

HUH

Doe Boy

Huh, huh (Doe Beezy)
Huh, huh (Doe Beezy)
Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh
Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh
Oh, really

Fell out with Tory, I seen he got locked, so I'm screamin' "Free him" (Damn)
Q Money got locked, so he took his song, now he tryna be him (Free Q Money,
ain't shit funny)
Free Casanova, he told me to chill (Free Casanova, he told me to what?)
They booked him in Cleveland All-Star Weekend, I went to his party, was pray
in' that I see him (Stop playin')
Game pulled up, nigga walked in the club, took over his section (You think t
hat I'm playin'?)
And I ain't run to the net, in person I'm sendin' a message (Facts, no bap)
I'm proud of you fuckin' on Megan, you proud of you fuckin' the bestie (Come
here baby)
But I don't wish jail on no nigga so free him (I just had to air that out re
al quick)
Free that nigga (Huh, huh)
Came in the game, I used to want features
Finally realized all these rap niggas bitches
Finally realized all these rap niggas divas
Finally realized all these rap niggas snitches (Pussies)
I was right there when the smoke popped off, and your favorite rapper ain't
grab his extension (Facts)
You was right there, seen his top knocked off, and all yo' ass did was go st
art rappin' disses
I don't even blame 'em for dissin' my niggas, they hit his lil' whip up, rea
lly a sixty
Quick lil' sixty, couple lil' shooters, couple lil' glizzies
Them the same niggas that'll run around town, I own my city
I ain't never go in my city (Nosirski)
Real killer know in my city (Yessirski)

Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh
Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh

Soon as I get to LA (LA), first thing I do get the thang
Nigga gettin' whacked, he played (Huh)
Hundred round nigga, I ain't catchin' no fade (Boom)
I got Rick Owen shoes on, I don't want these gettin' scuffed (Ricky)
Pray layin' on the bed with his ass out screamin', nigga, I don't know why h
e gettin' tough (Oh really)
I don't want to beef on no songs (Nosirski)
Real demon, leave me alone (Yessirski)
Twenty racks, leave it at Chrome
I don't want your heart, keepin' that dome, though
Scared of these rappers, they po-po (Po-po)
I ain't fuckin' with niggas, that door closed (Door closed)
Ralph Lauren drawers, Polos on
'Fore I put 'em on, put the pole on
Huh, huh
Free any nigga gettin' told on
You don't want to try lil' Beezy, I ride with my blicky, I ride with my swit
chy
Rapper for real, I don't claim nigga's work

Nigga, I ain't rob Sada and I ain't rob Trippie
I said "Go ask 'em," that nigga seen me in action, that nigga seen I'm a sav
age (Facts)
Seen in my eye he ain't give me everything I asked for, he leavin' in a cask
et (Think I'm playin'?)

Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh
Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh

Oh really
Don't get me started, 'cause I fuckin' will
Big Doe Beezy, and when I go there, I go there
Hell, jail, wherever the fuck we gotta go
Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh (Think I'm playin'?)
Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh