Yeah but they need a beat that they can freak to Huh yaknahmean? Uhh, bounce, yeah Uhh.. bounce, yeah Uhh.. you heard it from hearsay Uhh.. you heard it from hearsay You wanna bang 'em bang 'em bang 'em 'til you can't no more Day-dreamin, bout slidin in that Bentley door Cuban chain tucked in so the back'll show Whip it out in front of chicks, they react to dough Fo' karats in each ear, lettin dude know That homes still flow like twenty-twos of snow Yankee over doo-rags, extra wristbands Pass the Heineken, you're not a Crist' fan Ice is the tightest, broads breakin they neck and catchin arthritis to bag a ghetto Midas Jeans saggin down (uh) with the Michael Vick jersey The white on whites from Uptown Wifebeater underneath If it's totally necessary, some gold teeth, it's on you Pull up to the club real slow, leanin back on the cell What the hell, these clowns is pointin at? (If you got the time.. then I've got the time) You clockin' G's You're monopoly, and you property (Tell homes over there to step off) You clockin' G's (If you got the time.. then I've got the time) You clockin' G's You're monopoly, and you property (Tell homes over there to step off) You clockin' G's Uhh, slide out slow (slowwwww) Argue on the phone (uh) glance at the chrome (yea) Hand on your waist just in case it's on Fully prepared to go to war 'til the break of dawn Slid a twenty to the bouncer, hold down the car Rollin up {?} to rush into the bar It's a simple recipe, I-C-E S-H-I-N-E equals free P Mad birds in the jump-off (uh) lookin thirsty Hot and broke, daddy have mercy She want Prada, the pearl of drawers The new Fendi mink so she can act stink The camouflage Pumas with the crystal stripes The Mz. Gatrak joints to keep her weave tight One clown tried to throw your vibe off all night Not knowin that you 20 deep, and you aight It's that, head-boppin, neck-jerkin Keep you on the block cold focused, straight workin Head-boppin, neck-jerkin Keep you on the block cold focused, straight workin Head-boppin, neck-jerkin Keep you on the block cold focused, straight workin Head-boppin, neck-jerkin

Keep you on the block cold focused, straight workin

Huh.. waffle house, three-thirty
You ain't really hungry, you do it for the birdies
(Fly pelican fly) And they do it for you
Even though they always tell you what they not gon' do
You know the game, you a patient killer
Whisper sweet nothings, then switch gorilla
She wanna ride in the 6, pick CD's
Cause it's lookin so sick, with six TV's
While you leanin back laughin, doin twenty-five
Ridin real slow that's how gangstas ride
You wanna bang her bang her bang her 'til you can't no more
Dream over, you're closin the Bentley door, out