

Jeru The Damaja, Seinfeld

Ham hops, crack rocks, ooo-wops, cell blocks

Biscuits, gravy, smothered pork chops

Big diamond bracelets, mad lootin drug spots
High speed chases, robberies, crooked cops

Bitches with fat asses, no brain and drop top
Guess who's pregnant, so and so got shot

Benzes, blue and green contact lenses

Ya money, ya car and how live you and your mens is
Knowin who your friends is, millionaire dollar shoppin benjeses

Ya money how much them timbs is

In my roll, f**kin shit raw, gettin driz-niz

Me and ya dip, in the cut, blazin a bliz, she suckin my diz-nick

Cope p'los and heron bricks
So many girls in this world, which one should I pick?

Shit is gettin thick, you better move quick

Rappers is mad gangsters, applying pressure like the heimlich

Dime chicks, that I love to stick lick

Murderers, thieves, hustlers, pimps and tricks

Chorus 6X

Lalalalalalalalalalala

Rolex, fat checks, while sex in tecks

Bad ho's, corresing my chest, sippin the Beck's

Burning l's in your projects, what's next

It's the first of the month, go get those welfare checks
Crazy connects, pushing a Lex, suckin on breasts

Sleep all day, all night, f**k and duck the tech

Dibs, the one's that quickest to draws, the one that lives

Makin moves like a chess wiz, gotta feed my eight kids
My niggas in the ghetto, know what time it is

I need deep and pussy pampers, cribs and bibs

Day to day, is how a nigga lives

Nothing's what a nigga is

So he ends up in pri-

Zon, I think ya pussy so go get ya son
Tough ass rappers, crazy talk no action

Got freaky stunts, bring some
Makin all Queens in my kingdom
Eighty niggas can't get a crumb
Dizzy broads with dope bodies, a dime a dozen
Bottom line the pussy bangin, it'll make me cum
Chorus 6X
Jagaurs, strip bars, ghetto supastar
Me and ya pussy out on the road, whippin ya car
I'm takin off her bra, she gettin bucked baby pa
Look new, but true, f**k like a pro likes action
No camera, co reck it and leave a scar
Niggas is fake and rough, but sleep like spar
To cuss, bust, dutch us and bringin the ruckus
Money makin brothers wanna fight and fuss
Cruisin out my flesh light, plus make playas look ridiculous
Trying hard, but can't stop the bumrush
Sun trust, all the temples I crush, ya must back up
Spontaneous combustion
Forty five freaks inside my dungeon
When I get paid I want it in alumson
Lick a shot and cause pandemonium
Crazy niggas in jail or the insane asylum
Brooklyn Brooklyn is where I'm from
Three minutes and some change and I still ain't say none
Chorus 6X