

# Flagrant

Choclair

Everybody's got something to say  
Everybody's got something to do  
Something to talk about  
"Whenever I move, eyes glued" Everybody wants to try and draw cards  
They ain't got nothing to shuffle  
And if they got some cards they playing with nothing but jokers  
My attitude on the whole is, fuck dumb shit  
My niggas stay suave so fuck a dumb bitch  
And niggaz who be actin like they bitches  
And bitches who actin like they niggaz, but they still a bitch  
Don't make my long finger itch,  
Come bitch and complain  
Make my back strain  
No dough to contol you further  
Pirate niggaz, wild for the night  
Bre-X motherfuckers, whenever I move eyes glued  
And always got something to prove  
I could care less about your attitude  
And what you think about us  
I stay focus cause greedy cats always chase us  
We all tryin to bust, so stick and move, stick and move  
Nigga on our train just because of our grooves  
Other niggaz call names to bypass dues  
Nigga I see you I just choose not to address  
You, your wack crew, your whole flop set  
Imagine I was unsigned and had more respect  
I was gone for some time but still the first on your breath  
You haven't done shit  
I hate to see the next man rise  
Crack your oven but I'm done  
Surprise!  
(What you want, from me)  
(Nigga, Nigga)  
When ever I move eyes glued  
I drop shit whether it's smooth or hard dude  
Leave you all confused  
When ever I move eyes glued  
Now some cats tried to fuck with big dogs  
But forget a dog'll tear them with one slam in their jaw  
I got my own thing never rumage through yours  
Mine soars like an eagle, yours is floored as paws  
Unappealin' like a cold sore, a blemish  
On your whole track record, you apoligize  
Want me on your side, nah fuck it  
Take it back you got wack shit, don't associate  
Was a nice guy 'til niggaz tried to hit the gate  
You was all diet and now your hands reach for my plate  
But, you can't eat my food duke, too spicy  
Got a long belly on the industry  
Flip burgers to pasteries  
Look at me with your long teeth  
Bitin' on my word lookin for raw beats  
Bitches gettin mad when they call me  
'YOU DIDN'T RETURN MY PAGE'  
Bitch I been on the road for 4 weeks, cool off  
When I get there, I'mma break you off  
Niggaz actin hard but they soft

Cause they more space then lost  
And more race then cars  
Hatin me 'cause i do tours  
Long dick givin' y'all a long kiss goodbye  
This was meant for a few  
Some was individualized  
'Cause niggas insist to chastized and chastize  
I still penetrate like I'm between two thighs  
My conglomerates takin' down your whole operation  
Niggas who hate to make themselves sound great  
Stun cats 'cause my system draw cats like Bayton  
You hear me son, can't compete wit the suave dog  
Circle enterprise is the clique  
want to be me Mistique your hoe  
Your story's untold why me?  
6 foot 1, a bill seventy  
I'm the logo when exposed I come heavily  
Is it me, (or is it my personality)  
Is it me, or is it my personality  
That make you all envious of us quick to bust  
Like a dick getting sucked by 2 dutch, with big tits and blonde heads  
You straight pussy nuff said  
What you want from me?  
(Nigga, nigga)