## Junior M.A.F.I.A. F/ Lil Caesar, Lil' Kim "In the Trunk"

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It's on Where they at, where they at

I sold tapes every day me and Freddy B Been famous since 1983 Give me ten dollars, and you straight get blessed A rap all about you called the special request Oakland, you know I go way back To coug nuts, fal stangs, and cadillac's When homeboys put vogues on any car With 6 by 9's smoking burners Everybody got addicted to my dopefiend beat Whole town fucked around and started smoking D Every rap I ever made was about this town I made 7 whole albums with no James Brown And even though I love his music, I just can't stand The way they used it all up and didn't pay the man And after 2 platnum albums, you call me weak Cause I don't sell records in the East Now what's funky, I say pussy on an old hoe I guess y'all fools don't know Why some good rappers can't sell no tapes It's not the company's fault, the shit sounds fake You wanna be in the trunk, with the booming box While the young bitches ride on your jock You can't do it like this homey, so just pass it And stop kissing them white folks asses It's like you smoked a whole damn key You rap so fast you keep leaving the beat I'm from the old school, I love P-Funk But now rap music is all that they want So when I'm in my car, I play Clinton And when I'm on the stage I start pimping And when I hear your shit, I push eject Then I throw it out the window with the rejects And when the hard core rappers go soft I like to watch when they ass fall off Cause ain't nothing worth kicking like a sucka MC And any other rappers ever talk about me I don't stop rapping, that's all they can say

And how I dogg bitches, every day

But if you can't be a dogg, then you're weak You be phony like a side show freak Some rappers try to come off positive Where I'm from that just ain't how it is They say rap music is here to stay But the sucka MC's don't think that way It took 8 long years before I got my break So I wonder why rapper's make fake ass tapes You won't get paid like I did, so give up punk And while your in the studio, I'm in the trunk You got no choice, so don't flip that coin This ain't the military, so you punks can't join It ain't pop, it's called underground rap From Oakland California and the shit sounds phat I'm spitting raps to my motherfucking homies That's why they listen to the one and only I used to be broke, but now we all used to be Got no game for a bitch, all the game is for me And these bitches, can't say shit to me They could never could fuck with Short baby I'm not a tounge twisting rapper with a funny style Don't dress hip hop and dance real wild But I do sell records like a motherfucker Even though you might I'm just another sucka I find the beat and then never switch Grab the microphone and then call you a bitch You want rent money, I got pimp money One thing's for sure, I won't give it to a hoe I throw a bitch in the god damn trunk And start slamming that Oakland funk Short Dogg's in the house, once again Trying to fade the platnum, with Shorty the Pimp And when I do, I'm going straight to the bank Withdraw some money and buy some dank You can't relate to my motherfucking homies That's why they listen to the one and only I grew up on the funk called P But these motherfuckers growing up on me And if I ego trip, and my head is fucked I take my ass back, to where I grew up And get real boy, it's never too late Before I do like you and make a weak ass tape I'm in the trunk...

in the trunk, in, in the trunk in the trunk, in, in the trunk in the trunk beating down the block

in the trunk, in, in the trunk in the trunk, in, in the trunk in the trunk beating down the block Visit <u>Junior M.A.F.I.A. F/ Lil Caesar, Lil' Kim</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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