

# Cappadonna, Spit That G

(feat. Solomon Childs, Suga Bang Bang, Timbo King)

[Cappadonna]

Uh-huh, ye-yeah, it's like this  
If you got big dollars, Spit That G  
KnowwhatI mean? If you got mad honies, Spit That G  
If you gettin dough or whatever  
Whips, phats cars, new kicks, Spit That G  
This is how we do it  
Word up, it's like this, check it out  
Check it out, yo

[Chorus: Cappadonna (all)]

If you got ladies (Spit That G)  
If you got endo (Spit That G)  
If you got currency (Spit That G)  
W.T.C. (Spit That G)  
Say Spit That G (Spit That G)  
Say Spit That G (Spit That G)  
More sex and money make the world go round  
Dumb Diddy snatch ya chick up, hit the floor now

[Solomon Childs]

Want money? I need bodyguards, as big as stiff worker, R.C.  
Me mega-poverty, New York City, dollar signs prevail  
Five place love, exclusive, nine millimeters  
My voice box run through tracks like wild cheetahs  
Champagne and catfish at the club, Geda's  
Janet Jackson figures, I'm on now  
Gucci sweaters for all of my niggaz  
Calm braided, chrome rims  
Ghetto birds with pink Timb's  
A box of shells for the Cola for Kim's  
Sponsored by the Clan, see  
Pop more vanilla cherry than Luke Perry  
Now tell me this ain't the thug life

[Hook x2: Suga Bang Bang]

Talkin bout the good life  
Livin in da ghetto, wild

[12 O'Clock]

What happened to the fist fights, the MC battles, nigga?  
Slingin newspapers on the Verrazano Narrows  
Gettin off the fifth train on Carol to get wet  
Summertime sweat got me rockin short sets  
From the loaf tops, no socks, Hawaiian suits  
Tied nicely with the wooden spoon for the scoop  
Young girls playin double Dutch and hoola-hoops  
Cap'n Crunch and Fruit Loops, camels and goose boots  
It was the FUBU, the stripped Lee's, the Hoopty's  
Five dollar bag of weed's a real bag of weed  
A ki was at twenty g's, hurled one at dope fiends  
O.D., niggaz throwin bricks at my click  
Now Giuliani got the state N.Y. locked like cuff  
Black Bad Boys gettin rich like Puff  
The Excursion truck need two spots on the parkin lot  
A stash box for the top, the lock

[Prodical]

Brook-nam, grace and charm, remain calm with chron's of Lebanon  
Black man author, green Leprechaun from Lexington  
P. Sunn, I crack ya face with the gun  
Smack the taste outta ya dunn, ya fam's on the run

Now y'all respect Sunn, shine all type direction  
Hype discretion with the right connection, recitin lessons  
But my wea-pon reign automatic projection  
Blow out ya reception, hose through ya reflection  
Old gold complexion, Sunn I'll swoll to perfection  
Did a fifteen, me and my team, supreme legends  
Twenty-one-two, I get that money with the Wu  
Up in the Cayman Islands, bitches sweeter than honey dew

[Hook x4]

[Interlude: Prodicat (Timbo King)]  
Eh-yo, let's talk about it (Let's talk about it)  
Eh-yo, we be about it, be about it  
Yo, we be about it (Killa Beez)  
We all about it, yo we all about it  
We all about it, we be about it  
Killa Beez, yo we all about it

[Timbo King]  
Yo I slap money for the love of rap money  
Rock gully, high cop that bag of bomb  
This grown man talk, I could bag ya mom  
Watch and learn, block got lots of germ  
Straight like that, bake cake, ate like that  
Love to kill, I just hate like that  
Yo these guns yap bodies on it, ain't nobody want it  
Wide body six-hundred, brand new papers on it  
Front roast up, corner thugs roast up  
Mix the black with green, watch me mack the scene  
As a matter of fact, them caps gon' bang  
Brook-lawn pack those things, crack/cocaine

[Chorus]

[Hook x2]