

Ali, No

Yo, All the fans we love yall
we gon make one fo the haters like fuck that

[Ali]

Old School 9-8 and you see the Camilion
below in the celing wood with wheel on
With a flyin bitch some old gangsta shit
Flat screen dvds smoking stank and shit
Aint dat shit Sunday bull tank and shit
Top down air forces white tank and shit
Aint nothing soft on boy stop thankin it
I got a trophy at the playa ball banquet
This bank I get
Style we all that to the back we all that to the back
Red or blue new wall cap
Pause that bull shit you talking bout
Before the people start walkin out
If you please we succeed regardless
Shine the hardest and I'll sign an artist
Longevity like the BeeGee's
Please be aware we don't care
Do you like us?

[Chorus]

No, no, I know y'all ain't say no uh oh
be back in a minute wit dat chrome 4-4
and when I get back everybody gone hit the flo flo
cause I just asked him was the Tics tight and I think he just said
No, no, I know y'all ain't say no uh oh
be back in a minute wit dat chrome 4-4
and when I get back everybody gone hit the flo flo
cause I just asked him was the Tics tight and I think he just said no

[Murphy Lee]

1993 creation for steps of born leezys
Wrote rhymes in class, bored by teachers
Church only on easter, ignore the preacher
Do the grown up at school right unda the bleachers
A wild little bity doin lunatic rules
To this day they be like "Lunatic Rules"
I'm hangin wit the dudes that done it, don't even stunt it
You cats stay in the back doin too much frontin
See you hatas like to take risk sonofabitch
I really disc jockeys at home jockin my disc
I'm gon pretend yall aint heard that shit
School boy 5'9 receive the hairlines and halfway rich
I'm gon run niggas out of town
Naw fuck yall hatas I'm gon chill til they run out of crown
Royal, Blue Jack right at the door
Ay yo I'm Murphy Lee can I park my car here?

[Chorus]

[Kyjuan]

Swervin excursion limited fo 12's
Fo amps don't know what my limit is
Ive been packin 22's like Emmitt did
I've been po before +No+ what a +Limit+ is
New engine new paint aint them d's spinnin
Love rims, love Lakers, who I love winnin, love women
Spinnin grindin since the beggin no mo limits
Drom tops cuttys on 4's
No love fo hoes
Change them like clothes

Hit em like switches then I pass them on
We all know dats how the game should go
We all know most of us love the same hoes
Like Carla the preachers daughter fucked wit the barber
Over there on the utha side of College Encarta
For starters I know both yall smash
I didn't get no ass so I had to ask
She said...

[Chorus]

[Nelly]

I'm feelin frost bit oh shit is he in town?
Check the paper weather say temperature goin down
Yep that's him he come to make his rounds
Tell him how it feel ten mill skin found
Beta not continue I can show you how
Frank Mill aww he done flood it wit rounds
Don't know what to call me I can think of some nouns
Mr. Hoe Hopper, Trick Knocker, Free City
My g's getting depp like P. Diddy
I'm feelin like B round looking for my Whitney
Heel I'd take a Cidney if the stash is right
Cocked fo legged and her pants is tight
It aint got to be fo eva it can be fo tonight
First class flight to Nellyville
So how it feel doin sit ups on the virgin rug
Drinkin criss out a mug, Part boughee, Part Thug, call me Bug Ok?

[Chorus]

Uh Oh

North side one time let me herre ya.... Uh Oh
South side one time let me herre ya.... Uh Oh
East side on time let me herre ya.... Uh Oh
West side on time let me herre ya.... Uh Oh

That's why man yo breath smell like shit
If yo momma breath smelled like that nigga
she libel to kill some motherfucker
Man if yo momma's eyebrows look the way yo's do
it look like a caterpillar layin on her fo'head
Nigga yo momma snort anthrax and she still mobbin