

Flagrant

Choclair

Everybody's got something to say
Everybody's got something to do
Something to talk about
"Whenever I move, eyes glued" Everybody wants to try and draw cards
They ain't got nothing to shuffle
And if they got some cards they playing with nothing but jokers
My attitude on the whole is, fuck dumb shit
My niggas stay suave so fuck a dumb bitch
And niggaz who be actin like they bitches
And bitches who actin like they niggaz, but they still a bitch
Don't make my long finger itch,
Come bitch and complain
Make my back strain
No dough to contol you further
Pirate niggaz, wild for the night
Bre-X motherfuckers, whenever I move eyes glued
And always got something to prove
I could care less about your attitude
And what you think about us
I stay focus cause greedy cats always chase us
We all tryin to bust, so stick and move, stick and move
Nigga on our train just because of our grooves
Other niggaz call names to bypass dues
Nigga I see you I just choose not to address
You, your wack crew, your whole flop set
Imagine I was unsigned and had more respect
I was gone for some time but still the first on your breath
You haven't done shit
I hate to see the next man rise
Crack your oven but I'm done
Surprise!
(What you want, from me)
(Nigga, Nigga)
When ever I move eyes glued
I drop shit whether it's smooth or hard dude
Leave you all confused
When ever I move eyes glued
Now some cats tried to fuck with big dogs
But forget a dog'll tear them with one slam in their jaw
I got my own thing never rumage through yours
Mine soars like an eagle, yours is floored as paws
Unappealin' like a cold sore, a blemish
On your whole track record, you apoligize
Want me on your side, nah fuck it
Take it back you got wack shit, don't associate
Was a nice guy 'til niggaz tried to hit the gate
You was all diet and now your hands reach for my plate
But, you can't eat my food duke, too spicy
Got a long belly on the industry
Flip burgers to pasteries
Look at me with your long teeth
Bitin' on my word lookin for raw beats
Bitches gettin mad when they call me
'YOU DIDN'T RETURN MY PAGE'
Bitch I been on the road for 4 weeks, cool off
When I get there, I'mma break you off
Niggaz actin hard but they soft

Cause they more space then lost
And more race then cars
Hatin me 'cause i do tours
Long dick givin' y'all a long kiss goodbye
This was meant for a few
Some was individualized
'Cause niggas insist to chastized and chastize
I still penetrate like I'm between two thighs
My conglomerates takin' down your whole operation
Niggas who hate to make themselves sound great
Stun cats 'cause my system draw cats like Bayton
You hear me son, can't compete wit the suave dog
Circle enterprise is the clique
want to be me Mistique your hoe
Your story's untold why me?
6 foot 1, a bill seventy
I'm the logo when exposed I come heavily
Is it me, (or is it my personality)
Is it me, or is it my personality
That make you all envious of us quick to bust
Like a dick getting sucked by 2 dutch, with big tits and blonde heads
You straight pussy nuff said
What you want from me?
(Nigga, nigga)