

## Immature F/ Da Boy Wonder, Mr. Mike Nitty "Platinum+"

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(ad libbing)

(City Spud)

Now everything I drop yo it's platinum plus  
That's why everybody tryna hate on us  
I keep the, fly hunnies in the mood to  
You gotta, prove to us you can groove with us  
And make ya, move with us it'd be the best thing for ya  
Got the, smoothest tats keep it natural like quarter  
water  
Cruise with us stay all up in your garments  
Pop's stayin' at it while you savin' up your quarters  
In order to rock a party yo you gotta keep it live  
Yella they got me, so I'm mean; flip side  
Curvin' off that herb and you can see it in my eyes  
Lunatics get down and we can rock it all night  
And that's for real yo  
Check the rhyme

(Chorus 2X: City Spud)

Check the rhyme y'all! (rhyme y'all!) We got it hap'nin!  
Got the whole crowd movin' from the hit that's  
platinum!  
If ya, think not you better beg the gig!  
Cuz my whole crew behind me one-hundred percent!

(ELL)

Yo, uh, uh..

Now cain't no one get as live as we  
Just to be the best is what we strive to be  
Open your eyes and see, the way the groupies  
Be invadin' our privacy (MAN THEY BE RIDIN' D'S!!!)  
Like a drop top six with the flyest diesel  
While you thinkin' like a G I'm thinkin millions  
Add on like a buildin', stand high on streets  
Hold on to some 98, paid for keys, cats please  
I've been, like, three wheel leavin' E's  
Bees swarm like bees, 'til the haters be my enemy  
You ain't sellin' me; to eat me; and fettle bees  
Repeatedly repeatin' me (repeat me) To beat me, they  
see me

Mad cuz they cain't beat me, nor see me  
Mad cuz my ride got rims, and a TV  
I'm ruthless like Eazy, but huggable like Teddy  
Rugsben  
I'm not as strict so you'll never ever ever put my bugs in  
Your pocket; I mow you, I don't owe you  
That's why I stole you in your eye socket  
Aw, Maggot; Da Lie Rocket  
And no matter what to top it, you ask me what's up?  
I say the star, and the moon, who will be home soon

(Chorus)

(Lil' T)  
Heh  
St. Lunatics emit like Voltron; way beyond your level  
Cover the platinum hits to settle my problems a little  
But 'til then, St. Lunatics just simmin'  
State studios paggin' pins make a million  
Be Rumpel like Stiltsken (you gotta feel that)  
If not, just be my rap like album I hit it back  
Lunatics got my back like murders and Malcolm X  
All you haters relax, every kickin' light stat

(Chorus)

Yo  
Check the rhyme y'all  
Check the rhyme y'all  
Yo what's that y'all?  
Keep it live y'all  
Make it real loud y'all  
Check the rhyme y'all  
Things like that y'all  
Keep it live y'all  
Jay E y'all  
Jay E y'all  
I'm on the tracks y'all  
Lunatics y'all  
Gimme that fetch y'all  
D2 y'all  
Non-Asia  
Non-Asia

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