

Da Reason

Big Moochie Grape

We were doin' this, dude
It's like I'm the motherfuckin' reason, dawg, you know what I'm sayin'?
I'm the one molded all you niggas, turned you niggas gangsta, dawg, you know
what I'm sayin'?
Y'all know I been on this shit my whole life, nigga

Uh, got in this grease all by myself, I went and faced my fears (my fears)
And I run with some killers, I love all my niggas, they make sure they bag s
ecure (they bag)
Got my foot on that gas, I'ma stay on that ass, lil' nigga, I'ma smash the g
irl
Double cup, I ain't no bird, finna bury my mama, I don't know how to feel (m
y mama)
I'ma keep it together and hold this shit down (shit)
They say I won't be shit, look at me now
My lil' nigga itchin', I call him the hound (the hound)
I bet you so much, it retires to my ground (my ground)
Free my lil' brother, he facin' like 70 years
I'm tryin' my best to get him out (free the Big)
'Cause just threw me a ball, took him straight to the hood
I'm finna get him in and out
Long lil' dog, bitch, you know that it's Paper Route (Paper Route)
VVS diamond be hittin' like Pacquiao
Give me your drop and my lil' homie stake it out
Niggas don't know me, so what's all the hate about?

Soon as I got rich, niggas start flexin' out
Now they didn't want me to make it out
My bitch real pretty, she thick and bad and loyal
Yeah, you know I'ma take her down

Everybody know that Jack Gannick the reason
Give me a bomb and I go to the block and I bleed it
Do me a show, bitches showin' they cleavage
I'm the one put together all the pieces
Gotta take care of my kids, my nephews and nieces
They the ones that really need me
I'm the one murder you niggas and turn child gangsta
Bitch, I can't even be the reason
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I make shit look easy
Lil' niggas in the hood look up to me like I'm G
Once I give her the nod, then you know the proceeds
Spoilin' my bitch 'cause she look like a diva
Nah, I can't kick it, I never defeat her
Straight outta Memphis, turn niggas to reefers
Dunkin', slammin' shit just like Batista
Pop out on niggas, Jeepers Creepers
Hit the boy with the lead, not talkin' needles

Dots on a nigga like he got some measles
Ever since I was 12, bitch, I been a leader
You fuck with this shit, then you gon' meet the reapers

Got that bitch stuck on my heel like a baby
We shoppin' with Cook Cook 'cause he got it cheap
Got her from Pismala, nigga, a tweet
And I'm not with the talkin', lil' bitch, I'ma squeeze

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