

# BMF

42 Dugg

Washed up niggas watching me, I'm on my shit now  
Young dog used to fuck with weed, he selling bricks now

Bitch, I'm the, bitch, I'm the shit now  
Big choppas, big Glocks, selling big pounds  
Who can't move 'caine? Damn right  
GT Mulsanne, I want five pints  
Big keys, big dream, Big Meech  
One nigga won't be the fall, is you shitting me?  
Cutty told me I can get 'em all, how you getting these?

42 for them and they locking, nigga, how many?  
I'm turnt, even with a couple pending  
Fuck her, she ain't write when I got sentenced  
I just pray when it goes down, you keep it solid  
All my niggas stayed ten toes down on they indictments

Black tee, black Glock, black 'Cedes  
They a dub, nigga, four bricks, that's eighty  
Got 2 million stashed in the stash house  
Paid 6 million, that was for my last house  
Bag touched down, everybody got excited  
And when it went down, everybody got indicted, huh

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Counting money like Baby, been big tyming  
'05, nigga, yeah, these throw back diamonds  
Counting them millions 'fore they ever dropped a Wraith  
Been wearing platinum 'fore they ever dropped a date  
Raris back to back, nigga, we just bought the lot  
I just left Target, nigga, had to buy a pot  
Ask about me in Detroit, I'm a Pyrex legend  
Tell the judge free the real, yeah, the Southwest Legends

Young nigga, penthouse filled with all juice  
Million dollars, cash on me come from all food  
Bitch, I'ma, bitch, I'ma lick now  
Quit calling me, telling me to put them bricks down  
Matte blue Lamb' in the hood, nigga, that's Doggie  
Throw his shit back with that wood, it ain't not talking  
Hoes selling bricks, we still jugging, shoutout my lawyer  
Every week a new skrrrrr, rest in peace, Richy Porter

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