RHUDE BOY

Doe Boy

Play the shit you known for, Doe Boy
Everybody, everybody, stop it
Let's go
Yeah
Doe Beezy

Now tell me who want the smoke with us
Body for body, we shoot at faces, you can't go toe to toe with us (Boom, boo
m)
Opps see that minivan slidin', they know what's up (Skrrt)
Got them pussy niggas duckin' down 'cause they know it's up (Pussy)

All my youngins savage, no, we do not give no fuck
Forty hit him, felt like he got hit by a tow truck (Boom, boom)
Bullets hit his body and he died, ain't had no luck
Plug tried to front me, I ran off like, "I owe what?" (Oh, really?)
Stop it

What type of nigga gangbang in the streets?
A youngin taught to shoot at heads and never aim at your feet (Doe Beezy)
If I catch an opp in traffic, leave his brains on the seat (Skrrt)
Only pole I hang with forty, I don't hang with police (Oh, really?)

Ain't no switchin' sides, pussy, you know what mine is
Pussy nigga hide, then we go where his mom live
Go against the mob, I'ma show you what slime is (Slatt, slatt)
Try Future in the club, I'ma go out like Shyne did (Oh, really?)
Pussy better go and hide when we hop on your ass, boy (On your ass, boy)
Hope you don't get rude, boy, I'll show you I'm bad, boy
He think I'm a fuck boy, then go ask the last boy
I get too much cash, boy, got bags like the trash, boy
No love, fuck y'all niggas, hope you die a slow death
Catch a body with no stress
Poked his chest out, so he left here with no chest
I'm too fly to box, shootin' guns, don't break no sweat
You dig? (Think I'm playin'?)

What type of nigga gangbang in the streets? (Doe Beezy)
A youngin taught to shoot at heads and never aim at your feet (Boom, boom)
If I catch an opp in traffic, leave his brains on the seat (Skrrt)
Only pole I hang with forty, I don't hang with police (Oh, really?)

It's 'cause he hardcore thuggin', how I came up from nothin' (Knowles Ave)
I don't like when niggas muggin', bitch, you know that I'm clutchin' (Rrr)
Bitch, I came from doin' drills, used to up it and bust it
Now I can race foreigns with Diddy kids, Christian and Justin (Oh, really?)
Niggas talk that bullshit, that money end of discussion (Let's go)
Big Doe Beezy keep them bands, but I don't play with percussion (Doe Beezy)
You cross me, you know it's somethin', bitch, it's big repercussions (Let's
go)
Have you scared to close your eyes, you know the Grim Reaper coming (Rrr)
Boy, you know you not no gangster, take your bitch ass to church then
Wanna be a boss, go take over your turf then
Rubber Band Money Gang, don't know no niggas worse than (Gang, gang)
I'm too real, I don't pretend, bitch, I pop Perc' tens (Oh, really?)

What type of nigga gangbang in the streets? (Beezy)

A youngin taught to shoot at heads and never aim at your feet (Boom, boom)
If I catch an opp in traffic, leave his brains on the seat (Skrrt)
Only pole I hang with forty, I don't hang with police (Grrah)

Now tell me who want the smoke with us
Body for body, we shoot at faces, you can't go toe to toe with us
Opps see that minivan slidin', they know what's up
Got them pussy niggas duckin' down 'cause they know it's up (Oh, really?)

Let's go, Beezy
Man, hurry up
We over here
Fuck y'all niggas waitin' on, man?
Come on
Cash grab
Let's go
Let's roll, right now
Oh, really?

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!