

## Mandeville Gaston

### "Can't Get Enough"

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[ VERSE 1: Peter Gunz ]

I put the helmet on my mic and tackle MC's  
I break backs of fat tracks and freeze  
And get up on these, and hit your knees  
Trick, can do what you do, they call me Peter  
Oh, you ain't feelin me? I ain't feelin yo ass either  
Now if you know this shit when you hear  
Drop your blunt and your beer  
And put your hands up in the air  
Then I steer the 600 and flex through your hood  
I get your money or girl, I take your car, then I'm good  
Call me the rap killer, thriller, loungin in my villa  
I'm chocolate inside, but on the outside vanilla  
The darker the berry, they say the juice is mo' sweet  
But it's 2 dollars more, bitch, if you want white meat  
Now I - never lost a battle in my life  
God came close, and yo, I beat Jesus twice  
I take it to your block, your party, and do my thing  
Cause I don't give a shit how you niggas wanna swing

[ CHORUS ]

You can get touched, cause none wanna mess with us  
I call your bluff, cause y'all just be actin tough  
You get bust, cause competition talks too much  
I know it's rough, but y'all still can't get enough

[ VERSE 2: Ecstasy ]

You might think I'm one of those men who couldn't  
keep they woman in check  
But all respect to the Ecs passin checks while you're  
payin for sex  
You take her out, you buy her things, you bring her  
flowers  
Come home, and she's with Ecstasy up in the shower  
Now picture that, now you wanna get your gat  
But I keep a strap, so get your shit exact, I got my shit  
intact  
And it's a fact that Jalil got my back at the face of  
trouble  
Get in that ass on the double, we blown like a bubble  
Shovel in and bury in our way up out to rubble, half heart

half humble  
So all expenses paid as I'm headin up this platinum  
road  
I'm out to get it, you can keep your gold  
I got an album full of rocks  
Good luck to all the labels on lock  
In '96 Whodini's callin the shots  
It takes two to play this game, but three makes it better  
Master Dee, Jalil and Ecstasy, we here forever

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3: Lord Tarik ]

I can get swift as if I was Mario Andretti  
Mastermind, my crime time and rhymes keep steady  
But I'm quite ready, rhymes cut like Freddy, now  
Give me a mic and a crowd, I'm quite deadly, how  
Tarik, hypnotizin when I'm comin out your equalizer  
Flee me when you see me, that would be wiser  
I know you wanna be me, ridin in my coupe  
As I ride by I see you sittin on your stoop  
Lookin funny with no money, but no cash, no honey  
I was told you can pay to make your rainy day sunny  
It's the money in my life  
Allowin me to get all that honey from your wife  
Yeah, she's tall, slim and trife  
Sharp like a knife, yet dull like a Sunday  
I met her on Monday and fucked her on Monday  
That's one way to know that money comes and goes  
And so do freaks and hoes, that's why I don't trust em  
I lust for them, but I got no love for them  
In the winter, I don't got a glove for them  
So I keep a steady pace in this race for these ladies  
I got her on tape drinkin Bailey's on gravy

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 4: Jalil ]

I'm smooth as a Lexus, yet I ride rugged like a jeep  
It's the rapper Jalil, money, that's creepin in your sleep  
Call me Freddy, except I'm smooth, black, long and  
steady  
Ecstasy pass the mic, cause my rap time's ready  
Now who wanna swing it? Don't even sing it  
It's party time, put your hands up, players, bring it  
I lounge with the big boys, sippin Crystal  
And when the music stops, find me in the hotel  
All my dime pieces in the back, where you at?  
I got the fatment, plus this rap shit keeps me stacked  
Fly me on a plane to Jermaine, good lookin  
Atlanta, for representin Brooklyn, you shook, and

I'm So So Def, and yet I'm so so smooth  
Give me a mic and a beat, and watch this blackman  
move  
Takin it to another level, flippin my steez  
So get up on these and pass them trees if you please

[ CHORUS ]

And we don't stop  
Whodini  
'96 y'all  
About to do this  
And you don't quit

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