

Uncle "Steaks 'N Shrimp"

Visit "[Steaks 'N Shrimp](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

11cd

Clap your hands to the beat, to the beat
Just clap your hands to the beat, to the beat
Come on clap your hands to the beat, to the beat
I said clap your hands to the beat, to the beat
Uh huh and you don't stop
Uh huh and you don't stop
Uh huh and you don't stop
We in this Great Lakes state
Eatin steaks 'n shrimp
It's kinda hard to miss the crew
Because we all got limps
We come equipped with new kicks and stetsons
The super saggy rags and the white trash connection
No flexin, huh, know what I mean
You can feel us fool, we don't need to be seen
It's all about the green, not the drugs we be takin
That shits free with an LP in circulation
And we be wastin time
Got them all state, all county, all hood rhymes
It's all good times, thank the lord
For dumb fuckin people and credit card fraud
We're tearin up your lawn, we got herds of Lincolns
Step into your crib and have your whole house stinkin
Don't blink and don't think we're soft
Hide your money and your gold and don't express your
thoughts
We get mad props, wreck all shops
Puttin stops on crews
They get confused and lose, that's what we do
Styles stem from pioneers
Leavin suckers in awe
And you get jawed for lookin queer
Can you hear me or am I talkin to the wall
That's Top Dog callin out each and every one of y'all
You get balls, you come and talk that shit
But Top Dogs camp ain't nothin to fuck with
And don't say we didn't warn ya
I got this Detroit thang with more love than California
Drunk DJ smokin coiniax dips
Call me the sidekick, thug boy, kid with the limp

I rip through rhymes like a bullet in the breeze
And I float through tracks like a shark in the sea
A wee bit shy, but I comply by me
And I'm a mean mother fucker when I have to be
Got young g's with sleeves and thieves on hold
Strategically placed in case somebody feels bold
I told...you ho's you can't fuck with these cause
I make more papers than trees
See we believe in brotherhood forever is criteria
You fuckin with Top Dog
Your fuckin with family
No I ain't feelin ya, got all that I can do to hear
Any time you see me you should stand clear
You see me in my Lincoln
I'm in the clubs drinkin
Who you gonna check bitch, what the fuck you thinkin
You can check me, but that shit don't slide
You can get your life took tryin to take my pride
You ride with who, man that shit ain't big
I roll with dogs that'll rock your wig
And got gigs all money
Detroit to Portland
Cellular receivers and beepers is what were sportin
Your nothin of importance, I don't sweat you
Yeah the drinks on me, but the jokes on you
I'm all about the everyday nothin at all
See I'm not doin very much, I'm just havin a ball
I'm in bed by four, I'm up by noon
I might sit around, I might write me a tune
I might go fishi' and again I might not
I might get me a fourty or pour me some scotch
The watch on my wrist, that don't even exist
A lot of pissed people from appointments that I've
missed
I dissed everybody and their mom for spite
Cause everybody's barkin, but nobody ever bites
Your talkin loud, sayin nothin
Get you dad, get your cousin
Go and get your boy cause he's as big as a house
Now take your pussy ass click and get the fuck out
I'm the estranged, deranged, I got domains like states
I live in plush hotels with them hourly rates
I do big plates eight times a day
The crew be livin large at the seafood bay
Got a way with the world and now I'm lookin' to
scramble
Ain't about to ass out on a no good gamble
Could handle anything, but I ain't down for broke
So before somebody slides, somebody's getting
choked
I'm a no good freak, tweak skin like rashes

I lose a little love with everyday that passes
Ain't a masotistic, rock statistics, vocabulary
I'm a very shy simplistic
And get this, some people say I changed
I'm the same mother fucker with the same old name
A little extra game and extra cash could see
You could fuck me, but don't put it past me
You wanna bash me and got no reason
I can lay up in the Caymans for four straight seasons
I ain't a punk, I refuse to be
I live for what is, not what used to be
Your all up in the past, that's ass
Hear what I say
I'm all about today and I'm a die that way
Bitch

Visit [Uncle](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.