

Pooh-Man, Studio Gangster

"I've seen you on the street" "Where you from?" "From Oakland"
"Nah, you're not from Oakland, I know Oakland"

Let's take a ride with the boy from the Eastside
Where nothing's a crime no roots to a bye-bye
Tired of motherf**kers spitting nothing but drama rhymes
Flapping his lips, and ain't never squeezed a nine
Try to compete with me fool, you ain't competitive
Stop claiming my town, before I give your ass a sedative
Haymaker and uppercuts, hey nigga you weak as f**k
I'm hitting like Tyson, so fool what's up?
You and your boys, you pop a whole lot of weak shit
Yelling "Pooh-Man is flapping" but he's f**king your bitch
Getting ganked by your manager, did for your cash
That's what you get with your uneducated ass
Pooh's the pistol-toting, dank-smoking, bitch-choking
Young player from Oakland
I was taught by O.G.'s fool, what you stressing?
AK's, Mac 12's fool, Smith & Wessons
You got the audacity to false claim where you be
R.I.P. to S-P-I-C-E
You wanna be down with my town but my town ain't down with ya clown
So studio gangster put your motherf**king mic down
I'm coming for your ass, nigga, you're outta pocket
Squeeze the trigger, eight ball in the corner pocket

A lotta stories circulating round town
Seems my peers in this business try to put me down
He said this, she said that
But you know where they talking that fool: behind my back
Never had the guts to step up
And my fans know that I can take a rhyme and change the flow
Somewhat of a realist, cause I stay as real as this
And all those other brothers can do is make a wish
Huh, so I refuse to kiss they ass
I got something better, motherf**ker (gunshots)
More and more I find myself in the media
Or maybe on the screen for New Line Cinema
Yeah, your lips are flapping but my bank is still stacking
'93 and I ain't out to do nothing but keep taxing
Punk-ass bitch, you slimy-ass worm
When will you learn you only get what the f**k you earn?
I'm from the town of the motherf**king Mack
Even my bitch draws a big black gat, huh
So all the talking you doing gets you nowhere, player
The "Peace to My Nine" bullshit I just couldn't bear
Here's my glock, listen to me cock it
The trigger is pulled, it's eight ball in the corner pocket

I'm getting tired of my name used in a bad way
Even though I ain't around, these fools got something to say
Claim I'm a thug, I sell drug fictitious
Man I'm telling you, these lies be vicious
And these same motherf**kers be all in my face
'93 I got the pop, and they all want a taste
You see I'm out to get richer, in otherwords more cash
Pooh be coming in first with these niggas coming in last
So I take my nine and my sensor alarm
And I straight go crazy and take his f**king head off
For being all in my f**king mix
You punk motherf**king ass hoe-trusting bitch
Yeah your partner pump you up, you throw your chest in the air
And then you got the nerves to badmouth a player
If I was you I'd shut my motherf**king mouth

Before my partner Little E blow your motherf**king head off
You want some funk nigga, well you got it
It's like eight ball to the corner pocket