

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