

Lil' Jon And The Eastside Boyz F/ Jadakiss, Styles

"Metal Lungies"

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[Intro: sample]

World, world, world, premiere, premiere, premiere

World, world, world, premiere, premiere, premiere

[Ghostface Killah]

What these clown niggaz hollerin'?

What they need to be hollerin', is "There go Theodore!"

Put the ball down, we can't score

They pen shit to blackboards, make queens out of wack
broad

You see us comin'? Fuck that Fam shit, just pass off,
you bitch

Crystal' Dana Dane's wrapped around your neck

Lookin' rich, baow, you fucked up now

See my gun, nigga? This baby got stuffed uptown

Shouted out, made a whole safe with the pump root
pounds

My buddy, keep my gun, right next to my tummy

Ask the click, yo, they spit metal lungies

Detach wigs, kill flunkies off contact, sonsee

Didn't mommy tell y'all niggaz to wear clean undies?

See y'all should of listened to her

She knew her son had a big mouth, and some day
death would occur

Please for Ms. Gale's sake, and her seeds

Pass the flurry, ain't fuckin' around, they knocked to
her weave

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

Uh-oh... (word up) This still... (what you talkin' bout,
baby?)

Real kids spit that shit..

[Sheek Louch]

Let's go, let's go, let's go, yo, yeah

Me and Starks clear projects parks

With our '93 shit, army coat green and light tan Clarks

Niggaz think I'm lucky, bitches wanna fuck me

And put me in the tub with them like I'm a rubber ducky

I got a revolver in the pump about the size of Chucky

I remember faces easy as I tie my laces

Here, put the metal in your mouth, like you was rockin'
braces
I spit an iron lungie, yeah, I'm old school like the Iron
Monkey
My shit powerful enough to lift a fuckin' donkey
I got heavy chrome, niggaz don't care if you live to die
They happier than Marbury home
Ya'll niggaz better kill me, my street niggaz feel me
Louch gotta eat, ends gotta meet
The hard shit you kickin' bout is on beat as Tweet
This is Theodore, D-Block, the year adore
It's son who fall, with the four-four, niggaz like..

[Chorus]

[Styles P.]

Yeah... nigga this is Ghost with Ghostface
I don't sell millions but I get millions from the v's who
smoke base
Somebody leavin' out with a poked face
Tone, you burnin' to kick his teeth out, and sware don't
catch no case
I'mma make you look like you smoke taste, and we
don't leave no trace
These rap niggaz sware that they so safe
I don't wanna talk to you holmes, I don't communicate
My guns they in my hand, one in my palm
And I could dial your number, like a smile off the face
With the H.K. 9, I'm the all black hummer
Metal lungies'll spit the grungiest shit
Hungriest shit, seventeen dummies a clip
Tell them rap niggaz to suck my dick, fuck the industry
And shift, shut down the store, bust my shit
I got some hustlin' ass niggaz that'll pump my bricks
And some dust head niggaz that'll dump my clips,
what?

[Chorus]

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