

# GoT MoE DoE

Blac Youngsta

(Girl, Dre Banks can't be fucked with)  
Yeah, Dre Banks, he can't be fucked with (Oh)  
Gang, gang, gang, gang (Gang, gang, gang)  
Yeah, pussy nigga  
Bitch-ass nigga, yeah

I got rich swingin' that blow (Gang, gang, gang, gang, gang)  
I got rich kickin' the door (Get down)  
I got more richer than niggas thought I would never blow (Gang, gang, gang, gang)  
I got more richer than niggas tried to shit on me before (Shit on me before)  
I done got so rich, I might buy that bitch somethin', leave it at the store  
(Leave it at the store)  
I got rich hard on a bitch (Bitch), I got rich hard on a ho (Ho)  
I got rich goin' through the front door, then I go out the back door (Run)  
I got rich runnin' off niggas I never seen before (Never seen before)  
Way before I got rich, I went to war with niggas, up the score (Score)

Got no love for no sucker and I'll never fuck with no buster  
I'm livin' life fast, movin' Rush Hour like I'm Chris Tucker (Chris Tucker)  
In my seatbelt, I'm buckled, I put that bitch out, I don't love her  
I am a bad motherfucker, no bitch could never stop my hustle (My hustle)  
I pledge allegiance to my mother, I told her we gon' stop this struggle  
And I pledge allegiance all the real niggas 'round the world say they love me (They love me)  
This a message to all the bitches 'round the world wanna fuck me (Wanna fuck me)  
I don't do no lovey-dovey, after we fuck, change the subject (Subject, subject)  
Said he want smoke with me, I come through that bitch like a Russian (Grr)  
I'm the one did that shit, bare faced, I'm the one killed his cousin (Swear to God)  
I don't need no ski mask on my face, none of my opps, they get lucky (Lucky)  
I'm in the trap house, I'm swingin' out that bucky (Bucky)

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I decided I'ma up the score, lot of niggas gotta go (Gang, gang)  
I done let so many shots go, I come through with a telescope (Grr)  
I'm the one can't talk about the murders, I killed hella folks  
Let 'em know and I pray God forgive me for this devil flow  
And I pray the Lord forgive me when I let that Beretta go (Grr)  
And I know he hear my voice when I come with an acapella flow (Shh)  
I done tried to do right every time, but niggas won't let me, though (Yeah)  
Before I let 'em treat me like a ho, I'll let it blow (Gang, gang, gang, gang)  
I done pulled up in that Range Rover, my opp, he got a hangover

I don't give no fuck, I caught that pussy loafin' at the club  
Switched the lane, then I pulled over, jump out on feet and let go  
I'm the one never stop shootin' that bitch 'til I see a lot blood

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)

And they already know we up the score (Grr, score)  
Score, score, score, score, score (Grr)  
If you go against this shit, you gotta die, die, die, die (Gang, gang, gang,  
gang, grr)  
Everybody 'round me tote shit like the Fourth of July

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