

Lofgren Nils

"Pit Fight"

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[Chorus: Greg Nice]

Everybody was dancin and, everybody was swingin
And, everybody was singin and, everybody was bringin
Everybody was dancin and, everybody was smokin
And, everybody was drinkin and, niggas don't be
thinkin

[Greg Nice]

Hey yo, I be the man dangle, handle bilingual
Shit's so hot, it might be the first single
Soft mack sprinklin salt on my pringle
Ain't no stoppin me now, I'm gon jungle
N-I, flippin shit, freakin shit
Runnin shit from channel to channel
I ain't gon bite off more than I can handle
I got the DVD all in my wall panel
I ain't try to brag, this is on my dick, cuz they see in a
mag
Should of drived a Benz or I should of drived the Jag
Old school nigga I rock the doo rag
I might fuck around and let my pants sag

[Tony Touch]

One two, I come through wit my familles
Big Psych, pit fight, you know the deals
Potted, take a good look at what we started
Retarded, that Brooklyn bullshit we got it
Everybody already know Toca be bout it
And me gettin knocked out the box, kid, I doubt it
It's crowded, up in the club, so I'mma rub
My pinga against the ninga to show love
Stuck in the cut, as always I come wit the ruck
Tony Touch, Beatnuts, straight fuckin it up
Now don't sleep home boy, I got it tucked in the gut
Just in cause I gotta flex against one of you ducks
Mira drago, Mr. El Cavallo
I send y'all free like Cinque de Mayo
Claro, come on y'all, get wit the vibe
And follow, and pump this cassette in the ride
Aiyo, Nills where's you man wit the Jeckyl and Hyde?
Let's get this jump-off jumpin, flip the record and slide

[Chorus: Greg Nice]

Everybody was dancin and, everybody was swingin
And, everybody was singin and, everybody was movin
And, everybody was movin to the groove
Everybody was dancin and, everybody was smokin
And, everybody was drinkin and, niggas don't be
thinkin

[Psycho Les]

Aiyo, Psych is chillin, flippin the hottest hits in the club
drinkin
Never trickin on a pigeon, yo who I'm bringin
The glock is hittin, but it's reachable by hand
I'mma beat you wit this, til you can't understand
And I don't give a fuck if you don't know who I am
This is that pimp song, so take your minks off
And wild out for the night and get your drinks on
Mami, the way you rock me on the dance floor
Got me, ready to take my fuckin pants off
Blast off into a new dimension
Here's a little somethin I'd like to mention
If you ain't lovin it, you must be a hater
If shorty ain't fuckin, see you later
Hasta la vista, you full of pasta and pizza
Oh, you gangster, I'mma get mobster and beat ya
Now tell me who the best there is
Greg N-I, Tony Touch, Psycho Les, there it is

[Chorus 2X: Greg Nice]

Everybody pit fightin and, niggas don't be writin
And, muthafuckas keep bitin, and
And, and, and, and, a-and

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