

## The Toadies

### "Not Now"

Visit "[Not Now](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Uh, tell the world good news  
Roll up to the club with new shoes (what that?)  
Bla's Big Boy, pushing big toy (yeah)  
I'm try'na to see what y'all working with (uh-huh)  
My hood be hurting shit (yeah)  
Yaw..  
Feel this, feel this baby..  
Uh, yaw, yaw..

[ Verse One ]

Aiyyo y'all wanna talk dough? I make you Limp like  
Bizkit  
Pimps get twisted, turn simpletistic  
Hustlers y'all been please helped, toast 'em and the  
cheese melt  
Fuck wearing a seatbelt, better wear your heatbelt  
When I blaze my private iron, you get dying like Saving  
Private Ryan  
Momma crying, slugs flying  
See we tote techs and broke necks  
Shoot up a party then we jump behind the coat-checks  
Who to your belong is, then we out, ??? a G  
I'm just like ?Bodymonster?, growing while you sleep,  
flowing while I speak  
Giving corrosion, while y'all niggas is ruff riders  
When Brooklyn straight Trojans  
My first LP? Cream from the beginning  
Y'all just like Marl Berry, drop thirty, what y'all team  
ain't winning  
Like Gren Cook, went with the hook  
Went with the jooks, all my men are crooks  
Word to momma Snooks

[ Hook ]

Yaw, beat don't fail me now  
Show my glory, tell a story only hear in jail  
Heat don't fail me now  
All that talk, we ain't with it, anybody can get it  
Feeds don't fail me now  
In the hood running like a beast, getting chased by  
police

You freaks can't tell me how  
I stay creeping on a weekend, bags stay sweaking

[ Verse Two ]

Police wanna statch niggas, 'cause we strong on  
stretch niggas  
Like Brook-'Nam vet niggas  
Not Slim Shady but Grim Grady, ever since the mid-  
eightie  
Everything I did was crazy, sexing white girls looking  
Bo Derrick Ahada  
'Cause I get chips like I'm Erica Shrada, dunn-da-da  
Communicate like beat with the cellies  
Pulling sleepers in tellies, sleep deeper than Porelli's  
Credentials here, Diamond-dental still here, mental still  
here  
DJ still here, folks spoke clear, rims pope with the glitter  
Y'all better get ready is not a joke this year  
When they miss me, 'cause what I bake make  
cornbread taste like cake  
Icecream-cake, ? with cream and ice, my team is nice  
Y'all don't trouble me or trouble P  
Y'all actors like on double U-P

[ Hook ]

Yeah.. four years later music more greater  
Yaw what that? What that, y'all can't touch that  
It's still Blahzay.. y'all Blahzay  
Y'all ain't Blahzay, y'all better cop that Blahzay

Visit [The Toadies](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.