

# Juelz Santana, Monster Music

Flutes? What? Bring in the opera man  
Ye, that's what i'm talking about  
Let's do it  
Yo Santana (yep)  
Heat-makers  
All we need is the bass now

uh uh, uh uh, uh (yeah) uh,

Verse 1:

this is marching music  
this is monster music  
everybody get the fuck up  
get to stomping' to it  
get the band, get the drum line  
we marching to it  
get your aunt, get your uncles  
get your moms into it  
this is lovely noise,  
this is club knocking'  
this is razors out chump  
this is club oxen'  
this is grab a bitch  
get the club rocking  
hit the bar, big spending'  
get the Bub' popping'  
this is move Get the fuck out the way  
or get moved the fuck out the way chump  
niggas get tools to fuck in the club  
niggas get moved the fuck in the club  
don't play punk  
niggas get schooled outside of the class  
for tryin' to be fast  
shots hop and pop in yo' ass nigga  
bitches cut school to get with the boy  
your wife will cut you to get with the boy  
its big pimpin' here  
big lobster, big shrimp in here  
big mobsters, big fish in here  
yea get your fish in gear  
they'll flip you yea  
they'll twist you yea,  
they'll let you know the Dips was here ,  
get it clear!

Hook:

This is monster music  
This is country music  
This is arms out  
Bombs out, bombing music  
This is launching music  
This embalming fluid,  
Everybody get the fuck up  
Get to stomping to it

This is monster music  
This is country music  
This is niggaz, this is bitches  
This is all our music  
This is marching music  
This embalming fluid,  
Everybody get the fuck up

Get to stomping to it

verse 2

This is for my kappa's  
My sigma's, my clappers my niggas,  
My alpha's my beta's, cowards and haters  
Come style with the playas  
Crocodiles and gators  
Big gun get wild and I'll spray ya  
Big gun sit down for I spray ya  
Or quick run, I'll shower you later  
I don't mind nigga  
I got nothing but time nigga  
Plus you ain't hard to find nigga, 3 blocks from my niggas,  
Where they squeeze glocks, divide niggas, and they green top  
Supply niggas, mean drops  
Beside niggas, eaves drop and watch niggas  
We cock and ride niggas  
Coke' hard, go hard we block niggas  
Young Joe Clark leaned on me  
Shots go off,  
Should of told ya not to lean on me, yea,  
Your bitch wont fuck you  
I told her not to cheat on me  
I think your a clown she totally agrees with me  
She comes over and she sleeps with me (what else)  
Use the bathroom, she pee's on me  
Then go home and eat with you (damn)  
You a chump nigga  
You a punk nigga  
Get a grip, get ya weight up nigga!

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(alternate ending)

(Uh, Uh)

This is monser music, get a stompin to it  
I spit the N.Y all the way to Compton music  
I deliver the pain  
I'm that nigga with Kane  
You need to read up, then maybe we can meet up.  
Don't try no funny shit, you'll get your onion split  
Yo we strong armed niggaz, we on the Pile Bunion Shit  
You know my wrist glous, don't gt your bitch toused  
Cause a punk will make you jump like Kriss Kross  
Are you a daddy mac? well I'm a Mac Daddy

Bullet proof black Caddy, we in Vegas black jackin'  
We burn 20 grand in each hand now what?  
Old enough to drink,  
But we got 24's on every truck