

Splash
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Ayo, this shit Prime Time like Deion
My clique be on that shit, shining like neon
Hardcore like freon but we on
The hottest shit you ever heard nigga, that's word nigga
The whole word I'ma pee on so put me on
So I can go to Egypt see the Spinx like Leon
Come back to the states, send a 100 G on
The S-Class with the Playstation TV on
Play me that hot shit and I get live on it
My crew be looney like them niggas that Got 5 On It
Street buzz like it got a bee hive on it
Your girl want it
She gon' get it if she flaunt it
Scared of the dick as if the shit's haunted
Who want it? Fuck around and you'll get cornered
You're worthless like ten carats when you pawn it
Park shit in valet, Brooklyn to Cali, M.A

Ayo, ayo, when I'm on the mic I splash
Uh huh, uh huh, yo I got that shit that splash
Alright, alright, when we in the club we splash
Ayo, ayo, everybody know I splash

Yo these rappers think they stepped it up like stairs
'Cause they bought some new wears, but really, who cares?
Half these cats is fruit, like two pears and one apple
And I don't think they want no hassle
Look, I just bought a new castle
Where I hang like a tassel, looking for some girls to wrestle
Got spice like Dijon my legion from the Brooklyn region
I'ma preach on
And baby if you ninteen like Keyshawn
I'ma go deep on it so don't sleep on it
If you got my pager number, put a beep on it
But don't forget your code though, on the low though
Niggas rock Rolex watches with no doe
Living in the PJ's with they DJ's
Your whole album is nothing but cliches
Why you wanna say what another MC says huh?

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Check it out
A lot of records sold, ten years, a lot of gold
A lot of shows, a whole lot of groupies, a lot of hoes
A lot of cars, a lot of wild nights at a lot of bars
Met a lot of fans and met a lot of so-called stars

Mad music, if you can name it I've been through it
Name a club, any big city, I've been to it
I probably did a show at it, dropped a flow at it
Made a lot of doe at it, met a ho at it
In nine-five sat on chrome and still sitting
In two-thou', still M.A. and still hitting
Still shitting, still got styles that still bitten
Ain't nothing changed really this rap game is silly
Rocking the cream Timbs in a green Benz with clean rims
Running with three of your mean friends
Hoping that your team wins
But that's when your dream ends
Soon as I come out I make 'em dumb out

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