

Pros

City Morgue

Yung Germ

Hangin' with the pros
She suck on the dick while she touchin' on her toes
I love bein' rich
Takin' niggas' souls, send them to the pits
Yeah, he never coming home 'cause that boy a bitch

Roll 'em in a blunt, smoke 'em up, puff puff
Every time you come outside, we gonna beat you up
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Hanging with them sinners and them killers
Why that nigga chattin'? I'll put him in a bag
Hanging with them shooters and the drillers
One shot from the Smith and put that boy on his ass
You a opp, I'm lightin' up your kick back, kick back
Tell me, shoot the nine, nigga, get back, get back
Bulletproof windows, I can sit back, sit back
And watch y'all try to hit, but y'all niggas always miss

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Pull up to my hood, you know I got them sticks (Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo)
Stash box rite in the hood 'cause I ain't taking risks (Vyoom, vyoom,
vyoom, vyoom, vyoom)
Up to no good, I'm fuckin' on your bitch (Ewok, Ewok)
Somewhere far up in the woods, I'm diggin' you a ditch (Doo-doo-doo-
doo)
Bury you alive (Ewok), he ain't comin' back (No, no)
It's 2:35 (No, no), you ever seen that movie, New Jersey Drive? (No,
no)
Nah, I seen the porno, when the two shorties die (Ewok)
Dropped six stories high (Ewok, Ewok)

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