

Have It Out

Giggs

Way down in the jungle deep
Where the real trap stars and the junkies meet
Where they want that hard white and niggas pumping beat
And niggas having dreams 'bout slumping me
But my niggas bust back
All-black outfit, Daffy Duck's back
Squeeze off crouchin', I'mma buss that
Disrespect me, it won't be water off a duck's back
Next year, I'mma crush that shit
That they call the industry and cop a mustang
I was trappin' last year in the plush van
Chilling out with my nigga Knucks where the thugs hang
We'll be comin' round there on some robbin' shit
Playin' Jimmy Conway like Robert did
You niggas ain't gully, you ain't poppin' shit
I'mma show you motherfuckers bout this bossing shit

We can have it out
We can bang it out, get the maggie out
Rat-a-tat it out
Slap a nigga in the head, watch it splashin' out
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Way down in the jungle deep
Runnin' round with a strap and it's proper peak
Gettin' blamed for shootings when it wasn't me
Feelin' exhausted, loss of sleep
If I see my enemy and he's flossin' deep
I'mma scratch the paint work on his glossin' cheek
And let the [?] on his [?]
Show the yute the outcome of niggas mockin' me
Let the burnin' start
Get the burger, burst it, burn his clart
These niggas ain't bust, with their virgin hearts
We can take it old school and do it [?]
When the something's rinsing and we swerve out fast
That's that Maggie Simpson coming to burn out Bart
All-tinted, shit'll turn out dark
When we rinsing, jump in and burn out cars

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