

Eric Benet Feat. Faith Evans

"Operation Stackola"

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Verse 1 *(Yukmouth)*

Posted up in the cut
to make a buck I had to sell nuff drugs
showed up, an rolled up, bubbled wit tough thugs that
love to bust slugs
I had much love, from dope fiends
plug 'em wit mo cream, my dangla
used to sport Wranglers wit Pro Wings
fa sho green-ery stacked up, that macked up
quick to put the gat up an blast on niggaz that act up
snatched the scratch up, quick hit the back fence loc
I been broke, rollin through yo mutha fuckin hood in
trench coats
wit double barrels get yo narrow ass on the ground
I'm not play, I don't play though
I'm out to get yo pay roll
say hoe, you get yo monkey ass stomped wit the steel
toe
fucked in the game like a dildo
from the Vill hoe
to the mutha fuckin Fil-Mo fo real though
none can get wit this sick wit it man slaughter
practice lookin harder than 40 Water
niggaz all over claimin they foldin weight
I caught yo slippin, rippin that duct tape over yo face an
off the
Golden Gate
let go, I'm down to break jaws when I takes all's
yo cash, blast that ass won't last fo one mo day like
Nate Dog
break laws
leathal weapon like Danny
slangin candy
livin lavish about my cabbage understands me.

(Chorus- Knumskull) x2

Can't slang cream, can't lay low
quick to pull licks for some paper to fold
it ain't me fuck gettin fronted

(Gaffled an licks I done it, that's why a nigga always gets blunted.)

Verse 2 *(Knumskull)*

I see what you see, but you don't see what I see
mill an zips come up the whole grip like Kadafi
20 years of age, waitin fo the say someone say cap me
a whole line of felonies on my rap sheet
any means to make loot in the East Oakland Bay route
it's all about makin mail fuck bein cute (whoo)
that's the sound when it's time to lay down my hustle
why there's so many bubbles, I choose to throw rocks
like Barney Rubble
can't lie back, wit a gang of top scratch
I gots to move on, an scoot on
now mutha fucka can you buy that?
lay low make no mistakes, make it successful
an if a nigga run up then make his chest full
I toss niggaz that try to struggle off me
cross me
a gang of jealousy because I'm saucy
it's not my fault that I grew to become a licksta
instead I say moms meetin pops was a mix up
pick up
hennessy got my brain runnin quicka than I can think
adrenaline pumpin about to faint
ain't no shame
can't be no 9 to 5 nigga
the "O" is where I'm from, so I gots to survive nigga.

(chorus) x2

Verse 3 *(Yukmouth)*

Nigga notice I'm broke wit a loaded four-fifth gat
the real nigga rolled an showed us where you hide yo
doe an shit at
he did juss that, showed me where the kicks at
an big scratch told Knum to come nigga lets get that.

Verse 4 *(Knumskull)*

Yuk pull over
park the Nova
tonight's the night, so I hope you write about the yola
I hold the Mag, lookin for the attack
search the whole fuckin crib cuz I know he got scratch.

Verse 5 *(Yukmouth)*

Creep up the mutha fuckin stairs wit the ski mask
on the second floor in the drawer there should be cash
but we laugh
cuz we see task cars right next door
but we poor, no budget fuck it, so kick down the door.

Verse 6 *(Knumskull)*

Boom kick it once
boom kick it twice
three times it's breakin an have the fuckin building
shakin
make our way through the house nothin less nothin
more
(where the kicks at??!!)
I think they in the third drawer.

Verse 7 *(Yukmouth)*

There's more
an that's a fa sho-sho I got the doe, now we up out the
door
before the neighbors call po-po
to the mobile, to count the real deal bank roll
in my sock, I rub daily cuz it's scratchin my ankle.

Verse 8 *(Knumskull)*

It's morn-ing
we unleash to the streets
wit 12 g's a piece
headed straight to the East
better recognize this game is bought to be sold
that's why I pull licks fo some paper to fold.

(Chorus) x2

BIA-TCH!!

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