

## Hanson Brothers

### Spark Master Tape

Uhhhh...

Paper Platoon...

Yeah...

Uh

Ey' where's your crew hang, we Wu-

Tang, we boot camp, you the Hanson Brothers

Hit your fam up with a ransom number, thirty-  
four dollars a blast street runner

You trash heap stunner bro, pretty whip pushin. brand new hundr  
ed spokes

Still I hit any bitch, in the tits, with her kids, in the crib

Give a shit about another ho up in my shit, we slanging

We got guns, guns, guns, guns, we slangin'

We got guns, guns, guns, guns, we slangin'

Uh, I heard that Charlie hacked your bank account

So I'm leaning on my couch, I snort a half an ounce

Sneeze white, man my nose could cause an avalanche

Blow dat out, man I told these cats to listen

I'm Tyson bitches I'm champion, I'm like...

I'm Sonny Liston, I'm Jack Dempsey. There's no one like me. I'm

from their cloth. There's no one that can match me. My style i

s□ impetuous, my defense is impregnable, and I'm just ferocious

. I want your heart. I want to eat his children

(Let's get his money man, blaow, blaaow)