

Mr. Cheeks, Supposed To - Floetry

New York City
Whats Going On
What you been up too
Yeah I know
Bunch a niggaz nunning around with throw-backs and fitteds on
Niggaz know who started the game man
You know once niggaz start doin you
You got to do something else
Ya know what I'm saying
Do bigger better things
Switch lanes with big and better rings on niggaz
Big nigga shit
F**k em
Yeah
Aiiyo

(Verse 1)

Listen, what you pappas read you thinking I ain't getting sleep
Its way past the streets no doubt the shit is getting deep
L-B-N-Y-G your local heat clappers
Pass the pill man I'm fillin ill
I'm sick of all you cheap rappers
Get the mic up kid yo flow is mad trash
The cast got you talking shit man ya mad ass
I put ya bitch niggaz on from the start yo
Plus I am the wizard that gave you your heart so
I bust a few shots off all ya get still
I run this shit motherf**kers you just lives here
Never wanted problems it wasn't necessary
But I'm a bury niggaz quick fast in a hurry
These f**kers think I'm something sweet because I love the women
Ok these niggaz want problems its problems that I'm giving
The crack started us off the hook and don't look for trouble
This lifestyle I live it we give it to you double

(Chorus)

The bank shit official crack stars is who I hang with
Tote my slang with lets give that dude the same shit
The guns pop off of those that come to close to
The fam niggaz track you strike back, yo we supposed to

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(Verse 2)

Aiiyo
These new niggaz run around like they been done it
You just spark enough faggot ass I've been blunted

I gotta team in every borough New York nigga
Watch how you talk, watch where you walk nigga
These jumps wear their steak suits so lets eat 'em up
They ain't worth it because I let our bitches beat 'em up
F**k the star shit I'm up in the bar with
Cast a hustle of the prove we got muscle man
Before you haters out there that can't see me
Mad because your girlfriend bump my CD
Your read easy live with your corny stash
Or get gun up when we run up on your corny ass
Back up off us nigga you the softest
Actin like you sold crack with coppers and officers

Flash back shell-toe thick strings and jewelry
RIP to Freaky-Tah Mike and Cooly-B

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

I keeps a Yankee fitted on tracks is spitted on
I have no problems showing mine we can get it on
Its never hate believe me its strictly fact yo
Your corny rap flow match your corny rap show
Shine ahead niggaz time to get niggaz
How y'all coming with that bullshit you spit niggaz
Take a time out you really not moving nothing
Killing me with your fronting like your moving something
To them so called friends of mine that gayed out
You niggaz played out I'm glad you niggaz stayed out
F**k the crab shit the best of friends is living well
I know you niggaz see me doing me I'm giving hell
Pass the mic crew never did like you
Getting comfortable niggaz ain't invite you
You lame niggaz I'm as hot as a flame niggaz
You know why I'm in this game niggaz

(Chorus)

(Verse 4: Floetry)

This cowards walking with a complex here
We drop him so quick we from the crib to the film set
Ain't nothing new about the soul or new about your flow
If you want your stripes you got to earn them yo
This goes out to you and you and you
And if you feel it in your heart yo it must be true
Walk how you walk and do what you do
Live while you live we're the proof so we're supposed to

(Chorus)