

**Mannoia Fiorella****"Pen N Pad"**

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[Hook]

Cash, money, fast cars and hoes  
All I need, is sixteen bars to flow  
I got a lot on my brain, got game to expose  
I pray to God, for these sixteen bars to flow

[Bridge]

All I need, in this life of sin  
Is my note pad, and my pen  
Down to ride, to the very end  
With my note pad, and my pen

[D-Gotti]

I spit it for the public, boys gotta love it  
God gave me the game, to stick to the subject  
Huffing puffing, blowing dro down  
Hydro ponik speed my brain, I share my thoughts with  
the time  
All I need, is sixteen bars  
To date and do nasty stuff, with sixteen stars  
Big dreams started, in my block days  
Noid when the cops came, performing all the hot songs  
for block fame  
Verbal cocaine, I spit  
Uplift boys in the hood, make em hustle harder with  
them bricks  
And them chicks love me, cause I'm a gangsta  
This is not a joke, it ain't no studio pranksta  
I adjust, to do what I appose to go  
As the block by me baby, I'm a chosen pro  
So tonight, when I bend knee and talk to God  
I'ma thank him for these sixteen bars, know I'm talking  
bout

[Hook]

[Bridge - 1 1/2x]

[D-Reck]

The one in the chamber, and sixteen in the clip  
I put this on my dreams, that this verse gon rip

The track gon unzip, and the dat gon come thirsty  
D-Reck spit slick shit, harder than a dick in wet hips  
I'm one of a kind, got so much on my mind  
There he go, another CEO spitting rhymes  
But who better, to teach the black youth bout cheddar  
And he who cleaned the street cash, and mash to the  
next level  
I'm Mr. Wreckshop, and I ain't talking bout no music  
Man I'm way mo' street, than the character I played in  
the Movie  
One hundred percent thug, I educated to scheme  
Can't named a drug, I ain't weighed on the triple beam  
Have you ever counted cash, till six in the morning  
My plotting out a plan, to get the grass from California  
Lord only knows, all the chances that I took to  
Just to spit this sixteen bars, out my notebook

(\*talking\*)

Yeah nigga, we ain't talking bout no mo' jail cell bars  
nigga  
We talking bout, sixteen bars of spitting nigga

[Hook]

[Bridge]

[D-Gotti]

Been behind bars, now I'm living off bars  
These bars got a nigga, looking good sipping bar  
Bon voyage, to the block now  
Gotto in a Viper, with the top down  
This is what it sounds like, when bars on dope  
My words feed the hood, blocks need this dope  
And the flow is supernatural, boys still catching up  
Imagine us imagine a star, plus eat up  
A track like a cannibal, trying to make the rally bucks  
Hood niggas, already feeling us  
Sixteen bars wish out my mouth, to the street  
I'm valuable I'm focused, my fans got me on feet  
Gotti gon eat, cause I spit it from the heart  
Boys who remember when I was a outlaw, ripping  
bricks apart  
But God got a plan, for us now nigga  
These bars gon get us rich, can you see the big picture

[Hook]

[Bridge]

