

Walla walla walla bang bang (ehh-yeahhhh)
One me on the grand tree damn come from around kingsman (heh heh heh)
Walla walla walla bang bang walla dang dang dang (yea yea)
Walla walla walla bang bang what a dang thang (yea yea oh yea yea oh)

Its smoky up in here, so open up the vents
We heated up in here... the street instruments
My piranhas is hungry, we play for keep
We freakin this booch, we 60something deep
We licorice booch if you feel a frog its leap
Promiscuous booch sometimes we like to cheat
I'm spillin' my liquor, its all on my clothes
I'm Smellin like alcohol bout to follow my nose
I'm mad doggin and thuggin, buckin and grudgin
We off of them pills, and we aint talking bout bufferin
(You flossin grills?) like they do down south
(100 dollar bills?) with furniture in they mouth
If you like it, I love it, when its dry as a drought
If you dig it, I dug it, be about your paper route
If its woofers and sub hits, clientele and clout
Party and clubbing, up in the building talking loud

We gon' act a ass (push my glock up in the grass)
We gon' do the fool (we'll be breaking all the rules)
So don't make me murdah (eh)
Emcees up in side (eh)
We gon' tap nigga and grind like that boy yeah
We gon' act a ass (aye-yeahhhh)

(Yo) I'm having my yay-per, im feeling my scrill
I'm seeing my money mayne, im a hustler for real
Gotta get it while its good, aint no time to wait
Its dangerous in my hood, with plenty money to make
I'm drinking a beer, im smoking a swisher
I barely can steer, im full of this liquor
I handles my biz, im takin' my exit
Then parking this britch, the magazine street exit
I pull up my truck, im stopping my soul
Stop at the 7-11, talking shit on my phone
Hustler by nature (nature), buster by choice
I'm checkin' my pager, im checkin' my voice
Re-up and re-coppin', peddlin' and pushin'
More keys than a janitor, my nick-name is bookman
Bitches be lookin', old-folk be starin'
Patin' me down, searchin' the clothes that im wearin'

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(Yo) many fourteens, M-1 therapy
AR-15 pimpin' m16s without me
Wont be no slang in the gang, it'll be extinct
I've been bamboozled and hit with mayne

People hit with all kind of these identity thieves
Underrated and hated, on by all these squares in the industry
Man I'm a legend pimp, they call me EE four owe
XP boy used to push that blow
Gas, break, dip, stop, and go
Ride the strip, hit the sto'e
You know that I bought it, you know that I got it
Had to cop a bottle of the blue hypnotiq
Incredible Hulks, you know what I mean
Mix it with some bark and watch that shit turn green
Higher than an elephants eye, me and my guys
Off Rossi and hash, after that ass...

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Well alllllright
Me a bad man, ruff by nature
You punkin' on me you goin' into danger
Me and the Don, ruff and down low ranger
Me thought me pot was comin' from Jamaica
No mess with stranger, no like imposta
Call me forecaster, we more like rasta
With the mix for ganja, I buy a lil cha cha
When they know inside, they blow sofa

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