

Bring The Crowd

Kingspade

Do it like this (Yeah)
You know we do it like this (Like what)
You know we do it like this
You know we do it like this

(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front
(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front
(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front
(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front

From the front to the back we got this whole spot hoppin
When Kingspade hits the stage you know the party starts poppin
Yeah it starts poppin, it's poppin come'on please
Kingspade we bring the green we got them Christmas trees
With different herbs for each season we be smoking 'em down
Burnin joints for no reason puff or pass it around
Puff or pass don't burn the joint stay lit that's what it is
When we rhyme through we tighten though we smokin on a crisp
Smoking on the crisp blazin on the bud getting love
You know who really holds it down when push comes to shove
A pack of zig zags you better bring don't front
Never skippin a beat when we talk about the bud
Cause of the fact is we the kings of the spades
A smoking weed is a job that's why we really get paid
We the kings of the spades smoking weed that's what's up
You know D-Loc and Johnny Richter never ever get fucked

(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front
(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front
(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front
(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front

Kingspade number one we dropped the seed and watched it grow
Next thing you know we out on the road doin shows
On the road rockin mics we keep it tight for life
Kingspade stay high - every day stay high
Getting lit every night and wakin up not till noon
A new city new people with another gig to do
Another blut, another sac, another city, another dolla
When we chasin the money, you know the p town bothers
Listen holla, if ya feel me, come on make some noise
For D-Loc and J Richter we're the mothafuckin' boys
Come holla at them boys, yo come holla at them boys
When we callin out'cha bluffs come and holla at them boys
We all live for the weed and lay it all on the line
With pocket aces up our sleeves we roll the sevens with the dice
Like a hot n headed vice black n red it go round
When it comes to big chips you know we holdin down the krown

(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front
(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front
(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front
(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front

From the back to the front, Subnoize we puffin blunts
In the club drinkin beer, give a fuck don't really care
So get up off your asses and let it be known

Who be runnin the castle, who be ownin the throne
Loose lips sink ships you better shut the fuck up (Simon says)
Bitch-ass you better shut the fuck up
And get the fuck outta here take your bitch ass home
Take your bitch ass home, you best be leave it alone

(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front
(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front
(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front
(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front

That's Right

(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front
(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front
(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front
(That's right) Bring the crowd from the back to the front

That's Right