

In my younger days I used to sport a shag
When I went to school I carried lunch in a bag
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I got a pinata that's filled with dead rappers
I got a dead rapper that's covered in red like teeny girl mattress
The period done, stealing your funds, we fearing, you done
We livin' in prison, and reapin' the runs
You talkin' that shit, But you seem innocent

(Spark Master, uhh, Hedj Banga, Paper Platoon)

STOP scheming and looking hard, stop stop stop scheming and looking hard
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All I know is drugs and guns, bitches
Pop a acid tablet, rabid, alcoholic, pot head, xanax habit got me fucked
All girls I know is sluts
All sluts I know, they blow, so if you want you know you bust
Ey yo I'm Spark miggity Master Tape
In the hood with a barrel so long
I can pop your bitch ass in a lawn chair
While I'm chilling on my own damn lawn
Like Spark Master Tape

Uhh, We get shipments so big
That when we be sipping our shit
We tripping and shit might just slip out the sink
Ay, Rizzo, fuck what you think
49 roofies in her ma'fucking drink
49 groupies on my fucking dick
Cause I roll through my street with a gun by my prick
Snitch, click click, got bitch, mob shit
Off the topic, fuck your gossip
Shot that hostage, now you gone
Donkey of the week Charlemagne the God
Bang that squad shit
It's on shit
We kill shit
Yeah that don shit
My hoes, bitches be raunchy
Rock gold linen Versace
Like Spark

(Ooh Mrs charlie, what kind of swoup is you makin')

Guns, guns, bitches, with me
Guns, guns, bitches, Spark