(Damn nigga what you been doin'?)
I'm still walkin' this walk nigga
(Uh, heard that shit)
So watch out

See you know us nigga, we run up in ya house Run up in ya room and put the gun up in ya mouth Next thing you know, you just one up in a pouch That's what you fuckin' wid when you come up in the South I spit slugs, I be off them drugs kick it wid thug niggas Plug niggas, with blood on the rug Nigga we got gut splitters and shovels we gravediggers Wid troublesome ways and we bubble some days and some days We shovel ya grave and we wrinkle ya page We got shooters on the team like the Lakers we post up And then bake 'em wid the toaster From long distance or close up We send 'em heat rocks, put 'em up under the sheetrock Cheap talk, makin' all the streets hot With the heat from the glock and I pop holes in ya Chevy block And I pop those if ya ready or not get set go Burn you with the petrol, wet those niggas wid cold showers Crept on them niggas and they laid out wid gun powder That's one route I'm full of them scams Pull and advance through your livin' room window Then I'm leavin' wid blood on my hands I'm a nympho, murder ya kinfolks two to the temple Lay 'em on the ground from the five pound it's that simple You know me nigga, I stay up in the cut Every chance I get I get way up in a slut Every once in a while I gotta touch a nigga up So I hit the bomb and split ya palm wid paper cuts I'm a oven when it comes to this thuggin' I spit fire Chop ya lil rhymes to bits, 'til I'm tired of the ecstacy and 'yac and kool-aid nigga I'm wired I'm a sicc nigga I rip out ya bottom teeth wid the pliers And I'm tired, of the rumors I disconnect, the tuner I hit ya neck wid the ruger and get respect this a shooter And ya knew the, shit like this, fool you better back up Tuck niggas up like buttercups somebody better get yo stuff

Cause it's get bacc time

Eye for an eye tooth for tooth

This ain't just no rhyme

Somebody gotta die and that's the truth

Ya shouldn'ta spit that line

Now look at ya hidin' in ya coupe

Cause it's get bacc time

It ain't gonna be us so it's gotta be you

It's like four plus four nigga

This shit easy as addition

To get back niggas and have 'em missin'

Wha-what what to strip wack niggas and have 'em drippin'

Plugged for crossin' love when my thug bring y'all the endin'

(2x)

Please believe it, it happens daily Make bitch niggas have my babies (then what?) Fuck 'em in the ass give 'em rabies Tuck 'em in the grass I'm off the shady O-eighty Wid the salt shaker tryna eat niggas up like Stanley Dean bacon killer slash make me shellin' out She loves me loves me not, slugs be hot Run up in yo million dollar spot And get the, drugs and glocks and I leave the Bloody rug spots and I get the Money powder and the ice and I'm from the Nutty Blocc hit the lights and I'm 'bout to Get the kids and the wife and I'm 'bout to Hold 'em hostage if I don't get what I want Cut 'em up in little sausages, wreckless how Lynch is You want no vengeance, my shit spit fine lines in yo extensions It grips like a tiger so it ain't no sensin' Tryna get away I been dyin' to get a day to touch you up I mean hire motherfuckers that'll fuck you up Wire motherfuckers all for the wet I be shootin' that twelve guage offa the steps Nigga off wid ya neck, ever since then, plottin' ya death Get caught in your Lex take a quick wind get shot in the chest Get ya cops and the tec, cause ever since then Nothin'll rest 'til they gettin' locked in the pen Cockin' a tec, poppin' the gin, quick to hide 'til ya set See I'm at it again not 'til ya sweatin' It's not under ya neck it's over ya head It's over ya dead stood over ya bed pointin' a tec Four to ya head jumped in the Nova and fled I'm like a motherfuckin' gangsta Bitch ass nigga I cut off ya middle finger

Like D-M-X I'm a ruff ryder, leave ya tied up Wid ya nuts fried up I'm the nigga that creep when it's dark in the sky Parkin' the ride and then dartin' inside Ya spot wid automatic toys nigga this sparkin' a riot Good shit better hide behind ya boys nigga add gas to the flames then blast at ya main land, switch ya whole game plan Leavin' bloody stains and wid enough nigga nuts and guts and (Where?) Bodies in the Hudson I keep it bustin' and bustin' I'm the medicine man like Robitussin Hold ya huffin' and puffin' before I Split ya tongue wid the jack knife better act right and attack right now if you wanna get the Hung I split ya lung If you lookin' for some of that sicc shit this the one If you lookin' for some of that shoot 'em up kill 'em up better get ya gun, young ass rappers I'm like R.Kelly I fuck the young in this rap game Cum on ya belly cum on ya tongue Shit I'm one of the ones blowin' you up eatin' you up and then Throwin' you up knowin' you sucked big fat nut nigga