

H.A.W.K. f/ Mike D, Big Pokey, Chris Ward, Lil' Flip

"Somebody Say 'Oh Yea'"

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[Hook - 2x]

Now all my playas, throw your roley's in the air
All my hoes, go on shake your darrier
(if you's a real nigga, and you's a down broad
Somebody say, oh yeah)

[Chris Ward]

I'm in a GS-4 double O, sitting low
Me and Po-Yo, blowing on hydro
Pulled up slow, next to the 4-6 Range
Jumped out with H.A.W.K., and started flashing big
change
Check us out baby, the glistening chains
The wrist and the rings, and listen to the hits that we
sing
We spit game, like snakes spit venom
We're in Guess that's denim, with heavy starch in em
Fat faces we spend em, when we step in the club
We don't trick on no boppers, yet you still get love
Y'all know Chris Ward, got them jazzy hoes
Classy hoes, nasty and sassy hoes
That pay me well, from H-Town to ATL
They push them bubble eye Jaguars, and grey V-12's
So for that playas, throw your roley's in the air
And all my down hoes, go on shake your darrier

[Hook - 2x]

All my playas, throw your roley's in the air
All my hoes, go on shake your darrier
(if it's fa sho and you know, you gon leave with a hoe
Somebody say, oh yeah)

[H.A.W.K.]

Now all you young tenders, it's time y'all surrender
To this heavyweight contender, top notch big spender
Whatever club I enter, I'm a sight to see
And ooh-wee, all the girls be jocking me
They flocking me they watching me, now watch and
see
At a quarter to three, I'ma break em off properly
The boppers be, wanting to talk

Peeping my walk, and whispering (ooh girl that's
H.A.W.K.)
And sexual thoughts, start running through they head
Is he good in bed, sizing up my third leg
Remember Keisha said, (that boy was throwed)
Cause she came befo', she took off her clothes
Spit dangerous flow, my neck and wrists are froze
And everybody knows, what H.A.W.K. say goes
I'm blowing optimoes, in the VIP
With Chris Ward, Mike D and F-L-I-P

[Hook - 2x]

All my playas, throw your roley's in the air
All my hoes, go on shake your darrier
(if you ain't giving up no ass, unless they got cash
Somebody say, oh yeah)

[Mike D]

We some certified dome checkers, stage wreckers
Flossing through the club, like known goodfellas
For cheddar we spit letters, like true go-getters
Locked and loaded like barettas, it don't get no better
Po'ing up to a toe up, rip the stage when we show up
Laf-Tex and Dead End, got this rap game so'd up
See that Benz on twins, crawling like a spider
Flashing off dividends, pulling all-nighters
Make your broad bounce that ass, say bro we off the
chain
Bringing the pain, what's my motherfucking name
Mike D, known to drive you crazy
Step in the club, and snatch your lady
Roley on my arm, twirl like a whirlwind
Them 20's dipped in platinum, when the wide body spin
We worldwide game spitters, and y'all can't win
Stacking ends setting trends, let the games begin

[Hook - 2x]

Now all my playas, throw your roley's in the air
All my hoes, go on shake your darrier
(if you's a real nigga, and you's a down broad
Somebody say, oh yeah)

[Lil' Flip]

I got Rolex baguettes, princess cuts
You might see me, pimping sluts
I'm looking great, in VIP
Your watch ain't shit, you should see my teeth
I love to shine, like pine-o-pine
You got clothes in your closet, but they not like mine
I'm Lil' Flip, and I make mo' do'
And I just might, take your hoe

[Big Pokey]

Whoadie done jumped out, I stayed in the lick
Watching the DVD's, big body with the three t.v.'s
Mashed on his enemies, but she a tease
And in two mo' weeks, she goin back overseas
Flashing cheese, and it was on
I'm in valet getting dome, on the phone with Corleone
BC passed by, I threw up the 'Stone
Kicked the trap out my ride, with a mouth full of funk
Get gone, beat your feet kick rocks
Baby you know how it go, cause we pack big glocks
Hard knocks don't stop, won't stop
And won't squat baby, we the shit
Up in club mixed it up, throwing the roley baby
Iced out, straight out the fo'ty
Bitch, you know that hoe
As a click we gon show that, big ol' crib with the flo' mat

(*talking*)

Tramp bitch, for real

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