll ball till the death  
Sendin girls home wit the smell of BALLZ on they  
breath  
Wha

[Verse 3] Sporty Theiv\$

Hats and broads knock my shit in cars  
Astranaunts beep me from the starz, say they got my  
shit in Mars  
Even as far as The Wizard of Oz spittin bars  
Define gravity laws like star wars, guard doors  
Lock yo car doors, hardcore till my heart pause  
Fuck shrimp, ? wit tartar sauce  
Force knock u hard in the streets  
Make it hard to bring you back like it's weed and  
You lost your receipt, fuck sweet and far from it,  
Which one of y'all want it?  
Hundered shop by the hundred, y'all cats will never

want it  
Gun it, cats get blunted, roll they tree up  
Put yo G up, lose it all, spray yo V up  
See wha, who? me?  
Neva !!!

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