

German Engineering

DJ Drama

Rollin' through LA, me and G
(IsThatTrey)
Back-to-back backs
Gentry got the 7 Series, Link's in the Benz Sprinter
These words I talk, the finest of quality motivational speaking
You know what it's like?
German engineering (Gangsta Grizzillz, Perico)

Uh, me and my niggas
Drive through the city in German engineering (Vroom)
Gettin' fresh with some guns on the dresser (Frrah, frrah)
This Glock 40, it go with whatever (It's the Clicc)
Yeah, uh, me and my niggas
Slide through the city in German engineering (Skrtrt)
Gettin' fresh with some guns on the dresser (Frrah)
This Glock 40, it go with whatever

Fuck it up, ayy, fuck it up, ayy
Fuck it up, ayy, fuck it up, ayy (What's happenin', though?)
Fuck it up, ayy, fuck it up, ayy (It's G)
Fuck it up, ayy, fuck it up, ayy (Innerprize)

G, never met a crazy motherfucker like me
Got the team all in order, now it's really time to eat
Dead weight off my back, now I'm back on my feet
Cock it back, hit the switch, then I turn on the beam (turn on the beam)
I don't wanna be friends 'cause these niggas fake
Please don't call me twin if you know we ain't
I smell bullshit, all these motherfuckers stink
Just got a quarter-M wired straight to the bank
This shit for the streets, it's the street gospel
I give the streets hope, I'm a street prophet
We was havin' shootouts in the hood
When it's done, I looked over at Pooh, "Is you good?"
He said, "G, you bleedin'," I said, "I know, I cut my hand on the glass"
Hit the gas, let's go (let's go), gettin' back to the dough
Gotta get money every day (every day) 'cause it's so expensive to live in LA
We was settin' up shop where they had Section 8
Rock-for-rock, ten K in one day (Ching, ching)
Big time, wish I never did time
'Cause I'd be up fifty million by now (It's the Clicc)

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Uh, shoutout the kill boys
Goin' dummy in the streets, I see you boys (Skrtrt)
High speed up the block goin' zoom
Escape from the chase, niggas just made the news (FOX 11)
Me and West, west coast, down south
Can't forget the East, young niggas goin' wild (Young niggas)

Can't forget the money 'cause that's what it's all about
In the streets hittin' licks, crackin' safes, cashin' out (Ching, ching)

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(Gangsta Grizzillz)
Oh, yeah, we back outside
With a fleet of them things
You see us