

# St. Lunatics, Scandalous

[guys talking]

...coming around here with their rims and Tims and shit  
Get the fuck out of my neighborhood! (hahahah)  
Fucking eighteen, fucking schoolboy  
Freaking 'tics man, I'm sick of them, they keep playin that song  
They're stupid!

[Chorus - Murphy Lee]

I said you don't wanna roll where I could go  
Hard times, Hennessy and Optimos  
Twenty inches on the car, gotta lock the doors  
'Cause these groupies and these haters are scan-da-lous

[Murphy Lee]

Ay yo, I'm Chachee the Navihater  
Fuck shoes, I want the whole fuckin alligator  
Murphy rather put the shoes on a Navigator  
Size twenties that could kick it like a soccer player  
Been a player since Freeze Pops, nigga, Now 'N Laters  
I used to be well connected like an operator  
I used to rub on some of the teachers and administrators  
Woulda' hit it, but yo, I'm not a good cooperater  
That's why the, that's why the people wanna get me for pollutin the sky  
Factory full a bud got the whole city high  
St. Louis peoples can't cooperate without (without)  
St. Louis po-pos wanna stop me but I doubt (I doubt)

[(Chorus) 2x]

Ay yo, I happen to be, I happen to be the Young Dude  
With the hook up like Black and Blue  
My milky flow's cwin these hoes, I make moves  
True smooth figga, coochie licker, relationshipper  
Damn right I'm wit' her twenty/four/five, she gettin thicker  
By the daily, as a child they couldn't fade me  
Brotha my league's speakin the truth, I'm only eighteen  
Do the math, killed a pig, chicken and cow  
My third eye's so versatile it make me smile  
At myself damnit, I'm in the backfield like Emmit  
My life is a movie got damnit, give me a Grammy or a meal ticket  
I ain't picky until I get it, we can still kick it  
Gimme a minute to handle business, 'cause I'm real wit' it  
Soon as I'm finished, yo, we can deal wit' it  
Bill wit' it, Lunatic skills to make a mil' wit' it  
(Wheewwww), we ain't black, we original  
The deal is y'all don't see it's all biblical

[(Chorus) 2x]

St. Lunatics did it all  
From highschool ball to feelin booties in the hall  
Skip school, buyin Nikes, twenty deep up in the mall  
Me and my dogs, found a road to make it flow  
Got money to go, fuck somethin, we want it all  
Done worked to hard to see it fall  
Seven years to get our name on the wall, Cuda called  
That did it all, 'cause we cool now, pockets grab for now  
I'm like Jordan in ninety-five, no Bull now  
Promotional tours now, funky like sewers now  
Six-hundred with duals now, like tractors got pull now  
We in a good situation like Phil and Shaq  
On our way up the hill like Jill and Jack

[(Chorus) 2x]

