

# Baggin' Up Da Poundz

Canibus

Funky funky funky funky 'cause you heard it from hearsay  
A jam that you love but don't be getting no airplay  
Strictly for stuntin' when you ridin' around  
(At twelve o'clock at night, when I bagged 'em dem pundz)

This is strictly for stunting when you ridin' around  
With a Vida Guerra look-alike massagin' you down  
Bitches hop in the drop, take off they top, my belt-buckle pop  
They gobble the cock, then swallow the shot  
General Hip-Hop just ordered you to stand down nigga  
Beat you up with your fans around nigga  
Studio spot-check, let me see what you wrote  
Motha fucka, you don't want to spit, flutter kicks, go  
Fake niggaz get rejected, auditioning for heart  
They auditioning for the wrong part  
Them niggas ain't from the hood, they got the wrong walk  
They all soft, with no thought, all talk, they in the wrong sport  
In a golf cart, talkin' 'bout they hard-core  
With some bullshit twenty-two's they bought from Wal\*Mart (Bitch!)  
My gat bark, bite you like a shark, right in the heart  
Like a mosquito bite in the dark  
You got bit, you massage it, I'm a lighten your pockets  
Make a withdrawal, and take your deposit, to split profit  
My sawed-off blow arms off  
Insurance don't cover what a prosthetic skull cost, it's your loss  
Mother fuckers, keep your ears to the street  
'Cause if you raise up, you get hit in the head with the heat  
If you dead, you can't eat, so don't be a fool  
And try to protect your jewels, 'cause they can't protect you

Young Zee, I keep that .357 weapon  
Get your chest pressed in  
Leave you dead in Best Western  
Bye, send your master to look for us  
Better be Bruce Lee, me better bring Chuck Norris  
I get glocks from the Italian Mafia  
I dress up, meet them niggaz down in Operas  
I won't stop 'til my town is popular  
House so far, can't see without Binoculars  
On the streets I'm creamin' with DU  
All in the hood, see they dreamin' to be you  
I roll up with 'Em, give dime honey's heart attacks  
Out in Florida with money market Shaq act up  
I put flesh and dirt, hope you bless through church  
'Cause to find y'all, they gon' need a rescue search  
Yea, I'm waitin' to drop these syllables and nouns  
'Til then, I'll be baggin' up dem pundz