

## On Da Spot

38 Spesh

Ayo, now I'm the only rapper, that sold crack to trappers  
Back on the ave 'til the Captain catch us  
Few niggas got rich, few [?]  
They doin' light bids in the max with masters  
If y'all [?] want combat then [?]  
I never been the type to grab gats and flash ya  
Always been the type to have MACs and blast ya  
React faster, turn that cat to Casper  
It's beef, we might have to, contact the Pastor  
Funeral arrangements, [?]  
In a spaceship I paid stacks of cash for  
Look like I signed a contract with NASA  
Shit, I had trappers pissed when I was down  
They mad I ain't still bringin' bricks to the town  
On the low? (Shh) I'm still puttin' bricks in the town  
And bud, nigga, and I want six for a pound  
I don't talk when I squeeze, was taught by the Gs  
That [?] hundred grand [?], park in the Ps  
Listen, want to get high? Spark one of these  
I'm prejudice, 'cause I don't like dark colored trees  
Please, if it ain't lime green, don't spark it  
I'm rude, [?] guts on your carpet  
Ohh shit, Special is back  
Got a car full of guns and a trunk full of crack  
You niggas still [?] to abort your baby  
But won't kill a nigga that'll [?] them daily  
I'm high off hazy, often lazy  
And I don't want to talk, just pay me  
Is you crazy?