

# St. Lunatics, Jang A Lang

(feat. Trina)

[(Chorus - Nelly) 2x]

If you like big thangs, put your hands high as you can  
Get your shit man, make no difference from where you came, uh  
I ain't ballin out here, no, I ain't playin no games  
I got a new name for niggas with chains, jang a lang

[Trina]

Make way for the new breed bitch of this millennium  
Stack chips, keeps the pistol grip why? 'Cause I'm offendin 'em  
Rocks nothin but Cavada shit, I'm the baddest  
The ice from head to toe, with that plaid shit  
Mo' potent than I cut cocaine, through your vein  
Off the hook, take a look, I'm the chick, I can't be tamed  
One name like the highest breed, papi capche?  
One drove home from Italy, is y'all feelin me?  
Be a mistress to none, but all good to some  
Let me break you off a little, show you how it's done  
Eyes trip for this goddess, gambino got your funds  
And some fish are coppin flights for me to Reno  
I see no other way for me to tell you how I feel  
You wanna stick and move now you're fuckin with the real deal  
Hold still, let this lady let loose  
Keep them chips comin nigga or your neck'll catch a nuece

[Chorus]

[Murphy Lee]

Now y'all know me, I like an old school Ozzie Smith jersey  
Old school Jordans, head band that says "Murphy"  
Stone washed, baggy as hell, double XL, with the sleeve off  
On my way to drop a few G's off  
Ease off, doin thirty-five, smokin fire, makin a right  
I'm doin thirty now, riskin my life  
Both clients on my cell phone, typin on my two-way  
Rollin a blunt, still drivin, lookin at movies  
Young Dude be floatin the city like cab drivers  
Professional but still keep it real like Allen Iverson  
I'm liver than Jay, Dave and Kathy and Regis  
Been on more MTV shows than Butthead and Beavis  
Keep a stash with the gas money, fast money, me and Slo Down, huh  
We almost had to buy up the town  
It's like a movie, oohweeee, doobies in a jacuzzi  
Girls do what I say so I just tell 'em to do me

[Chorus]

[Keyjuan]

Ay, you know where my chains comes from, I spits fire  
You know what them girls look at dirty, my big tires  
My attire forty-two large denim, I sag in 'em  
Dress eyes and ride hot rides and Jags in 'em  
Let him talk his jazz, what's the tag gon' get 'em?  
While I hit him in clutch time, roll up his dutch time  
"No more herb", no such line, "uh oh" is my punch line  
I'm hungry like a hobo standin in lunch lines  
Crossed the gun line, boss, like Ray and Claud  
I know niggas that make they money then pay they broads  
I'm from the Lou, kinda new, I'm a make my laws  
When I pull up on the show lot, it be, it's like pause  
(Ay, where yo' Range at?)  
It's outside you wanna clean it?  
(Ay, where yo' name at?)

It's in The Source, you ain't seen it?  
(Ay, where yo' chains at?)  
You can't tell dirty, I'm sparklin?  
Split it, fill it up, wrap it and spark it

[Chorus]