

ANIMOSITY

Duke Deuce

(Ooh, ooh, grrt, ooh, ooh), Boat and Duke (Grrt)
(Woah, woah) Duke Deuce (Grrt)
(Woah, woah) Duke Deuce go crazy (What the fuck?)
(Woah, woah) Slatt, Lil Boat, slatt (Woah, woah, grrt)
Duke Deuce, Duke Deuce (Ayy, ayy)
Zone 6 nigga, Pyrex whippa (Pyrex)
Duke Deuce go crazy (Where that hoe?)

Put my dogs on the line mane I bet them boys eat
All this animosity mane a nigga bet not reach
All that sneak dissing so weak see me nigga bet not speak
Even though I'm book for shows ima still hit the streets

Heavy metal rock n roll got the choppa on the seat
Hell naw I can't go
I'm a motherfucking G
I make money when I speak
Keep them reeboks on my
Let them toys tell a story I keep woody next to me (glillllrrrddd)

Iron to his chest ima press
GD da set
Middle fingers to the feds
Burst through this bitch like wreck
Shoot at his head
We ain't aiming at no legs
All these clothes this shit getting cashed out
Come in this mosh pit you'll get smashed
Claim that your ice all real you capped out
Lil bitch gave me head, got cash app'd

Put my dogs on the line mane I bet them boys eat
All this animosity NO a nigga bet not reach
All this Mr. Gangsta tough talk he sough us then tires screeched
Even though My image clean
Half of my niggas from the streets

Put my dogs on the line
Man I bet them boys eat
All this animosity, know a nigga better not reach
All this mister gangster, tough talk
He saw us his tires screeched
Even though my M is clean
Half my niggas from the streets

Check me out
Niggas want smoke over hoes ain't doing that (ooo)
Hit him one time watch his face turn blue and black
Baby duffel bigger than a purse hold a hundred racks
Fucking his bitch at 3AM gone have to double back
I got a whole lotta, whole lotta, whole lotta, whole lotta
I got a whole lotta everything
... bitch a wedding ring (yup)
Saved my slat bitch under billie jean (slat)
I ain't loving them (nope)
Nigga not cuffin them
Niggas sneak dissin

We wish they speak up (flrttt)
Racks on me, velveeta (racks)
Middle finger my old teachers
Niggas we pop off boys (pop)
Yea, runnin this shit (run)
Yea, run that bitch up
Whole hunnid half on the wrist

Put my dogs on the line mane I bet them boys eat
All this animosity NO a nigga bet not reach
All this Mr. Gangsta tough talk he sough us then tires screeched
Even though My image clean
Half of my niggas from the streets