

Candy Paint

Too \$hort

You know we ridin', yeah we ridin'
I got my nigga MC Breed in the house
Big Baller, what you ridin' boy, what you ridin'

I got some candy paints sittin' on these
Platinum peices and some ho's from over seas
A mansion, a yaht, and some G's,
Everything about you, thousand motto nigga, yeah
Cant even tell you what I make a year
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(Spit it)

Max fold, the chef could be proffesional when rap is my colateral, for this
cash flow

I got some candy paints sittin' on these
Platinum peices and some ho's from over seas
A mansion, a yaht, and some G's
To be respected for the past and the present
Uh, and show my ass at every session (yeah)
And sure enough, (what) I'm gettin' closer to my destin
(Nigga, Breed you ain't shit) No interuptions only testin'
(But I do) Uh, prove that I'm smooth with an aseditive
Bumpin' just a little bit better than my competitor
Hard you better than, you ain't gotta say it is
Everyday that's the way it is, keep it Manist
Back for some of that, Breed when the funk shit
All up in yo' ass and get cash yo' ass bump this
Bobb and weave MC's never could handle me
Thinkin' bout' changin' my name to Scandal-la, you follow
Now get the paper with my motto
Them niggas need to get in position and go on and hate me if you gotta
Gotta meal won't you have a plate, I'll have you wait
Go on and sit inside my Lincoln while I navigate

Mackin' in my lac and when I stack em' in the back
I don't give them bitches slack, cause if she's in my Cadillac
She'll be giving up the crack tryna' get a niggas scratch
When she suck a million dicks the bitch'll get a platinum plack
I said BIATCH, that's what I said when I grabbed her pony tail and she was g
ivin' me head
I said BIATCH, you know what's up I put my dick in my draws' and zipped my j
eans up
And instantly; you finna' see how pimpishly, I get these ho's in the streets
You niggas killin' me; you ain't feelin' me the bitch got you burnin' smokin'
' penni-cillin-weed
Or dip yo' dick in some hennessy, you'll be a God damned fool if you listen
to me
I tell you shit that you can't believe, I got the bad ass bitches and they s
tankin' free

I told Breed these young niggas think we gettin' old
I seen em' gettin gas down on Cascade Road, still makin' money in these new
days

Used to have sky pagers now we got two-ways
We dipped to my house and let the beat crank
So many placks on the wall you cant see the paint
But its loud, you know how wild your friends get
Ballin' so long been through three body styles and big Benz's
If I cut it, in the garage
I'll make the bitch think im the wizard of Oz
Click yo' heels three times you swear you seen magic
Now she's a star, she used to be a maget
Her pussy went platinum, thats what I heard
Like when I'm rappin, you never get enough of my word
I'm in my third decade of gettin paid to rap
Back in the day my tapes stained the deck

This shit bumpin mine ain't it
Oh you gotta be riders if you wanna bum this Short dog shit
You can't be in no little bullshit ass car with no bullshit system
What you ridin' nigga, you got candy?
You got rims nigga?, yo' beat aint bumpin' nigga
This shit bumpin', turn that shit up, BIATCH!