

(Okay, daddy)

This a 211 on a motherfuckin' opp
Niggas know my body, everybody gettin' shot
Last nigga played, I cleaned him up with the mop
That was '07 in the gamblin' spot
I aced to the deuce, I told him, "Suck my dick"
When I was locked up he tried fuck my bitch
I took a step back, then I bust my grip
I love that fuckin' deal, all I did was dust my 'prints
I'd rather get rid of my wife
Rob a nigga with that gun the same night
Got his head cracked, he was slippin', rollin' dice
Walked up on him calmly like, "Nigga, that chain nice"
'Cause you know I get hyped
When I kick in the door wavin' the four-four
I ain't had no money, I still ran up in the store
Burner to his jaw
Stupid motherfucker, take the money out the drawer

Papi, tú robaste la tienda mala
Te voy a matar a tu madre y tu pai'
Sucio
Foolio
Shut the fuck up, you movin' slow
I think this nigga don't understand how this movie go
What you said about my mama?
Shut the fuck up, uh, take that

Welcome to the Terrordome
Bustin' at your fitted cap, shootin' at your hair and bone
Beefin' since way back, niggas know the shit I'm on
Fuck this house party, cuz, niggas ain't gon' make it home
Tote this bitch, nigga, don't matter where I catch you
I'ma grab the special, turn around and stretch you
Keep that same energy, hidin' with your niggas (I don't give a fuck)
Nigga they gon' get that same penalty
I ain't tryna sort 'em out, I don't know the difference
Bitch niggas all get it, one clip, one visit
Two shots, two missing
Lord help me, I'ma give 'em hell
Gotta lay 'em all down 'cause they will tell
Fuck 'em, I finish up and swerve out
Lookin' for an alibi, niggas got the word out
Shootin' like it's Palestine, shells on the front line
Neighbor saw hella crime, fucker should've been gone
Nigga saw my L plates, 1's on the scene
Quit drivin', get a phone call, it's my nigga
(Aw, fuck, where you at, cuz?)
Nigga, I'm on some Crip shit
Finally found that nigga, caught him slippin', had to set trip
(Damn, what'd you do?)
Laid that whole motherfucker down
Front, backside, everywhere they goin', spin rounds
Fuckin' foolio
Caught him slippin', he was movin' slow
Crip-hop 'til they drop, that's how the movie go

Call my cousin Casanova, let him know the movie done