

My Music

Dem Franchise Boyz

Dis dat so so def shit

Make my music for the boyz with the O's
The old school pro's in the strip club
Make my music for the boyz with the O's
The old school pro's in the strip club

Every time I do it, you know just who I do it fo'
My o.g. niggas, my girls in the strip club
And fa my top cats that's block cruisin'
That's for the coops serve the rocks on the block music

And any club, any party don't rock dis
I'm sendin' my trend dog its lean wit it, rock wit it
And fo' the projects buildings behind the locked gates
They do what they gotta do and hustle at a top rate

Movin' dem o's makin' dey pension
We grind til we ride sittin' on 24 inches
My ghetto niggas and bitches know how to keep it hood
I keep it gutta I'm a gangsta you know just how I do it

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I'm the shit you can't say I'm not
I keep white keep purp like a crayon box
Ay, and got a nice whipped game and I can't lie
Shit I could cook coke on a camp fire

Put it in my hands, I can make it go
If I can't move it then I'm a call Tony yo
I let the bullets from my gun spread
Sippin' hard while you down on the corn bread

First I droppin' the mix
Hit the pot like a Edward and bought 8 bricks
Yup, in my white tee so you know I keep it white
And I keep green like a traffic light

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Yo pimpin', you know who it be its B.U.N to the little be
One hundred and one percent gangsta check my pedigree
Movin' through yo' city like a muthafuckin' mayor
Hate on me nigga like I muthafuckin' care

I'm the king of the trill, got the streets in a head lock
A head busta piece so heads up I keep the lead cocked
Sellin' mo yayo than you could stuff in a bread box
And I'm a keep on pushin' even when the fed's flop

I represent the trill, I stand up fo' the hood
I'm holdin' down the underground just like a nigga should

U-G-K and D-F-B we do it fo' the block
Dem d boyz in the trap holdin' work keepin' it cocked
It don't stop

I make my music for the ones servin' J's, servin' j's
The bitches in the club shakin' ass fo the pay, fo the pay
Fo' the ones one the block, ten hoe block holders
Fo' the ones that'll knock ya head off ya shoulders

That's gangsta I doin' fo' the thugs
And the bitches in the hood on erry type of drug
Shipped across the border from purp to the cola
I hustle spreewells like fa three ten and molders

Pond shop niggas, keep a couple handguns
Chopper in the trunk and they keep one in the head son
Bun is out the test you wanna test son
My motive is to kill a nigga shoot above the chest boy

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