

Still Cant Deny It

Clinton Sparks

"Get familiar!"

Clinton Sparks, Clinton Clinton Sparks

[Verse 1: Fabolous]

Niggaz can't breathe when I come through, think I got a young shirt on
Nah, I pull up the sleeves when I come through
Hoodrats all fixin they weave when I come through
I'm lookin Super-man, like Chris Reeves in a Hum 2
These niggaz change like the leaves when the summer's through
And these bitches know they gotta leave when I come to
Slide out the suicides of the R
Got the waiters in the club doin suicides to the bar
Ghetto pop bottles, they should fire Tyra
and give me a show called "The Ghetto's Top Models"
I'm in a teflon fitted, that'll stop hollows
Dark tinted sedan, that the cops follow
Somethin like, when they movin the mayor
And my phone book alone, will prove I'm a player
I get around like gossip do, you lucky you live
But it's still possible to get you in the hospital
Stupid questions, I'ma answer 'em now
If I was barely goin gold I won't be dancin around (no way)
Fly backs out, you lil' bird-ass nigga
And snack on the cookies and milk in first class nigga
I pull the cruise club on the back block
In a Magnum that's the same color as the crack rock (damn)
Now watch you start fiendin worse, I'm changin my name
So now you can call me remember where you seen it first

[Chorus: XL]

Nigga why they keep lookin at me
Like he gonna start poppin that shit (gonna start poppin that shit)
You should know, when I let things go
That yo' ass is gonna get hit (ass is gonna get hit)
Recognize who you fuckin with
And get familiar nigga where we from (nigga where we from)
Street family, nigga don't you try it
Cause y'all niggaz still can't deny it (still can't deny it)

[Verse 2: Fabolous]

And usually dames choose the same
And scream out the music name
It goes fast... whenever I'm in attendance
You see icy rings, watches and pendants (wow!)
I'm surround by girls who take sense
Me and Clue look alike, in them twin Bents
It's just that intense, we doin mo' betta
These niggaz ain't go-getters, they ho sweaters
Might fool y'all but me, I know better
I flow better than any of these slow spreaders
And keep stock in the bank, for the low betters
Nigga I blow cheddar like Richard Pryor
in "Brewster's Millions," but bitch I'm flyer
I switch attire then I switch the tires
And stay from 'round you niggaz that snitch on wire
You know the "Real Talk" of New York

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: XL]

We rollin, gettin dough
And pull up in the flyest of rides
And let these niggaz know
that fuckin with me ain't nothin nice
Cause all I do is roll my trees and get high
And stay with a bad-ass chick by my side
My name is this game is hard to deny (deny..)

[Chorus]