

Scuffed Timbs

Gunplay

I just cuff my tembelist, fuck you middle it
On the connect, you niggas wearin' the rest
Never no pressure, tag on the dresser
Money and pocket, halla to rock it

You know where I'm at, you know where I'll be
You know what I'm bout,
You wanna see?
Ball the team, ball machine
Back, back, back, scar and see

Livin' a legend, in the kitchen cheffin'
I'm a player, you just reffin'
Still public housin', fuck the album
You cuffin' bitches, I'm puffin' sour

Mil on the wax, mil' on the car
Ten mil' on the crib honey gran on the bro
You fuckin' with a boss, when the beast be by ten
Lil' trick, you a star, trick you a star
Baby girl you a star, you deserve to get it all
When the people hit the dog
This got to take the chance and he make it so mild
She get on 22, put on lady this charge, no love for the souls
Even thou it's sees
I'm a bust to a boss rich nigga 'til I die
Write my name in the books
Her man's on the quick shot, swing from the shout
I still remain dry, I stay in one place and so I drive
2.5 John maintain all the 8
Real nigga get wild, don't get a tattoo on my face