

Master P

Babyfxce E

(YGD)

It's with an X, nigga

Before you do some shit, ask yourself is this gon' make you money?
Got tired of grinding for it and paid a lil' nigga to make it for me
Can tell you don't care about shit, you just broke a hundred
Seen an opp and gave him a fifty out the drum, so I just broke a hundred
You pro'd nothin' off that one shit, so you went broke for nothin'
You spent your last money on some coochie, so you went broke for nuttin'
I spammed the trigger on the ARP and almost broke the button
12 crashed the whip tryna chase the Scat, so I just broke a dozen
Niggas pull up to the 810 to see how I'm livin'
They drivin' down the street thinkin' it's sweet, I'm really from the trenches
Sellin' dog, get an LLC and say I'm selling Frenchies
Give him every bullet out the chop since he feelin' stingy
I had that same line in my other song, I just said it different
I'm a pit, you a poodle, nigga, we was bred different
You cute, but I gotta fuck you on the floor because my bed expensive
Five niggas hoppin' out the truck with eleven pistols
Yeah, we all got two a piece
I know that's ten, but we keep the extra chop under the seat
I got a thousand on my feet shootin' a video for a feat', nigga
And that nigga paid me fifteen-hundred
I'll never bash a broke nigga, 'cause I ain't had no money
A nigga never played me out of shit 'cause ma ain't raise no dummy
He took a sniff of that one shit and turned into a flunkie
He ain't get pussy the first night, he turned into a munchie
I'm finna start signin' niggas, Fxce Master P
We get pulled over while we in the A, make bae stash the weed
They could've grabbed anybody in Flint, but they asked for me
You want me to do two lines in your song, that's half a G
Nigga, that's just what it is, I'm done showing love
Pulled twenty thousand out in all blues, I'm done showing dubs
I caught a case, was in that bitch like, "Man, I'm done totin' guns"
I got out the next day and grabbed that Drac' and dropped a hundred-plus
Nigga, I was bustin' two fifty clips
Shoot him nine times with the 41 on some fifty shit
Kick the hoes out the studio 'cause they was on some pick me shit
The .223s in the ARP lookin' like some Pixy Stix
Oh, the lil' bitch got some ass, then I'm trickin' then
Took the badges off, they tryna figure out what kinda whip we in
Bitch, what you keep cryin' for? Only the tip was in
I got with my ex just so I can fuck and then I dipped again
Dope house money, you would think we had the brickies in
Broke a bitch down, I was only like three minutes in
Real trappers, wearin' wheat Timbs off the Dickie pants
Snatch a Scat out the driveway, I got sticky hands
You might as well get a bus pass 'cause you ain't gettin' it back
You a ham, your bitch got fucked and you still attached
They gave you cheese to keep your mouth closed and you still a rat
Man, I'm tryna see the hardest nigga out, where the mirror at?