

Sts**"The Heavy"**Visit "[The Heavy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: STS]

Okay rap game shady, these words are dirty 380
Blasting out the window, we're skirting in the Mercedes
Either smell the roses or you pussy's push daisies
b-tches call me sugar when they should've called me
crazy
Enough to drop jewels, when fools copping fugazi
Born in a b-boy stance, back in the 80's
We demanded more but motherf-ckers was lazy
Brought it to your door but mother f-ckers was Swayze
And that ain't how they made me, my n-ggas would've
[K'd??] me
Nice with the pen so the sword don't phase me
Gentleman of leisure and development; appraise me
sh-t is a fiasco but hip hop saved me
Hip hop pays me; now that I got your attention
Strong arm rapping all I needed was the henchman
Bear with me only gets worse if I ain't mention
Bury n-ggas under the earth is my intention

[Verse 2: STS]

All the heroes, all the villains where we from partner
This ain't no howdy-doodie honky ass Buck Rogers
The Pun stated "ain't no wins in mi casa"
I protect home mother f-cking Mike Piazza
Leader of the rasta, read it like a roster
Made them kiss the ring, yes I'm greeted like a
mobster
Props to the purist in this hip hop biz
It's a cold amongst n-ggas that grew up on Big
Got drunk off Pac, wish that Big L got
A chance to really get his shine on before he got shot
This is Dungeon Family bumping up and down my block
Talking Big Rube interludes, Cool and the Witch Doc
Those are the tic-tocs I never forget
Sucker emcees, kick rocks and [?]
Tozz, Oz, Kansas; no motto
Got my dog with me ain't no mother f-cking Toto
Too bad b-tches, that's the mother f-cking logo
Bust a rappers ass ain't no mother f-cking homo
Bring the beat back this the mother f-cking promo

Love hitting trees I ain't Sonny f-cking Bono
And I don't care what Bo Know, I go where the flow go
It got me overseas shopping at Bel Air [Soto]
Or [Sotu] however you would say it
Pocket full of Euro be the way a n-gga play it
Pocket full of stones if I gotta UGK it
Watch sunshine, mother f-cker UV-ray it
Gold rush three see we f-cking dedicated
Chronic in the air got a n-gga medicated
Murder is the mission this is premeditated
Rolling up another getting re-elevated
Bear with me, it only gets worse; it's been stated
I'mma keep rapping 'till my vocals get faded
Or n-ggas get jaded
Move to the hills, try and settle down
Find a brand new thrill
Finally reach a point where n-ggas' sh-ts getting real
Don't want to reach a point where n-ggas' sh-t looking
ill

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