

[Intro]

Whats happening lil' one
What's happening....P just dropped that work off on me ya heard me
I know y'all hungry, come holla at ya boy
It's all gravy ya heard me

[Hook x2: Halleluyah]

[See I'm a] certified D-Boy, servin' all the fiends
Got onions, got slabs, got cookies, got creams
I'm a certified D-Boy heavy on the Ave.
Got the hood on lock, keep the block on smash

[Verse 1: Halleluyah]

Now I was born in it, got the hustler inside of me
See I'm gone get it through drug trade or robbery
Streets I'm committed like a grown man'll prolly be
Walk down the aisle with gun shells that follow me
But I'm a prop like the Fortune 500
Got stacks in my pocket man I'm tossing out hundreds (Tossing out hundreds)
I see the corner boys holler out I'm coming
A quarter's 150 you could flip for 600
[Yea Yea] that's real hustling
Ain't nobody struggling my nigga we getting money (Getting money)
[Yea Yea] we in the gutter but we found a way to come up off of dimes and tw
enty's

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2: Rowdy]

This block living gotta nigga strapped
Going back and forth to my stash
Making sure my shit still stashed
It's 'round my way fiends be all in the grass
Looking for boulders anything they seeing they smoking
Ain't none of that, bitch all your fronts get cracked
With the back of the gat, out'cha one full of that gat
Gotta watch out for them niggaz that be pulling off jacks
Jumping out the stolen ride dressed down in all black
[Ok] ready to attack any nigga who ain't looking like uppinn'
And fuck it then nigga cop back and bust his shit
Must of been material things that's more important to him
It don't matter, nigga fucked around and put spot thru him
Knot the hole thru him you know how they do him
Stomach hurting form they habbits, now they coming to do ya
Pursue you like a short term goal it's necessary
That's why a nigga like me be on my post with them 2's for him

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Playal]

Time I catch a fake nigga, I'm a size him up, like
Where the money, where the dope, bitch give it up
If I think of one second that ya tryna' press ya luck
I'm slinging 'em out the chamber with 2 clips to ya gut
My family gotta eat and my pockets full of dust
So bitch niggaz get ready for the bum rush
From the 3 to the East, I'm lurkin' (I'm lurkin')

With a bunch of hungry niggaz on the line and they working
Thank it's a game, come on let me catch ya slippin'
Letting ya nuts hang, that 'K' will have ya slipping
My daddy told me make a nigga pay attention
Get the money and the power and the respect and a nigga gettin' some
Dam a quarter key 'll put a nigga on his feet
But I rather lamp down and get me a 100 free
Most niggaz catch it from the blind side
Cause ya dumb enough to stop at red lights and stop signs

[Hook x2]