

J-Zone f/ Celph Titled "\$spoiled Rotten"

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(scratched)

"Lick my sweaty balls."

[Verse 1: J-Zone]

You better lock up the Bacardi at your party when the
Zone roll through
In a fur coat that look like I killed the whole Bronx Zoo
ASPCA is outside my house, picketin'
'Cause everything in my coat been previously livin'
Hoes ask why I cut my braids off (Trippin')
So I could look prep and pull Kate Moss bitches
But I don't make babies (No)...I make beats
And got more juice than a hair salon in Compton in the
late 80's

[Verse 2: Celph Titled]

Back on the muthafuckin' set, Zone pass me the glock
So I can blast and leave a hole the size of Flava Flav's
clock
But either niggas hate or they jock, you pay 'till you're
broke
We from the hood, where we beat our kids with cables
and ropes
Load them hammers in the car before I bust back
Crash a bike in your face, and leave you with a
handlebar mustache
Celph Titled fell off? What made you think that?
I came here to downsize the game: no CD's, just
"shrink wrap"

[Verse 3: J-Zone]

I used to bang groupies like your sister, but I quit it for
sure
"These girls are simply for the money" "And your
sister's a whore!"
Nowadays I diss hoes, wantin' Zone to get Olympic
And strip clothes and broad jump with ten inches of
limp dick
But what about Zone and your mama?
He threw his balls between her legs like he was playin'
for the Globetrotters

Thinkin' you rock? Y'all gets nothin'
'Cause I talk trash, you collect it like Charles S. Dutton,
muthafucka!

[Chorus: Celph Titled & J-Zone]
Rude! Crude! Spoiled! Rotten!
J-Zone and Celph Titled ain't nothin' but problems
Throw eggs at your favorite MC
Locate your face and then pee
So if you don't like us, you can hum these nuts
We put foes in they place and then leave

(scratched)
"Rude...arrogant...entirely offensive"
"Look out America, here we come!"

[Verse 4: Celph Titled]
I don't care what Biggie said, I still dream of fuckin'
Xscape
That big girl could find out, just how my third leg tastes
I like my pockets fat, and my bitches fatter
Up until I was ten, I thought my name was just "Little
Bastard" (You little bastard!)
Niggas rap to pay they bills, but never got cash
Catch you at the bar, I'm puttin' bullets through your
shot glass
Knock your muthafuckin' Pro Tools off sequence
Y'all niggas is like Dr. Dre in '83: all sequins

[Verse 5: J-Zone]
(Hey J, when's your video gonna be on TV?)
When the surveillance tape from KFC gets sent to BET
(J, I need my nails done) What? "Dumb broad"
You'd have better luck at the White House, lookin' for a
job
With a Jheri curl and shower cap on
Doin' a kid and play Kick Step with a crackhead on the
front lawn
In a "All Hail Saddam" T-shirt, holdin' two Glocks
And C-Bo's Greatest Hits pumpin' from your boombox

"Let's go...bump it, I know you hear me comin'"

[Verse 6: Celph Titled]
It's time to oil up my jaw bone, and get ready for slick
talk
O.G. swagger, that's the way this here spic walk
About to unleash a sleek metal hatchet (Why?)
'Cause y'all sound faker than Alicia Keys' ghetto accent
(Oh)
Get snapped in fragments and fed to lab rabbits

All I got is my balls, guns, and bad habits
Keep you paranoid, become a crabby sleeper
'Cause I got you sniffin' more "'caine" than Big Daddy's
retriever

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