

Sporty Thievez

"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 thats 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 wouldn'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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