

St. Lunatics

"Show Em What They Won"

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Yeah, yeah, check, check
See I ain't about playin', Leezy 'bout cash in advance
Cash in on the casual, actual, factual plan
Makin' a killin' man, went from that to makin' a livin'

Righteous willin', the only thing supreme swimmin'
And proceed to not smoke weed around the seed
It's the new way, new life, peace true indeed, off T's
I dwell on off how y'all plan makin' mo' money so I had
to buy a fly chain

Ran in this game, dirt broke, now it's MTV with Kurt Lod'
With the Q-four-feezy, be hurtin' folks
Keep the bird toast, black handle, horoscope hood
scandle
You the type of niggas puffin' in shirts, socks and
sandals

Keep the God in me, the Hova Ja knew Allah in me
Ball wit' me, don't tell 'em who saw when 'bout to squall
wit' me
Fall wit' me, this pure mic dope I'm sellin'
It's the man with mellow rap, felon, constantly yellin'
"Yo ma"

What's it like bein' Nelly? Ay, let me break it down
It's like a shootout and you the only nigga wit' rounds
It's like a weed drought and you the only nigga wit'
pounds
It's like a Freaknik and you got the only rubbers in town

I'm like a shoe-in, for the poster boy, the thug of the
year
GQ style ma', let me put a bug in your ear
Go tell ya man, he take a step, there went a slug in his
ear
Have 'em askin', yo, how the hell he get a gun up in
here?
That's gotta be illegal, Bob

I can bring them chrome things for that drastic shit
Metal detectors, no problem, got that plastic shit

Witnesses, I ain't seen 'em, they had masks and shit
Whoever it was, was in a rush 'cause they was fast and
quick

Oh, I'm just a playa, mo', these ain't my rules
Peep game, I'm wearin' Jordans, summer these my
shoes
I'm like the heir to the throne
Me and my niggas fastbreak through your home
Get ya coach on the phone, tell 'em "Go on"

Show 'em what they won, a short stay at the hotel, Bob
Show 'em what they won, Alize, Mo', Crissy or ale, Bob
Show 'em what they won, Murphy Lee, Key or Nell, Bob
Show 'em what they won, what? Show 'em what they
won, who?

Show 'em what they won, niggas talkin' shit get served,
Bob
Show 'em what they won, two to the head, left on the
curb, Bob
Show 'em what they won, leavin' they mama's feelin's
hurt, Bob
Show 'em what they won, what? Show 'em what they
won, who?
Show 'em what they won

Ay yo, Bob, they want Keyjuan, the one who gets the job
done
Keep huns screamin', "Keyjuan-na-na"
On the block I Rule like Ja, in the sun like Wa
Me and mine at the mall spendin' grands like Cool Bob

See I'm a Ruger shooter, don't make me have to do ya
Boo-ya, you see what Lunatics'll do to ya
Tip-[Incomprehensible] pursuer, get 'er in a room and
do 'er
First cat out the Lou that you knew that

Wore a lime-green headband, matchin' leather pants
Vokal t-shirt with some sparklin' wristbands
This man, he keeps it real sweet
With somethin' sweeter than sweet, puffin' on Swisher
Sweets

I'm unique like a blue cardinal bird without the beak
I'm deep, like bucket seats when the 'tics hit the streets
Pick door number three if your price is right
I'll pull a DJ Quik, tonight is the night

Hold on, so I can tell 'em who I is, a young school boy

with one kid
I think I'm five-eight but yo, maybe I'm five-six
With my boots off, I prefer my booties in boots off
You get in my bed, you better take pants, shoes off

Now and not right now but right now
And I ain't backin' down, she can get up and bounce
The young dude, quick to roll up an ounce and head
south
Don't even have drive, I can sit on the couch

And wrap somethin' and put on a beat and rap
somethin'
They call me mister get all mad and smack somethin'
I'm wild dude, you could probably find me on side two
If not I'm a holla like Ja Rule, get a dollar from my boo

And go and by a juice or somethin'
A virgin rapper, I ain't gettin' loose for nothin'
Money earnin' rapper, I ain't got no boots for nothin'
So I'm servin' rappers, I be cookin' when I'm comin'

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