

Over Wit

Young Scooter

[Verse 1 - Cam'ron:]

Scooter got that cocaine, I got the heroin
Got the fiends runnin' miles like a marathon
Come into my hood it's like Lebanon
Gold diggers suck a dick, I ain't no leprechaun
In the streets yea, in my beach chair
Talk shit, throw him off the roof, yea it's leap year
No I ain't no barber but I clip a nigga
Put the money on yo head like you a stripper nigga
Clips, triggers, it gets no bigger
Pop pop pop, a ditch I'll dig ya
Smack ya mother, hit ya sister, tell yea father come get it nigga
I mack hard, I'm a crack god
They don't shop wit Killa cause I got that black card

[Hook - Young Scooter:]

They say I know magic how I pull triggers
Nobody shot wit Scooter cause he too slick
Finesse finesse finesse, he known for hittin' licks
He ain't got no plug that nigga lyin'

Money due wit you, boy you over wit
Rapper runnin' outta words cause they over wit
Ya plug gone, ya bitch gone, boy you over wit
Don't get caught up on that phone cause you over wit

[Verse 2 - Young Scooter:]

Killa got that heroin, I move metric tons
First I check ya resume, then come get you some
No clean bricks, I'm wettin' all of them
We call it remix, in the hood I'm from
Money due wit you boy I can see it
That dirty asshole made you believe him
[?] till he went to sleep and ran off wit his pieces
Took the money, and 70 pounds of sour diesel
Now you over wit, can't even buy a brick
No money, last week you had a half of him
Wake up, ya bitch gone cause ya money gone
Can't get a pack in, ya plug switched phones

[Hook - Young Scooter:]

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