

I'm A G

D12

I got a fresh line up
And a fresh outfit
About to put the parking lot on smash
I got a Chevy with a loaded four four in the trunk
An SK with three extra mags

I'm the biggest G that you see thus far
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Said It's just another day in the life of a goddamn G

I'm from seven mile
Home of the heathens
'72 Caprice, got the sounds beatin'
Fades, braids, Cartier frames
Fifty deep, look at my game
Ridin' down Jefferson, drinkin' Gin and Remy
Fuckin' bitches raw, I don't believe in jimmies
I'm from the murder capital - Detroit Michigan
Are you listening? Detroit Michigan!

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You got a rebuttal? Then I'mma handle that
You might not be a fan of rap
So why the fuck you all starin' at me like I'm handicapped?
You can catch me scrappin' in a three piece suit
They get unconscious, I'm in they pocket grabbin they loot
I'm an accurate shooter without the range
Anybody hanging 'round this bitch like noodles'll catch the stain-less steel
It's impossible to state that you're real
When double barrels tickling your tongue
I'm here, I get it, it's me, not easily approached
Don't tease me, how you wanna beef with us? Then don't
I learned, they don't wanna walk, all they do is talk
But when they mention my name they vomit on the spot
When we show up, it's like a comet hit they block
They staring at us, trying to reach slowly for the pop
All I got is this penis and fat sack that's real enough to turn into a venus
fly trap motherfucker

Nigga this is real shit popping
All the grinning cease when the heat gets to cocking
It's nothing to shut down your block, pull up and ask you for and let the ho
od watch
My parents punished kids with the game on lock
But it's still plugged in so the game don't stop
Flew to Vegas, pulled out a knife

And bitches got to lining up like they wanted Flavor Flav's clock
Your time is up, you got beef? Better save it for some hoes
You a bum - if you getting money, save it for some clothes
When I say "What up doe" with that four four, niggas freeze after they see i
t ain't
Detroit bred, I'm a hip hop head with a street mentality and Runyon Ave cred
So enough said, I'm about that bread, I cocks the J.Holiday and put someone
to bed

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