

Ghostown

"Next in Line"

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DJ On Point: Brand new shit from Cig...We call this one
Next in Line
Cig: Yo Dolla Bills, they hatin' on me man, but they envy
the kid, I can see
it in they eyes...Ghostown man, C-I-G, so I gotta let em'
know...lemme talk
to em' real quick man
DJ On Point: Shout out to the whole G's up T's down
street team...Lets go!

[Cig]
Cig's next in line, call it a take over
Buck fitty face lift, call it a make over
Cig's the future, these fakes are over
Cause real raps here, tell em' the break's over
I chug jugs at pubs, cop the dice that pass
Plug scrubs with snubs, pop the dice that pass
Ride out on fake thugs, see the trouble flair
When Cig's been killin' clubs since Doug and Double
Dare
Ask around and they'll tell you who's flyer
Look, Cig's gutter and his flow's pure fire
Admire, I'm made out of 10 girls desires
One's family and one's a damn liar
The hood won't respect these local frauds
I'll put the tech straight to their vocal chords
I'll leave your shirt the color of Mountain Dew Code Red
I'm swervin' lanes on the Boulevard, catchin' road
head, yeah!

[Chorus]
Outside a storm is brewing (Yeah!) I can hear the
sound (Come on, Come on!)
And inside my heart is beating out loud (You can't fuck
with me cause I'm
next in line, no!)

Outside a storm is brewing (Yeah!) I can hear the
sound (Come on, Come on!)
And inside my heart is beating out loud (You can't fuck
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next in line, no!)

[Cig]

You got a lot of nerve to claim you're merkin' me
I get head on first dates, ain't a bitch jerkin' me
Lookin' in the mirror you ought to feel lucky
It don't crack in half, or laugh cause you're ugly
Your team is garbage, you're never seein' me
I'll use your CD as a fuckin' Frisbee
And that's the only way you're gettin' air play
I get more head then priests on Ash Wednesday
We got clips that'll smother your vest
That'll go through you and out your brothers chest
My clips are the truth, they ain't hard to digest
I'm next in line, top 10 at best
A black eye got you wearin' shades
My crew packs blades that'll shape up your fades
I'm makin' hits, and lookin to get played
And bangin' different chicks like I'm lookin' for AIDS,
holla!

[Chorus]

[Cig]

Cig the kid's raw, I ain't got no flaws
In the South Shore, my outlaws are breakin' laws
Broads wanna take a piece out of me like Jaws
Chicks wanna sit on my lap like I'm Santa Clause
We're breakin' jaws, and we're takin' yours
Why clap you when I could give you rounds of
applause?
Either pullin' on scores, or pullin' in whores
Leavin' broads in nothin' but Victoria's draws
This kids getting more head then clogged pores
I stop at red lights, but the rims won't pause
These cats are pussy, won't exchange their paws
They know the G Town cause, armed and ready for war
All eyes on the kid when I stroll through doors
My 4's startin' draws under my velour's
Y'all talk but stay strapless like push up bras
You wanted beef? now you eat your meals through
straws, faggot!

[Chorus]

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