

Can't Get Enough

Whodini

I put the helmet on my mic and tackle MC's
I break backs of fat tracks and freeze
And get up on these, and hit your knees
Trick, can do what you do, they call me Peter
Oh, you ain't feelin' me? I ain't feelin' yo ass either
Now if you know this shit when you hear
Drop your blunt and your beer
And put your hands up in the air
Then I steer the 600 and flex through your hood
I get your money or girl, I take your car, then I'm good
Call me the rap killer, thriller, loungin in my villa
I'm chocolate inside, but on the outside vanilla
The darker the berry, they say the juice is mo' sweet
But it's 2 dollars more, bitch, if you want white meat
Now I - never lost a battle in my life
God came close, and yo, I beat Jesus twice
I take it to your block, your party, and do my thing
'Cause I don't give a shit how you niggas wanna swing

You can get touched, cause none wanna mess with us
I call your bluff, cause y'all just be actin' tough
You get bust, cause competition talks too much
I know it's rough, but y'all still can't get enough

You might think I'm one of those men who couldn't keep they woman in check
But all respect to the Ecs passin checks while you're payin' for sex
You take her out, you buy her things, you bring her flowers
Come home, and she's with Ecstasy up in the shower
Now picture that, now you wanna get your gat
But I keep a strap, so get your shit exact, I got my shit intact
And it's a fact that Jalil got my back at the face of trouble
Get in that ass on the double, we blown like a bubble
Shovel in and buryin our way up out to rubble, half heart half humble
So all expenses paid as I'm headin up this platinum road
I'm out to get it, you can keep your gold
I got an album full of rocks
Good luck to all the labels on lock
In '96 Whodini's callin the shots
It takes two to play this game, but three makes it better
Master Dee, Jalil and Ecstasy, we here forever

I can get swift as if I was Mario Andretti
Mastermind, my crime time and rhymes keep steady
But I'm quite ready, rhymes cut like freddy, now
Give me a mic and a crowd, I'm quite deadly, how
Tarik, hypnotizin when I'm comin' out your equalizer
Flee me when you see me, that would be wiser
I know you wanna be me, ridin' in my coupe
As I ride by I see you sittin' on your stoop
Lookin' funny with no money, but no cash, no honey
I was told you can pay to make your rainy day sunny
It's the money in my life
Allowin me to get all that honey from your wife
Yeah, she's tall, slim and trife
Sharp like a knife, yet dull like a Sunday
I met her on Monday and fucked her on Monday
That's one way to know that money comes and goes

And so do freaks and hoes, that's why I don't trust em
I lust for them, but I gots no love for them
In the winter, I don't got a glove for them
So I keep a steady pace in this race for these ladies
I got her on tape drinkin' Bailey's on gravy

I'm smooth as a Lexus, yet I ride rugged like a jeep
It's the rapper Jalil, money, that's creepin' in your sleep
Call me Freddy, except I'm smooth, black, long and steady
Ecstasy pass the mic, cause my rap time's ready
Now who wanna swing it? Don't even sing it
It's party time, put your hands up, players, bring it
I lounge with the big boys, sippin Crystal
And when the music stops, find me in the hotel
All my dime pieces in the back, where you at?
I got the fatment, plus this rap shit keeps me stacked
Fly me on a plane to Jermaine, good lookin'
Atlanta, for representin Brooklyn, you shook, and
I'm So So Def, and yet I'm so so smooth
Give me a mic and a beat, and watch this blackman move
Takin' it to another level, flippin my steez
So get up on these and pass them trees if you please

And we don't stop
Whodini
'96 y'all
About to do this
And you don't quit