Deep Off

Chamillionaire

"Hey man, what's wrong with you?"
"Fuck you lookin at nigga?"
"I'm still tryin to find out nigga!"
"Hold up, hold up, oh, we got a problem here?"
"We got a problem here, we got a problem nigga?"

It's the return of the trill niggaz, hide your stash (stash)
We dressed in all black and got the hood on smash (smash)
I Roc ya like Dame Dash (Dash), one shot, one kill [gun shot]
Ask anybody (body) and they gon' tell ya Bun real (Southern Smoke)
It's a done deal when I pull up on ya
Calico get unleashed [gun shots], niggaz clearin the corner
Perfect to me and ten (me and ten), we movin much weight
And this one for Pimp in a penitentiary upstate
Damn, come on Bun, wait
Naw nigga, this one dedicated to Pimp in a penitentiary upstate
'Til he come home, in his name we ballin
We never forget the homies on lock or the fallen
Band I.T., Young 'lo and Bad Azz Bam
Sean Wee and Big Munst' and we ain't givin a damn
If you need a kilogram, two, three or a dozen
Come on down to Texas, holla at your country cousin

I can show you how to get stains, how to flip 'caine
Show you how to grip grain, how to grip stains
Bitch we deep off in the game (bitch we deep off in the game)
Bitch we deep off in the game (bitch we deep off in the game)

We be creepin in your backdoors, cockin back fours
Show you how to mack hoes, slammin 'lac doors
Bitch we deep off in the game (bitch we deep off in the game)
Bitch we deep off in the game (bitch we deep off in the game)
Already

Yeah, I learned how to shoot a MAC-10 'fore I turned 12
Hot shells burn, black skin turn pale
You out to get mail?
I show you boys how to sell yay and how to tell what it weigh without a scal
e
Motel 6, hard blow sell quick
And I ain't gon' sell shit
You'll sell nicks and dimes, twenties, even three dollar club sacks
Buy y'all private, guaranteed to come back

I, turn sand into rocks with soda
No wrist, just a fog tryin to rock your quota
Microwave on top of the stove, these hands is cold
I, stretch the books, see how much water it hold
Most niggaz think the water should be cold
Really hot, keep it warm 'til the finishing lot
Not cold nigga, listen and watch
We takin bricks on the road, try to form your spot, nigga

Yeah (Southern Smoke), you don't hear how we gettin it, then you gettin in t
he way
I'm gettin rich, niggaz gettin pissed, cause most pussy niggaz play
We can let that metal settle differences [gun cocked], let a clip set a date
Point guard position, I'm assistin it, so an opponent better pray
Of my environ-ment, yeah it's the Messiah
So close to the truth than you, that your fiction cannot deny a
Real nigga from gettin higher
Don't believe me than check my prior
Record, I said I'm on fire
Your "poof" like your time expired, liar, haha

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!