

Yuk that project nigga, I was forced to hustle  
I was forced to tussle drugs makin that coroner bubble,  
Nigga back and forth to court in trouble  
Cuffed by the task force in trouble  
I won a Porsche on the double,  
Pocket full of stones like Barney Rubble cursed by the devil  
Birds on the level of a kingpin smirk on the bezel  
I hit the hood inside my Esco-lade, make the ghetto say  
Yuk so ghetto wid his ghetto ways  
My ghetto pays, three and four bricks a day  
Pop Cris and play, the hardest representin' the Bay  
I fuck free puffin' trees inside me luxury way  
Y'all ain't tellin' me shit I'm tryna fuck celebrity chicks  
Yo rockin' a throwback seventy six, I got grand from eighty seven  
Ya bitch nigga always said I'd be rich  
The fans hit dead at the strip  
I still get executive chips  
Distribution deal executive shit  
Yuk and Lynch what's better than this  
Let the veterans spit  
Infra red in the clip deaden ya lip  
Ya bitch rappers better step shit up  
Call me Texas Yuk, fuck a van I rock the Lexus truck  
Wit the Smoke-A-Lot logo , uh oh  
Get ya coastal on a promo  
Yuk out of this world like Hans Solo  
Rap-A-Lot mafioso cop birds from Acopolco  
Real talk them not vocals  
Fuck the cops and po-pos, headlocks and choke holds  
They put me in again I pop the four-fours drop them homos  
And learn that the glock is no joke  
And learn that the Blocc is no joke  
Slang rocks and snort coke, we cook kis like gumbo pots  
We chop O-Z's to jumbo rocks, pay off Colombo cops  
Beef with me the fo' won't stop  
The gun expert let the tech burst the Spit Network

It's the Spitz Network, the Spitz Network come on  
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call me the human gas nozzle, twenty four gallons a shell on you  
Then I bail on you, somethin' smell on you you tell homie  
I'm sicker than malt liquor wid the gin mix wid a fifth of brandy  
And I'm hard like Chinese trigonometry you niggas can't understand me  
When I, go to plan C and shift gears like a five point O  
get clear, I'ma let one go, everybody get on the floor  
I got that petrol, and my momma ain't around and I can't let go  
And I'm bound to run up in a high school butt naked and let the techs go  
Bound to give my otha two children and hit the retro  
Catch me on a summer night, bleedin' ya sector  
Eat 'em up like Hannible Lector leave blood on the walls  
meat in my jaws, heat in my claws bleed up the walls

beat up your dog with these  
Teflons and I'm so tired of bein' stepped on  
And when I'm done with you niggas you'll be so tired of bein' crept on  
In blue with my nigga, Yukmouth he in all red  
I'll leave 'em all dead call me the hog head spit raw lead

You see I hops outta somethin' bout as old as me  
And then I drops off somethin' or I pops off somethin'  
look 'all these hot dogs stuntin' I'm just playin' my part  
Back streets back and forth, I like to stay in the dark  
I pack heat that crack bubbles so just let the games start  
Gimme a quarter, I got hustle I'll be ballin' by dark  
So fuck the feds and the money, they just slowin' me down  
Cause I be paranoid now when I be rollin' around  
But I'm shark out the water call me deep sea rider  
Hop out the lark wid four five and then I sneak three by ya  
Before ya realise you aint hit my nigga Lynch beside ya  
With the nozzle of his barrell stuffed an inch inside ya  
Flood ya nostrils wid ya hollow we make ya bleed like hoes do  
When we plug you wit revolvers, make you freeze like poles do  
It ain't nothin' 'til ya partner's got the greasy nose too.  
Holdin' his tummy for weeks at a time livin' like old dudes  
Ya see down in the alley sippin' on old brew  
It's the East levy road alley, strap up the old school  
Nikes bout to confiscate paper like it was owed to me  
You bitches hoes to me, you'll give the O's to me  
These streets are gold to me, it's gettin' old to me  
Now I drink straight out the bottle just like it's sold to me  
Now I don't believe in tomorrow until it's shown to me  
I put ya name on my hollows spit at ya homies

I'm bout to set it off like death scary scary,  
Shoot up ya little house on the prarie  
Eat out ya raw insides if ya dare me  
Open up ya heart like a Christian be aware of me  
Fixin' niggas like a hysterectomy, you won't get respect from me  
Right up in ya chest wid these, heat up ya whole set wid these  
T-O-E's cause I be offa these O-E's  
Handin' out these nose bleeds like food stamps  
I'm givin' niggas stomach cramps  
You hear me and Yuk and C-O you start to panic  
I'm a, manic depressant givin' motherfuckers chest lifts  
choke niggas we the siccmade necklace  
Better respect this before I  
get to fuckin wid that wet shit and  
dope get ya neck slit and  
To the ninety sixty fo'  
Drippin' blood off my hand G that's death  
Without poverty jam straps in ya rib trust me  
Better act right fuck a jack knife that night  
Bullets'll hit ya crib shootin' through cushions in ya livin' room  
You won't be livin' soon, it's goin' in 'em soon  
from the asshole to ya womb nigga  
Ya like that don't ya?, good, I'm right back dumpin  
At that ass and I'm fast to flash  
Cut you up like Grandmaster Flash  
And I pass the ash, dumpin' lead toes at ya pad  
And I bag the cash, you sit and wait for the Glad bags  
and the aftermath, coroners come grab the bags and pack the truck  
While I stack the bucks put you in the back of the truck nigga  
That's what's up nigga