

Thomas Dolby

"Won on Won"

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Smoky Lah, me got flav
Smoky Gunz, Cocoa B's

Who wanna look like, wanna act like us
Wanna be like, roll the trees like us
Wanna talk like wanna walk like us
Wanna flip like get ripped like us
Wanna act like know you're black like us
Wanna flip like kick shit like us
Wanna bust like you ain't rough like us
Tek and Steele, Won on Won, Smoky Guns, what?

DING! That's the sound of the bell
"Oh shit!" is all you heard before you fell
to the canvas, all washed up like my dirty drawers
and pants get, try to challenge get damaged
Plain and simple, with bandages around your temple
Easily erased out the picture like pencil
Peeped me once, saw me again got your pistol
I put permanent fear in your heart like a dimple

Son hold my A.V. let me rock this no-body
Comin out the closet tryin to stop my money?
Actin like you're sweet cause he ain't see me in the
streets
Spit that blood out and get back up on your feet
You called me I was there on some Candyman shit
Wear that ass out in front your kids and your bitch
Hurt you to the boards, put the ten to your jaw
Walk away, parley in front of Achmed's store

We don't give a WHAT about you, tell them niggaz who
sent you
Let em come, have em all open wide like dentals
Heard they work for cheap, think I might rent you
If you feel I disrespected you, good, I meant to
Nigga I'd wish you'd, talk about runnin for guns
Get your Bankhead Bounce like insufficient funds
Left ass-out a home beggin like bums
Cut off, swept off the floor like crumbs

I'm from N.Y.C.I.T.Y. stay high
Lazy eye ghetto celeb rap guy from Bed-Stuy
Splash in two lines, me no long rhymes
losing your attention taking up your time
I gets mine and breathe, bout it bout it like P
Too many wannabe me, wanna flow blow hold dough
like Smoky (Smoky Lah), fly across seas
blow shows for B.C.C. (knock you out), but you can't be
You heard me, you soft like porridge
You ain't gettin money and you have no courage
(Aiyyo son, let me at they ass son)

Introducing, the one who gets you bugged like a lucie
Same height, same weight, same fight skills like Bruce
Lee
Try me, ready for those who wanna harm me
Don't toy with me, you wanna be all you can be, join the
Army
I swarm like bees plus sting too, bring grooves
I blow em out like hankies (hachoo!) nab you like cops
do

For the longest I've been waitin, to take it to these
Jafaicans
Corner eyeballin on the moves that we was makin
Thinkin that we lost it cause our line was closed
Can't stop a hungry nigga with nuttin to live foe
I'ma see that dough, many hustlers I know
Three car longshark white chalk and celo

Yo, I think I'll take this time to remind you
not to sit by the line, test mine, CrimeStoppers won't
find you
Before we come kickin your door to the floor
Throw you to the wall, making you our prisoner of war
Cut you too short to take walks with Tattoo
Attack you from your front open you back with my
scalpel
Snatch two, niggaz from the crew if they got
anything to do with motherfuckers coming back to
avenge you
I intend to, get down for my temple
Keep a strong mental when dealin with evils that men
do
Them who, fail to comprehend I
Recommend you remember you're dealin with men
who'll
send you - - off in a coffin
Cause far too often niggaz are gettin lost and it's
costin
body parts, from anybody that starts

We play the hackers, takin rappers apart
Dissect em, from they rectum, to they necks
double check them make sure shit's correct then direct
them
To the section, where the session's, in progression
Where you come to get blessed by Smif-N-Wessun

(various talk to outro)

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