

# State Prop Boyz

Clinton Sparks

"Clinton Sparks"

[Freeway] Yeah, Freeway, Young Chris

"Get-get-get familiar!"

[Freeway] Holla, uhh

[Verse 1: Freeway]

I came to the studio just in time for the song  
My rhymes and my dough long, too much for the track  
You don't really want me to flow, want me to spit  
Bring a 9, two clips to the song (geah!)  
Anybody move or I'm cockin it back  
And dump a lame in the trunk 'fore the shit get back to cops  
Get pulled over in a traffic stop  
It might make me nervous to might have to dump again  
There he go, puttin guns in his rhymes again  
Beard like Bin Lad', clap at the cops, yeah right  
Yeah right - but prick get it right  
Get it right - way before Bin Laden I been bad  
I been had a beard, gettin brains in a Benz Wagon  
Block got hot, it was back to the dumps again (woo!)  
War with him is bad for your health again  
Burners in your grill again, buildin my block!

[Chorus x2: scratches]

"Them State Prop' boys back in town - uh-oh"

"The, the Roc, the Roc boys back you down"

"Y-you ain't stoppin, uhh - yeah, State Prop-Property"

"Wanna war with the Roc? OKAY!" - "Yes"

[Verse 2: Young Chris]

Fuck with me now catch a fuckin beatdown  
Niggaz lame cause the bustas he 'round  
Main reason I don't fuck with these clowns  
Niggaz sucka-free now, my enemy's sister suckin me down  
Yo, maybe a higher than a pound nigga, that's my limit  
Got niggaz that care less about the next five minutes  
Niggaz wanna start so I guess I'll finish  
Cause it's with enough coffins to invest y'all linen  
When that shit hit the fan and they know who ran  
Call me Grip Hammers, and I'm they go-to man  
Before that time they signed that statement quick  
Cause it's 99-point-9 reasons to snitch  
Now they all just buyin just to sport that shit  
Same bullets in the gun since they bought that shit  
Nigga my style is unique, thick chick a boutique  
After a while, you do Chris, you gotta do Neef  
Too deep, soak the bed up, bring the new sheets  
Can't be shook, take balloons up every two weeks  
New beef, handle that like I do a new beat  
All up on top of it like Shaq, bring the new +Heat+  
New identity down in Dirty Dirty, new teeth  
[?] layin low when it's too steep  
Hard dick and bubble gum girls say I'm too cheap  
They suckin and fuckin but then I duck within a new freak  
Before I met 'em I never knew 'em, I tell 'em "Get lost"  
Only time I love 'em is when my dick hard, nigga  
Yeah, get familiar haters, get familiar

(Suck my..) Uhh, uhh, yo

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Freeway]

Free' pack intro Tec with a muffler  
Ringin on you, busters watch you niggaz bleed (bleed)  
He's, makin a killin off  
Puttin his life on ProTools to new school  
Rap version of Aaron Jones, they herringbones  
The Roc chain, the cocaines, they spit game  
The gat tucks the gat tuck  
Nigga don't get gassed up, might get blast up  
It ain't about bein tough, but even in them interviews  
Every time you see me get a semi and a TUCK  
Niggaz at the label like, "Leave the gat at home  
You know them hip-hop cops got it in for you"  
They got it in for us, but they ain't bendin us  
We gotta clip for us, show 'em what the clip'll do  
Do (uhh) holla!  
Whatchu thought it's the Roc!  
Uh-oh, uhh!

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Cli-Clinton Clinton Sparks  
"Get-get-get familiar!"