

Canibus, Baggin' Up Da Pundz

(Chorus: Canibus & (Young Zee) X2
Funky funky funky funky 'cause you heard it from hearsay
A jam that you love but don't be getting no airplay
Strictly for stuntin' when you ridin' around
(At twelve o'clock at night, when I bagged 'em dem pundz)

(Verse One: Canibus)
This is strictly for stunting when you ridin' around
With a Vida Guerra look-alike massagin' you down
Bitches hop in the drop, take off they top, my belt-buckle pop
They gobble the cock, then swallow the shot
General Hip-Hop just ordered you to stand down nigga
Beat you up with your fans around nigga
Studio spot-check, let me see what you wrote
Motha fucka, you don't want to spit, flutter kicks, go
Fake niggaz get rejected, auditioning for heart
They auditioning for the wrong part
Them niggas ain't from the hood, they got the wrong walk
They all soft, with no thought, all talk, they in the wrong sport
In a golf cart, talkin' 'bout they hard-core
With some bullshit twenty-two's they bought from Wal*Mart (Bitch!)
My gat bark, bite you like a shark, right in the heart
Like a mosquito bite in the dark
You got bit, you massage it, I'ma lighten your pockets
Make a withdrawal, and take your deposit, to split profit
My sawed-off blow arms off
Insurance don't cover what a prosthetic skull cost, it's your loss
Mother fuckers, keep your ears to the street
'Cause if you raise up, you get hit in the head with the heat
If you dead, you can't eat, so don't be a fool
And try to protect your jewels, 'cause they can't protect you

(Chorus: Canibus & (Young Zee) X2

(Verse Two: Young Zee)
Young Zee, I keep that .357 weapon
Get your chest pressed in
Leave you dead in Best Western
Bye, send your master to look for us
Better be Bruce Lee, me better bring Chuck Norris
I get glocks from the Italian Mafia
I dress up, meet them niggaz down in Operas
I won't stop 'til my town is popular
House so far, can't see without Binoculars
On the streets I'm creamin' wit DU
All in the hood, see they dreamin' to be you
I roll up wit 'Em, give dime honey's heart attacks
Out in Florida wit money market Shaq act up
I put flesh and dirt, hope you bless through church
'Cause to find y'all, they gon' need a rescue search
Yea, I'm waitin' to drop these syllables and nouns
'Til then, I'll be baggin' up dem pundz

(Chorus: Canibus & (Young Zee) X2