

# RUMBLE

DUSTY LOCANE

Look  
We gon' put that nigga on a T.V.  
Put him on a shirt  
Look  
Where I'm from, my niggas all put in work  
Listen

I hope that you're ready to rumble  
Cause I brought my weapon with me, I don't tussle  
Only the gang, nigga I don't trust you  
Talk out your neck, I won't move a muscle  
I call my suvy, he gon' come and brush you  
My dog off the leash, he don't need a muzzle  
Fuckin' your treesh, you thinkin' she love you  
Get to the breesh, no time to cuddle  
Keep it discreet, moving real subtle  
His shawty a freak, under the covers  
Fucked up the sheets, ain't use a rubber  
Dick in her back, I made her stutter  
I hope that you're ready to rumble  
Call up my suvy, brush 'em  
Freak bitch, Russian  
That talk, she loving

I call up Avi, and buss the Patek  
Shorty, she classy, but could get ratchet  
Bought her an ass, so I could slap it  
She soakin' wet, all on the mattress  
Thumbin' through hundreds, I love me the cabbage  
Play by my cheddar, I'm grippin' the ratchet  
I'm throwin' bullets, leave 'em in fragments  
Uppin' the woo, nigga what's crackin'  
We makin' a movie  
Up it and aim at your kufi  
Dripped out in Gucci  
Perky got me feelin' groovy  
You claimin' you a suvy, but where is your stripes?  
Put down a pole and get you a pipe  
Watch the opps, they movin' 'cise  
Glock with a sight, don't play with your life

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I'm gon' talk that talk  
Gimme me talk back too  
I'm a demon on the loose  
Benz, beamer, or the coupe?  
And don't play no games  
Opposition all the same  
Masked up on the stain  
I need the diamonds and the chains  
Filled up with rage, I swished, look  
Leave his body in a ditch, heh  
On the gang I won't switch  
Oh you think you hot, so we burned 'em  
Leave 'em dead, that's certain  
Spin his block, swervin'  
Hit 'em up, closed curtain

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