

Heaven On Earth

Lil Eddie

Young young young young young young yooouunng young moola bab
y

Weezy f bitch, I'm tired of ya'll hatin
I know ya head hurtin you tylanol takin maf**kers I'm the man
Just ask your ol' lady, like a true gentleman I'm after yo lady
I'm a massacre waitin' to happin f**k all this rappin boy
I get to cappin and leave you with holes like a napkin man
He gonna need napkin no a band aid no a damn grave
I am rampage jackson on a rampage step in my cage
Picture on my page printed in the best book
Come up out my left pocket with a left hook
Mamma said knock ya out, money made me block ya out
I done got the game on lock and I lock ya out
My jewelery singin' like the opra house, I done bought the phan
tom of the opra out
Yea, get silly now stupid man
Never save a hoe she better ask soulja boy to superman
You can bet when I sleep I'm poloed out head to feet, polo hors
es on my sheets, I get that from pimp c
Tall cup of dj screw, sittin on a pint of big moe
Sharper than a tack hoe, you can keep the tick toe
Yea, red scarff on my neck, red diomans lookin like red barf on
my neck
EHH
Tell my bass, nigga sue woo cause I be with more beans than ju
ju
Big Bro I'm a big dog, and I don't mean fleas when I say I'm ti
cked off
HAHAHA
Nigga I don't eva scratch, and if she throws that pussy, big do
g will fetch