

# Spit In Your Face

Kevin Rudolf

Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh  
Ay, yo, oh  
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
So I'mma spit in your face Uh, straight off the bat, I come  
Straight off my back with a gun like I'm in Iraq  
And in fact I attack and tackle and sack and crack  
And crack 'em and snap back and battle my own shadow  
'Cause ya'll wack and all that Bullshit ya talkin', startin' to get funky  
Toss me the chunky, I'mma brew these punkies  
Stir, I'm from the block but you don't pass like a flunky  
We make a bitch a mule and everybody act a donkey  
Yes, I want you to come around here with that plan, boy  
I'll shoot this motherfucker 'til I burn my hand, boy  
Bust up in the court and shoot the witness on the stand, boy  
This is my game, ask everybody in the stands, boy I'm all red, I'm on fire like a ant pile  
They put the clamp down if I put the stamp down  
You get the stampede, I make blood bleed  
You suck dick, I succeed Yeah, yeah, and this is how victory tastes  
So I'mma spit in ya face  
Kevin Singin', ay, yo, oh, oh, oh  
Ay, yo, oh  
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
So I'mma spit in your face  
Singin', ay, yo, oh, oh, oh  
Ay, yo, oh  
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
So I'mma spit in your face If this is a race, I ain't goin' for no pace  
I am goin' for your place, bow ya home, how ya gon'  
Fuck with me if I ain't fuckin' around  
2 eyes to the sky, 10 toes touchin' the ground Bitch nigga, I am not your homeboy  
We are not from the same home, boy  
My Nina Baker bring your joy  
I'll destroy who ya employ  
I shoot 12 rounds, now Jr. Jones Roy Y'all so backwards, I don't do Backwoods, I'mma swisher,  
man  
8 in the mornin' your body get found by a fisherman  
Yeah, You guys is bitches, little girls  
And Mr. Smith & Wesson wanna kiss ya pussy pearl Tongue kiss an angel, spit fire at the devil  
And I do whatever for the root of all evil  
Gold, silver, bronze, no, try the black medal  
Turn your motherfuckin' flowers to feathers  
Now fly to heaven

Kevin  
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh  
Ay, yo, oh  
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
So I'mma spit in your face  
Singin', ay, yo, oh, oh, oh  
Ay, yo, oh  
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
So I'mma spit in your face  
And crazy's what they callin' me but crazy isn't hardly what I am  
Try creatively retarded or amazingly rewarded  
Ain't no faith in me the hardest never crack, I'm crack  
I'm dope in Reynolds Wrap, now let's just hope you get it back  
Let's just hope that you get it  
And if I have anything to do with it, motherfucker, I did it  
Yeah, Young Tune, gorilla monsoon  
Mr. Martian will hang your ass from the moon  
'Cause you'll get sun, you just get it soon  
Turn your I.D. to a tomb  
Goons are us, the food's for us  
We eat with our hands, no fork and spoon for us  
We will take the knives and we will take the wives  
And we won't take the jewelry but we will take the lives  
Yeah  
So I'mma spit in your face  
Singin', ay, yo, oh, oh, oh  
Ay, yo, oh  
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh  
So I'mma spit in your face  
Ay, yo, oh, oh, oh  
Oh, oh  
I'mma spit in your face

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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