

No Evidence

Comethazine

Nigga claim he gon' get me, claim he gon' rush me (Bitch, bitch !)
We outside the spot now, nigga, time to get ugly (Nigga, time to get ugly)
Have him shitting in his pants, nigga, pass him a Huggie (Bitch !)
Choppa bullets made him dance, look, he hitting his Dougie (Boom!)
Catch him lackin', do your thing (Yeah), then clean up the spot (Then clean up the spot)
But you gon' leave some evidence, nigga, I'm not (Nigga, I'm not)
Paid 100 for the Forces, now there's blood on the bottom
Finna hit the Foot Locker, bitch, I'm not finna wash 'em

She say, "Ever since you got rich, you act like a dick" (Yeah, alright)
Nah, bitch, that ain't it, I just can't trust any bitch (Bitch!)
Man, they think I got a problem 'cause I smoke out the pound
I'll roll up 'round you niggas and don't pass it around (No)
And if a nigga got a problem, bitch, I got the 4-pound (Yeah, alright)
.38, put 8 bullets in and spin it around (Boom!)
Put a potato on the barrel, bitch, it won't make a sound (No)
Shoot a nigga like a lay-up, but I'm laying him down (Boom!)
Used to post in Edgemount with the gun on my back (Bitch, gun on my back)
Bitch, I'm on 73rd with an 8 ball of crack (With an 8 ball of crack)
I did that for a summer, the shit was gettin' kinda wack (It was gettin' kinda wack)
Got some cash from that and bought a MAC, then put out a track (Then I put out a track)
Now these bitches, they love me, and these niggas, they hate (Yeah, alright)
But that's okay, I'm gettin' pussy while those boys masturbate (Alright)
I got a chop with a sword, slice off his head
Keep stabbing 'til the rest of that boy body is dead

Nigga claim he gon' get me, claim he gon' rush me (Bitch, bitch !)
We outside the spot now, nigga, time to get ugly (Nigga, time to get ugly)
Have him shitting in his pants, nigga, pass him a Huggie (Bitch !)
Choppa bullets made him dance, look, he hitting his Dougie (Boom!)

m!)

Catch him lacking, do your thing (Yeah), then clean up the spot
(Then clean up the spot)

But you gon' leave some evidence, nigga, I'm not (Nigga, I'm not)

Paid 100 for the Forces, now there's blood on the bottom
Finna hit the Foot Locker, bitch, I'm not finna wash 'em
Nigga claim he gon' get me, claim he gon' rush me (Bitch, bitch!)

We outside the spot now, nigga, time to get ugly (Nigga, time to get ugly)

Have him shitting in his pants, nigga, pass him a Huggie (Bitch!)

Choppa bullets made him dance, look, he hitting his Dougie (Boom!)

Catch him lacking, do your thing (Yeah), then clean up the spot
(Then clean up the spot)

But you gon' leave some evidence, nigga, I'm not (Nigga, I'm not)

Paid 100 for the Forces, now there's blood on the bottom
Finna hit the Foot Locker, bitch, I'm not finna wash 'em