

Bring the Noise

Audio Push

Shut it down
Want the drama, call your boys
Stop talking
Got a problem, bring the noise
Got a problem, bring the noise

Young nigga turned nothin' to a whole grip
Whole grip, then half cable we had to play Go Fish
Now I'm in the rap game plottin' on the whole shit
A nigga was feeling like Brett Favre back in '06
Making plays off the phone flip
Flip-phone on my phone clip
Had to get home or mama gon' trip
Love too busy taking bone grips
House party bumping so loud, make the song skip
Give it to 'em raw on some shit
I got a couple dawgs out in Zone 6
That know a couple broads, said they don't strip
Or gon' get naked if you gon' tip
Well, I ain't got no cash for that ass
Just some Patrone if you gon' sip
And some long dick- so big pants won't zip
Oh you want this? Throw that shit to the boy bet you I won't miss
White girls holding glow sticks
Shit-shit faced tryna' show tits
Fake niggas in my face on that bro shit
But I ain't hearing ya'll
Man I'm tryna' get involved

Pre-gamed the whole zip and I feel gnarly
Don't talk to me in the party
I can't hear you niggas sorry, sorry

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Ganja up in the air for the night
On stage it's dreads and a mic
Fresh nigga make your girl wanna give me brain on site
And promoters gon' pay cause I'm nice
I gotta keep it going for everybody
When I bounce
Take a pound, break it down, and roll an ounce
Tech Decks cut the necks out my shirts
And get more compliments on that than her purse
Hot damn spent five bucks, you five racks
Still can't get your chick off my back
All up on my Twitter, fuck off my sack
Only want cheese, treat her like a rat
Come to HOH, the house, see the facts
Then come to the crib, leave yo' phone where it's at
You hit her on the jack she don't text a nigga back
So it coming to how I do it, you can't buy that
S-W-A-G, whatever you call it

Everybody plotting, anticipating you falling
Paying off the refs and telling them how to call it
So I don't wanna talk to you niggas now that I'm ballin'
Dealers said place your bets, and now we all in
Every girl you double-tapped is about to fall in
Bouncing no starlin, after she off it
Tell her N-O like we back in New Orleans
No you can't go, I got business to handle
And Benjy no benjies what we need our hands on
Feeling like John Stockton all these hoes I passed on
RIP to this shit I just gassed on
Promise you do it like this and you'll last long
Do it like you don't know when it's your last song
Know you feel stupid, if we what you passed on
I give you a break, niggas go put your gas on

I Pre-gamed the whole zip and I feel gnarly
Don't talk to me in the party
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