Aiyyo, you know what I'm saying, yeah
Fuck you bitch—ass niggas you know what I'm saying
Straight like that from the bottom of my heart
Man this is silly
I ain't got nothing but slugs for you bitch—ass niggas, know what I mean?
Fuck all y'all niggas, straight like that
What up

Don't start with me (Benzino, B. Brown, Hangmen 3)
You don't want to see that side of me
I don't really care how hard ya be
I just know you don't want a war with me
So don't fuck with me

Aiyyo, it's war this night and over run up on ya few Boss niggas dump bullets and get rid of that crew You gotta bang niggas out Fuck that shit is serious Give it to `em niggas, kid show them how real it is These punk motherfuckers get their head pushed, leds bust Guns on their friends and they feds dunn yeah dunn Venalate niggas hear `em out Wear niggas out Get them before they get you Open up your eyes, true Look alive, dunn its not a game Its not thing for you to get body Thats why we don't play So where the bags for the fuck back Before I squeeze more shots and murder more bastards

Don't start with me
You don't want to see that side of me
I don't really care how hard ya be
I just know you don't want a war with me
So don't fuck with me

Yo, swing that, mince that, double bogie, hit that Big gat, tiger money, holdin one, get that Forty-cal go and get your burns, spit that Bring beef where your motherfucking cribs at Shove knives in your chest where your ribs at Get money with my Hangmen, split that Come thick when we show those guns Doing 1-6-0 on the Autobahn Ride all night drink cris til dawn Tonight we don't care, right from wrong Anybody wanna kick the same old song Bitch-ass niggas won't last too long, motherfucker

Don't start with me
You don't want to see that side of me
I don't really care how hard ya be
I just know you don't want a war with me
So don't fuck with me

Meet you overnight

Rest now thats tomorrow

My projects thorough

Tribes with Made Men, now you know

No matter what happened in the barium rocks

Still remain with my pistol in my palm cocked

God damn, country, all shit is sick

Cause shit ain't but a bag full of fucking tricks

Addition and money in my pocket

So I'm a dip into my bag and grab my motherfucking clip

Then I'm a break out the door cause I'm mad like fuck

And I'm pissed off and like get your ass and stick you up

No hold barred and its time to get paid over

I'm broke, ain't nuttin funny I need money

Fuckers want to try and change the game (I did that)
Try throw dirt on my name (You got that)
Storm them for their fortune and fame (You want that)
Twenty karats on my neck, wrist and brain (I flaunt that)

Don't start with me
You don't want to see that side of me
I don't really care how hard ya be
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