

Untitled 2

Giggs

Spare Nizzle (Nizzle)

Triggs

Shoutout to all my youngin's, get me?

Young Giggs (Uh)

Joe Grizzle (No, no, no)

Uh

My nigga J-Beatz, get me?

Fuck

Nigga [?]

Fuck

[?] get me?

Shoutout to [?] as well, back [?] ([?] don't understand)

Get me, yo, yo (No, no, no)

Kick back and listen this and learn the proper way to spit

I stay the top of the tops 'cause I drop the proper shit

Fuck the replicas brother, I cop the proper sticks

She leave you more wet than a horny bitches pussy lips (No, no, no)

You can find me in Pecky drawing a sexy bitch (Bitch)

[?] suck up and fuck up to satisfy my dick (Uh)

She could be your missus screaming my name and shit

(And) Got that bitch on her fores, plus I'm recording

You wanna act like a killer, act like you're running shit (Yeah)

I got a gun and the bullets [?] be a [?]

Now you're laying a real lesson how the fuck it is (What?)

I'm getting more stink, grimey like a pissy lift

I live a crazy life, when shit gets erratic

Bullets are mad

It's crack addicts, [?] I standidly pack it

If shit kicks off, usually I have to back it

I don't know why, 'cause niggas know that Giggsy ain't gon' have it

(No, no, no)

That's the streets singing "no, no, no", and I ain't got no love for it

You don't love me and I know now

You get me?

(Tell the people)

Let's get into this

(Tell the people

Tell-tell-tell the people)

Come on

(No, no, no) Uh

When you're talking 'bout streets blud, I know everything (For real)

I've witnessed life, I've witnessed death, there ain't nothing I ain't seen

I've got the war wounds cause, I've been up in the bin

Seen niggas turn into fiends, couldn't escape the bin (No, no, no, cats)

I've done shot every colour from green, white, to brown

Started copping it small, then copped the large amounts

I fuck with so many pussies for running off their mouth

I've fucked so many pussies fam, nigga I've lost count (No, no, no)

Niggas I've known in my life, I've seen them turn into foes

Been down that yellow brick road

Just like the [?] road

Looking for brains off of hoes

I've had the filthiest hoes

Some are gold diggers (But what?)

But I ain't giving them no dough
The feds thought I would crack when they nicked me with my stick (Yeah)
Sending all kind of threats like I should give a shit (Pricks)
I told them yeah it's my gun, let's just get on with this
Expecting real niggas to snitch, I know what realness is

(No, no, no)

Fucking eediat feds, that's real though
You don't love me and I know now
You get me?

(Tell the people)

Shoutout to all my niggas in jail

(Tell the people

Tell-tell-tell the people)

Get me?

(No, no, no)

If you think that you're players, well I'm the fucking ref (Yeah)
And I'ma take you out the game with the fucking red (Red)
Everyone in the hood claims that they real niggas
But I can count of real niggas on my fingers
Don't say nothing stupid to jezzies, they're be talking business (Nah)
And if they start feeling the pressure, they can turn a witness
If they don't get their way, then they set you up
Ask young Buck (Buck), trust me blud I've seen it
I don't trust no one to have my back except my toy
And that's the way the streets made me, I'm paranoid
And who can blame me? Just look how much has gone on
Me and my heater [?] so we got a lot in common (No, no, no)
It's like shit just got worst over the fucking years
Rest in peace all my niggas, for you I shed a tear
I hope you're living a better life that we're living here

(No, no, no)

That's some real shit there, you get me?
You don't love me and I know now

(Tell the people

Tell the people

Tell-tell-)