Catch ya wit yo pants

Did em up like dirty draws He was a jealous mothafucka

Fuckin em in the cheap mo mos

When niggas be hos

Razorbladed Grove

As the story was told 29 years old 350 Gs in the bank but nobody knows I guess it's just that season I thank

Leavin em dead in the bath tub wit no clothes

Catch ya wit yo pants down, and maybe while you sleepin' Don't matter what you saw, death is what you reepin' I remain real like my cousin E-Mil Packin steel It's the Southside whorida Can't fuck wit these othasidas Eastside, Westside This situation is dirty like chopped up nation So I stay wit the best side Nigga let's ride (Fuck that!!) I stay solo like a black cat Fuck a bad wrap I seen it happen to my cousin I'm like the Dirty Dozen Wrapped up in buns "He said he was buzzin" But you know he wasn't Cause if life was free I would say fuck money You can douse me in monkey blood Fill my pockets wit drug money and duck from me You was a fuck homie only wanted the plug nigga Cut yo shit off like smud nigga I gotta say fuck niggas and buck niggas And wit a passion and keep smashin' Get away before the task bend the corner On a mission for rippin niggas up like toilet tissue Wit the German issue Now yo family gone have to miss you I'm sicker than racism It's everybody killa Hit you wit the fully issue Like PG&E lit you See me in 3D git you Hit em up git rid of

I'mma catch you wit yo pants down
Since you was talkin that shit
You was hard on the Boulevard
Now I'mma buck this clip
On your self I make you shit
When antagonized if you don't realize
You must be the type that like surprise
I'll rise out the hood on chrome skates
Pull a top notch bitch and fuck her ass hard on the first day
Throwin it at me wit no debate (none)
But I ain't the one to be trustin em

Ain't finna get me for rape Punk bitch tried to hand me a case Until I dropped her on her face Bitch!! Take that shit and skate I ride wit these realas These niggas ain't neva fake Dope dealas and killas Whateva product could lace One time I always shake See I'm hella fast on that ass get away clean Most of the time count on the cash Hata niggas I bake em Playa nigga I make em Major figgas my mind is up on Gold diggas I'll shake em I'm that real nigga that real figga That real nigga from the fake Cause real nigga look at a fake nigga And they always tend to shake Crossed me at one time And I told you I'll be buckin at your wake Cause when I tell yo ass one time it's all it takes How many rhymes i'mma have tell a cat Bitch I ain't fake Betta listen to the Money Hungry album shit it's money to make And when it's money to be makin' That mean it's money to be takin' So watch yo back cause I'mma be in all black theivin like Gary Payton