

PHD's

Messy Marv

Niggas be havin' them PHD's, playa hatin' degrees. In the Motown we call it pimpin' hoggin' and doggin' understand me? Yeah, H.K. and the Mess nigga in this bitch for the 9-6, and uh, we gonna lay shit down for you playa haters.

Niggas get laced in chalk for talkin' shit, and get ooowee knots on the forehead for savin' a bitch. I nibble on lobsters, sit with mobsters at Crustacean's. I'm tryna get rich, shake a bitch mayne and go places. Messy Miznarv, young as fuck in the giz name. Game way tighter than the 350 with headers and cams mayne. And a posi rear, so I could skeet-skirt when I hit 3rd gear, sideways on you paper haters, burnin' more rubber than Goodyear. It ain't no puzzle, from the SFC to the iggity-O. Man it's niggas with PHD's from China to El Segundo. At break a bitch, shake a bitch I had to marinate. I've seen playas of the finest graduate, and walk the stage and get they certified playa diploma. While others flunk for lovin' a bitch and not gettin' over. Instead they wanna playa hate and think it's fine and dandy, but sucka ass nigga is it you or that bitch that's wearin' the panties?

Niggas be havin' them PHD's, sucka university playa hater degrees. I marinated, at break-a-bitch, shake-a-bitch college. And graduated, from break-a-bitch, shake-a-bitch college. Sucka muth afucka explain this to me. Where in the fuck did you niggas get your PHD? P-I-impin', hoggin' and doggin' explains my degree, but you PH-balanced niggas be havin' them PHD's.

P is for the playas. H is for the haters. D is for the degree that you will get burnt with by H.K. uh, captain save-a, playa hater. Won't you come out and plaaay? Salt shaker, perpetrator, let me introduce you to the H.K. Niggas be hatin' H.K. cuz ya boy be clockin' knots, and start grabbin' glocks, sellin' in front they top notch. But I played hop scotch on that nigga and his ho. And got ghost with the cash and went Federal. Or you didn't know? Yo ho's a 4-11 star. Charging months to the game is H.K. and Messy Marv. Playa hatin' on yo ponta? Choppin' a nigga up over Absolut and vodka? Now you know that shit ain't proper. So it's time to let loose these hollow point tips from this choppa.

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Verse 3 (Messy Marv & H.K.):

I got ice cream cola, vanilla wafers, and them Glocks 23 for yo
u paper haters. Playa haters, talking that old square shit. Cuz
I hate when niggas that floss so hard, can't purchase kicks. P
HD havin' niggas all up in my face. Playa hatin' muthafuckas wa
nna take my place. Niggas know, ho's walkin' around actin' phon
y. Playa haters be poppin' at the mouth, you know, talkin' up o
n me. Hater, why you wanna kill me cuz I fucked yo bitch. From
the K.O.P. to the P.S.T. that ho was gobblin' dicks. Fully hot,
German, a simple Mack 1-0. Gettin' off on yo playa hatin' ass
and yo carin' ass ho. So all you haters with the PHD's, beware
of the black A.P. From trigga lock, one shot to the top now wat
ch us pop. Brotha Mo, H.K., Grandmasta Felon and the Henna Rock
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Chorus:

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