

# SKRT SKRT

Big Scarr

(Let the BandPlay)

Uh, uh, uh, hold on, let me talk to 'em  
Hear this shit, nigga  
I'm back

Catch your backend, got me thumbin' through it  
On the road headed to the money, nigga, where I'm born  
I see him askin' why I ain't goin' bad for it  
Street racin' 'til your hear the engine, I don't need a horn  
Cut some niggas off, now my back growing  
VVS diamonds in my wrist and my mouth gold  
And we havin' motion like Jiffy Lube  
Still in the hood smokin' dope, me and Jimmy loose  
Skrtrt, skrtrt, skrtrt, yoom, that's what they hear when I come through  
I be gettin' money, nigga, what you doin'?  
Chasin' out the bitch, now you broke, man, these niggas stupid  
Skrtrt, skrtrt, skrtrt, yoom, that's what they hear when I come through  
Take your bitch blew when I walk through  
Nigga mean muggin' 'cause it's beef, playin' peekaboo

And nah, I got street cred', but I don't brag on it  
Uh, drive the new whip with no tag on it  
Double bitch spoiled, hit the dash and go fast on it  
And I don't wanna hit it, I pass on her  
Throw the bitch the gang like they finna have a blast on her  
Stop dissin' 'fore you end up like your last homie  
Chopper knock a nigga out his shoe, put a tag on him  
Toe tag on him

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Yeah, you know the gang Rich and Ruthless  
Everybody 'round me, yeah, they gettin' to it  
You ain't get no money, lil' nigga, what your trap doin'?  
I was in the streets, I adapted to 'em  
Police-ass niggas, never see me giving dap to 'em