

Rowdy A

Audio Push

I am very high and very drunk

Attention kids, roll up an ounce
Light up and smoking that mouse
We are them niggas they warned you about
I thought I told y'all get the fuck up and bounce

I thought I told y'all get the fuck up and bounce
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Hold up!

Light it up bitch, that ain't incense, roll up
Light up, inhale, exhale slow up,
They shouldn't be talking all that bitch grow up,
Take your weed ignite it then blow up,
Dynamite, C4, we all show up
Now I'm on stage got damn it I'm tore up,
Bounce bitch, bounce, I don't need that slot shit in my house
Never need all that, should take that
And make it bust back and do it all with her mouth
Ah!
Word to Travis, young niggas back, bitch
I blast this and make niggas backflip
Young gifted bastards, I'm back at rap
You should all react like you love it, bitch.

Attention kids roll up an ounce
Light up and smoking and swerving the mouth
We are them niggas they warned you about
I thought I told y'all get the fuck up and bounce
(Get the fuck up and bounce)
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Look, I swear these niggas acting like hoes,
These women acting like bitches
It's way too many Rico's and not enough money making bitches, damn shame
Young crips growin' up we was little C's like it was B-I nigga
From the city where there ain't shit free, but I'm still screaming free my n
igga
B-O-dub gang and you're talking to the presidente
Ever since the tenth grade me and my niggas been taking off days like barber
s that need they rent paid
Run that, bounce that, show your heart
I ride with animals, Noah's Ark
I'm a fuck her good and I'm a take her home,
And I'm a make her sit in the back like Rosa Parks
That's Price, don't ask no more
Pass the blunt, you'd better ask before
Pass the bottle we don't drink out cups
Young niggas run the game, don't walk round us nigga.

Shut up!
Trying to get up the thought of me and combine that with Sodomy
And it won't be as bad as it ought to be
I gotta be a protégé if you choose outta your three favorite rappers
Your girl will swallow me
I am the black Chuck Norris or Van Dame
I don't give a damn damn, or two fucks, or one shit
Whether you come with an army or one clip, I'm shooting like dice
Now fuck you, where's price,
I make this paper stress like fold out,
Bands, real nigga never sold out,
And I probably could hear you haters talking
If my fucking weed wasn't so loud,
But it is, so what it is, same clique, never switch, real shit,
And I ain't sticking to no bitch unless her name is the script, hold on
You know the plan, you know I can't be holding hands,
All I'd rather was a pole to dance
Then I'm superman that hoe like a Soulja dance
And then kicked her to the curb like a soda can
You know this man and now I can probably say
That now today the I.E. is down to stay and now we pray for everybody round
the way
Rest in peace this beat and Rowdy A