

## **Little Bruce f/ Turf Talk**

### **"Scraper, Scraper"**

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[Intro: Little Bruce]

Ya know? Out there smashing them scrapers. Getting  
they papers. Sliding on  
them groupie breezies... with the vapors. Yadamean?  
Scrape to this, my nig

[Verse 1: Little Bruce]

I cop me a 4-door Cutlass Sierra  
For only 6 hun' the deal was done  
The body straight and the engine run  
... Hit the way, went did 121  
It's great to see my boys in gold-tone rims  
Plus some fresh new blades, 20 inches  
Now I'm smoking fire, on Nitto tires  
Hit my nig on his Motorola wire  
My beat in the trunk, can you hook it up?  
I'ma hit the sideshow, and cook it up  
In a scraper? Nigga, I'ma make it spin  
Hook up some nitrous and make it win  
Four 15's with the TV-screens  
Stock sunroof, I'm hella clean  
Thought it was a 500-SCL  
With the rims and beat, who could tell?  
I'm riding thick man, smoking power  
Reese in the back seat, tooting powder  
Little Bruce, man, boss from the Villa  
Clowning in my fresh whip, speed-bump-killer

[Hook: Little Bruce]

(I'm scraping) Scraper... Scraper... All about my paper  
Siding on your haters, dark as Darth Vader  
Scraping in my scraper, knock and bitch and rake her  
I'm all about my paper, scraping in my scraper

[Verse 2: Turf Talk]

I'ma ride this bitch like a Benz (like a Benz)  
Candy paint, 24-inch rims  
... Love the soft leather on the clothing  
And a lotta niggaz hating, but all the bitches show  
And a lotta niggaz ride on my rims to keep balling  
We gone pull up, get out, but keep going

Never mind Mito the dub, I'm tycoonin'  
Gotta hit the supercharger when I make a move (err!)  
Park in my new shit, hear me, courage  
You can ride the blades on the gold tippy-toes (tippy-toes)  
If you want attention, put a whistle on that hoe  
Open the door, so wonderful, so cold  
Sirens go while I diss the window (window)  
You can get in if you like the indo (indo)  
And Robin 'll be the personal pimp though (pimp though)  
Holding the Kelly like hoes on hydro

[Hook: Little Bruce]

(I'm scraping) Scraper... Scraper... All about my paper  
Siding on your haters, dark as Darth Vader  
Scraping in my scraper, knock and bitch a rake her  
I'm all about my paper, scraping in my scraper

[Verse 3: Little Bruce]

Cutlass, Pontiac, Chevy or Buick  
I don't really give a fuck how you do it  
Candy-apple-green, burgundy-wine  
Tangerine... or the kiwi-lime  
Put a dub on it and scrape to the O  
Get a quarter-pound burger and shake to go  
Roll one more while we looking for the show  
It was still early so I scraped to the 'Sco  
Nigga I'm Pretty Tony, going berserk  
Hit the tenderloins and shake for work  
Bitch, don't call without a rack or better  
A pimp like me wanna see his cheddar  
The same way you see yourself in my rims  
Don't get dizzy, cause they don't stop spinning  
Just found out where to get that Gucci  
I'm finna be cleaner than a virgin's couchie

[Hook: Little Bruce] x2

(I'm scraping) Scraper... Scraper... All about my paper  
Siding on your haters, dark as Darth Vader  
Scraping in my scraper, knock and bitch a rake her  
I'm all about my paper, scraping in my scraper

[Bridge: Little Bruce]

Scraping in my scraper, all about my paper  
Siding on you haters, dark as Darth Vader  
Scraping in my scraper, all about my paper  
Knock and bitch a rake her, it's dubs on my scraper  
Scraping in my scraper, all about my paper  
Siding on your haters, dubs on my scraper

[Outro: Little Bruce]

Yeah. We doing the damn thang. What up. Don't forget,  
when you riding and  
siding... We doing it like this: Scrape, scrape. Oh boy,  
it's big

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