

Leave My Crib

Spark Master Tape

Yo cause, come here man
Tell me, I got one quuestion for you brother
Who is this kid Spark?
I was listening to the radio, I heard this tune
It sound like the pink panther, dun dun dun dun, dun dun
This kid was doing the wildest scratching, the wildest rapping
I'm like yo, this is death number 3 on the phone
Then it came back cause, with
Dun dun dun dun dun, dun dun dun dun
I'm like yo man I'm thinkin I'm watching tv or what
This is deaf man, who is this kid Spark

Uhh, I don't even leave my crib...
Unless I got my gun with me
Uuughhh...
I don't even leave my house
Unless I'm drunk outta henny, uhh

(I said)
I don't even leave my bed, until a bad bitch give this killa gorilla some he
ad
And I don't leave the bitch until the bitch is so wet
That she gone rock a tampon and I know she ain't even bled
I'm a motherfucking ill motherfucker
That'll shoot your whole clique on pills motherfucker
And we take a life for like 4 bills motherfucker
When we roll through hit the damn hills mother-fucker...
You don't even know 'bout luck
Spark don't Harlem Shake until it looks like Puffs'
And I won't come your way unless it looks like us
T-shirt, merchant sales, flows and guns
Born with a war torch, score passing
How you doing, pour more than the [?]
Taping my wife to a goddamn mattress
Fuck a honeymoon, Goons in Paris
I'll show ya how it is, Bitch get ratchet
Fuego motherfuckers spark the matchsticks
Bagel motherfucker with a hole in the middle
Like a compact disc in my last whip
My team be toking that Justin Bieber, sipping that potent, spitting that eth
er
Rolling that dope shit, smoking with divas in a wife-beater out in Colombia
Sipping on some beers, got my coca cola and a pack of Marlboro reds
Moving Marcy Metal and my blower then I ship 'em out the head
And I dodge your immigration then I sip another beer like ULGHHHHHH

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Look
I don't ever leave my house, without checking my fresh
I'm checking your bitch while checking my checks, make sure it add up
I don't ever leave the booth, without killing this shit
My flow go and you feeling this shit

The popo's try concealing this shit
But we still in this bitch, be still in this bitch
Don't spill henny on the seat of my whip
You jumped up to get beat down and I'm turnt up and this beat pound
To these fake ass niggas tryna be down, my name all over these streets now
My hands all over your freak now when she coming home to get beat down
Like uhhh nigga, what nigga, don't conversate with no fuck nigga
I rather just chill play the C.O.D. nigga
Bitch bring the blunt and the girl with ya
Roll one up so we can touch the sky, and testify
And we getting fly when we in NY
And we in the lot we twisting up the fire
And you can catch the fade like its Tekken 5
Everybody tough 'till the weapon fire, and your body fall
Cause my clique on pills and we down to ride

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