

Chico & Coolwadda, Godzilla Like

Ugh..... yeah
This ones dedicated
To all the homies
That didnt make it
To the millenium
We gone do it for y'all
Real big...godzilla like
Rest in peace homies

We all want the high life
Big Gs in the spot lights
Rocking the cordless mics
Under high lights
Doing what we please
Nigga pick a flight
Real big godzilla like

We finally made it
All our life anticipating
Cash flow
Having some status
With this flow
On the flo'
Prayin to jesus
To make it true
Are we still dreaming?
Hell naw
This what we do
Besta shoo fly
Don't bother me
Cooly and glove
Anybody else is comedy
Obviously them niggas
Didn't think of the world
So they up early for work
Like the early morning for church
Before 12 noon
My bird dont chirp
Nigga real
Me and my son
Watchin rap city
Goo goo gaa gaa
Translate
I love you daddy
ugh....
I love you too
More than the color blue
Its all blue
Assorted killers on the team
We got
Dogs, locs, east coast folks,
Wild out Baltimore homies
That ain't no joke
Leave you flat out
White sheet
Tuck you to sleep
Don't get no better than glove
So keep your beef

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Monkey see
Monkey do
Whats next to do?
Venice, roscoes, lugz, or fubu
If Tiger said he was black
He be trying to putt
Nigga trendy like the nappy ass blonde haircut
What about the illness?
I make em feel this
Now give it to me
So later for you coup devilles
Man I thought I told you once I do the left coast stuff
He grew up over here
But wear his pant leg up
Now you MCing
Cool
Well I'm shaolin
Tone deaf
So I couldn't quite hear
What he was saying
But anyway
Yo whatever man
I'm gone get at you
Now make a hole and let me through
Spot blue
Cause he dont produce a track
My nigga glove do
And these rappers never say nothing that I do
I be
Verbally dumping
Keep the crowd jumping
Keep the fist pumping

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Call me raging waters
I'm the captain of the boat
I've gotta stay aboard
If it don't float
So to niggas that ain't dope
Look
Rhymes I wrote
Dump and put out
They tried to close the door
But know what?
I stuck my foot out
Smoke a tree
Till the tree gone
Type a nigga like to kick it at the bottom of the bong
Spin wax
And its on
I'm the reason biggie brought back for
I do more than score
Dunk and break the back board
In this year 2000
My head got too big for a perm

Keep it braided
Chico the chipper
The name that I earned
PG ballin
Crenshaw
In the lay up line
Skipping on fools
Hitting niggas up at halftime
Ain't no scene
See the tec
They know the story
My hood
Category
For the block party
Scandalous
West side a Los Angeles
Lets go handle it
End this scene
Paramedics
Two ambulance