

Came A Long Way

Haystak

Haystak "came a long way" lyrics

Sooooouth siiide! Haystak mak, full circle 3-6-oh,back on ya like this here.t
his here i say down...

Down south players do they get busy ? Well...
Them eagles on them spinners get dizzy as hell.

They keep on spinnin' "beep,beep"
As the haters start grinnin "what's up dawg?"

They talk a lot but my boys don't study dem fools
Who get the last laugh flossin on em covered in jewels?

Way before some rhymin an royalty checks
Diamonds was a way a getting more respect.

Street flava all-star my peers r pioneers
Sonny an k dem boys been makin money fo years

Makin cash money like m.c. m
U been in tha game a minute you'll remember them.

Big body chevys, rims, spoilers,
In an out a town like the tennessee oilers.

Gals call us but we wont call back
"stak your big ass thinks u all that." "yeaaaah"

(chourus x2) we came a long way ay ay..just to be paid aid aid
And we sittin on top op op,and u know it wont stop op op.

We roll up on em "brrrrrrrr,buk buk buk,vrummm,vrummm,
Where'd that big 'ol white boy come from?

Aw big dawgs gotta get that money "brrring"
"street flava records" girl let me speak ta sonny.
"what's up man?" "what's on ya mind boss?"
"i'm thinkin 'bout a merger" "uh-huh,ya think?"
"we murder it"

Double s that's the way i ride
South side til the day i die
On the rhyme i wont be denied
They be no joke down here where we reside

That fast u can be on politics an status
Mad, cash like an ass gettin apparatus

The baddest gals be with the ugliest men
Down for hair an nails who got the most money ta spend

Surround sound that shit's amazin dude
But i bring my beat-box on ya block an get rave reviews
(chorus x2)

Stak's a bullet in tha bill-board,rockin award shows,

World tours,take control of record stores
Can u see my sales soar? Fo sure,u can't deny me no more
Pack my bags beeyotch, bon jour, i'm on tour.

Straight clownin leavin mic stands broke
'cause i can put it down with out the lights and smoke

Sonny dropped the track and it was straight up butter
Ain't nuthin ta do but count my money, an shoot the magazine covers.

My team's supreme, i fiend for green, like a
Sweet splittin cheese gittin cream machine

So many words come ta ya mind when ya mention mak-million
Lyrical genius, got-damn this brilliant.
So cold-blooded i shoul da been born sicilian
Odds on doin what we doin must be one in a billion

I played it right late at nite and i stayed alive
I been writin erry nite since eighty-five