

Branch Out

Giggs

Niggas got no heart so they gone in scared
Talk the art of war, we're the connoisseurs
Told them level up so we gone upstairs
Lick a couple down, now they gone in pairs
Sort of truth or dare but they wanted dares
Bitches gonna cry so they wanted tears
Big round table talk, now they wanted chairs
Got the business plan, now they wanted shares
Yeah, they been spoilt rotten
I've been seeking answers, now everybody's got 'em
Yeah, smart yutes, now everybody boffin
Yeah, dancers, now everybody popping
Cough, cough, now everybody coughing
Big boss, now everybody bossin'
When he let it go they like, "Why don't nobody stop him?"

Passed out, wanna branch out but you asked out
Got that big cash that you can't count
Got that big mash then I marched out
Got that big bad bitch I asked out
I got that big madness you talk 'bout
You better stand straight bitch, you can't crouch
I'm 28 grams bitch, you half ounce

Chicken trap house on a chicken spree
Chickens well cooked and the frickersee
Pussy look good so she took a beat
Gassed it up bitch, so she took the heat
Nigga push white and they pushing B
Hollow cooks white, Hollow cook a key
Now she look good, nigga who is she?
Nigga grinding, call it Pusha T
Man a buzzing, grab a dozen, dropped off to my cousin
That was then, grab my brothers
Couple hundred then and I'm covered
Pass out, bend your back and you can't slouch
Pussy so tight, she's like ow, ouch
Run DMC and it's our house

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