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D Savage

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Why you mad? This shit ain't no joke
I cannot go broke, for that coke
I might cut your throat, I cannot go broke
If you sniff, know I got that shit
I can kill your nose for the low
D Sav got that blow, D Sav got that blow
If you snitch, about fuckin' a bitch, then boy you must be gay
Fuck out my face, you just irritate
That chopper spray like mace
Where you at? Boolin' with my folks
I fucked this bitch, went ghost
I'm the shit, don't give a fuck about a bitch, I'm tryna get rich
These hoes want to suck you and fuck you
You do what you want when you up in the bathroom
Sorry that I just finessed you
I got the white like some tissue
You niggas want beef, what's the issue?
Mom and Daddy gonna miss you
Don't got the time
Baby I'm too Ginuwine
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Gardena is mine
I'm smoking this dope, too high in the clouds I'm flying
Yeah I'm soarin', just got a QP I'm pourin'
You don't smoke no dope, you hit my woods and you choke
Oh that's your hoe? Why D Savage in her throat?
In a rover, riding with my chauffeur
You on the sofa, and you ain't making no bucks
You got no luck, try me you get fucked up
I got that chopper, right under the covers
You need to lay low, bullet shots coming through the window
Boolin' with big bro, I sauced him up like Melo

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Baby I'm too 39