

## Ay, Ay, Ay

Saukrates

Alright, east side  
Big dogs, oh yeah  
We coming through with this  
You know what I'm saying  
On that same vibe  
Know what I'm saying, I mean  
When you get to this mic, when you see this microphone  
You got to see this microphone as you woman  
Your plate of food, you know what I'm saying  
Whether it's soul food, West Indian, whatever it may be  
Be gone  
Yo, uh, yo  
Ay ay ay, leaving niggas with nothing to say-ay-ay  
Go on fay-ay-ay, partners and compadre-ay-ays  
Menu for today-ay-ay happens to be the emcee-ay-ay  
With a slice of ham and a sunny side ay-ay-egg  
I choose a new style to play-ay-ay  
Me and James Ingram found more than a hundred way-ay-ays  
Say say say what? Me and my niggas came to parlay-ay-ay  
You couldn't f\*\*k with us tomorrow or today-ay-ay  
Lay back, keep it smooth Marvin Gaye-ay-way  
Shit bangin harder than my ay-ay-A-K spray-ay-ay  
Never cuse those who player hay-ay-ate  
Eventually y'all will come around my way-ay-ay  
Like I said nothing to say-ay-ay  
You fake niggas stray way like the mind of a child born into K-K-K  
Ain't a dollar sign out there to match my resume-ay-ay  
But if you insist, I'll take a mill-ion today-ay-ay-ay-ay  
Save the other ten for me-ay-ay  
Stutter stutter rap, bringing it back to slay-ay-ay  
You niggas who lack orginalitay-ay-ay  
I'm bringing it back for y'all niggas who lack originalitay-ay-ay  
Every copy you'll skip I'll sell from here to Pompei-ay-ay  
My shit remains the bomb diggy-ay-ay  
Remain ill to the saukratizzy way  
I keep it bangin in your pun-punananay-nanay

(Ay ay ay) remain the bomb diggy day ay baby  
Keep it bangin in your pun-punan(ay ay ay)  
When I die use my funk for your carry carry oh-oh-okay-ay-ay  
Sing it now  
(Ay ay ay) remain the bomb diggy day ay baby  
Keep it bangin in your pun-punan(ay ay ay)  
When I die use my funk for your carry carry oh-oh-okay-ay-ay

I was illing and cold chlling on the block and willing  
To let y'all niggas get away with the trash you spilling  
But, I ain't going to float and be your life perserver  
Play the police, turn this art to murder, word up!  
Would rather stay-ay unheard of to the common observer  
Who claim they heard of, keep my fans forver learners  
My plans forever hand to burner  
Understand you the man, but I'm Truck Turner  
Watching watching B-B-E-T on mute while I write the verse up  
Try not to curse up, we the big dogs you the first pup  
Who stuck spitting the illy, yo for really  
A broke hustler making y'all willie style look silly wild

While I kill at will, or be killed by lyrical drill  
Ain't a competitor that will better the skill for real  
Now that you know the time do you feel  
Me enough to put me on you fitty dollar bill?  
Anyway-ay-ay, back to you pun-punananny-ay  
We was conversating on how to make your punanny spray-ay-ay  
Loving your body-ay-ay, my lifelong journey a pet for sexuality-ay-ay  
For real, give it to me doll and leaving those fake niggas starving  
For a bargain, my shit's never for free  
I beg your pardon, leaving them niggas with nothing to say  
Who keeps it banging in your sugar's pun-punannay

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