

Dixie Chicks F/ Willie Nelson**"Listen"**

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Hit it hard

Yeah, yeah, when I stick it she be like (uh)

Yeah, pimpin, I run up right inside 'em, yeah

[Verse One: Sy Scott]

Yo, it goes hey you, guess what, guess who gets what

I snatch baguettes, you get what you get, guess what

Guess what, you get it and forget it like guess what

Guess what get done to special guests that can't guess what

He goin on when Sy be goin off

In the cross my Squad run tracks like motocross

I write words I read and then re-word 'em

Same word, rework 'em without re-wordin 'em

Word perfect for workin with 'em

Workmen do homework, men at work in the network
workin system

Yeah, I overwork, work the middle

Work and turn your homework workbook against you

In the range of a roundabout ratio

I merry-go-round around around the radio

Around around and away we go

Everytime Sy bust down then it's up up away you go

[Chorus: Keith Murray]

Now what do you niggaz think about this

A jam for the streets that you can't resist

So hustle to this, bang to this

Get your money to this, yeah listen to this

Now what do you bitches think about this

A jam for the clubs that you can't resist

So shake to this, freak to this

Drink up to this, yeah listen to this

[Verse Two: Erick Sermon]

Uhh, huh

E-Dub, I'm known like the Rucker

Fucker, comin through like a redneck trucker

Nother, man down, call 9-1-1

I stash that so they can't find my gun

I'm in the woods like hikers, bikers, campers

Antlers, bears snakes and long-leg tarantulas
Uh, E-Dub I got balls
If I get chased pon' de river like Sean Paul, believe it
I'm on the fish neck, like jet-skis
I killed Romeo, along with Jet Li
And messin with the E be incomparable
Get romped like Romper Room, a one man platoon
Oh I say, I'm Andrew Dice Clay
Filthy mouth and also fuck y'all
You wanna get physical we touch y'all
Haters we appreciate the love so - thank you very much
y'all

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Keith Murray]

Last but not least, Keith wreck shop comfortably
When I flow, I fuck up your street credibility
Def Squad get busy often
When it comes to chicks we got more tricks than a
dolphin
You see the new E-Dub spin when I pull up
Ecko sweatsuit with the hood up
This shit is so hot you could cook an egg on it
So I sunny-side up, buttered toast my opponents
I take the drama to the middle of the street
Or any nigga that's feelin himself like Tweet
Kid you sonned out, let me speak to your father
Matter of fact, hold these here, and don't even bother
We come through with the nines poppin
Niggaz get so quiet, you can hear rats pissin on cotton
So you see there's nothin furthermore to say
Aiyyo Busta, "Pass the Courvoiser"

[Chorus]

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