

Riddle

Comethazine

Grow up, nigga
(Yeah, we with it nigga)
(Yeah, we did it nigga, we the ones who shot at you, and slid by)
(We with it nigga)
Bitch, yeah

Let's get it nigga, yeah I brought a pole, but we can fist fight
We did it nigga, we the ones who shot at you, and slid by
We with it nigga, we don't do the joke and tell the opps that they can get it nigga
Creep up on him, blacked out, he won't know what hit him
Bitch I told you, we don't back down, knew we had to get him (Yeah)
Grah, grah, the MAC's out, it sing his ass a riddle
Riddle put that boy to sleep, someone pass his ass a pillow
Grah, grah, the MAC's out, it sing his ass a riddle

I don't got no time for yo' ass, you ain't my type
Big thighs, big tits, big ass, that's what I like
Big sticks, big clips, big gas, story of my life
I remember them days out on that block, I had to get right
Setting up shop hand full of crack rock I ball my fist tight
This 10 inch, this very long stick, that's what your bitch like
A bitch nigga, a man who act like hoe, that's what I dislike
A wig splitter, the ammo in this pole that take a bitch life

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Riddle put that boy to sleep, someone pass his ass a pillow (Yeah)
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Riddle put that boy to sleep, someone pass his ass a pillow (Yeah)
Grah, grah, the MAC's out, it sing his ass a riddle
Riddle put that boy to sleep, someone pass his ass a pillow (Yeah)
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