

Not Guilty (Freestyle)

Hooligan Hefs

I told the Judge "Not Guilty"
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Prosecutor must be filthy
Only Lord knows if I'm Guilty

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I'm out on bail, what's up?
Can't hear nothin' or pay nothin' much
Me and my team too hard too much
If you don't know us, then shut the fuck up

Now you thought I was finished
Like Hooligan Hefs ain't with it
When I start something, hold up
I make sure I fucking finish

From 6-7, grew up in crime
My prints on the shotty, but it's still not mine
They wanna fuck me, try fuck me
Then I fuck 'em twice as hard like a bitch from behind

Bother, tell me why they bother?
I set the reload with the money from the profit
Don't ask me twice, you know that I got it
Hit the plug, reload stuff from the product

Why you lay do shit with passion?
When I do bars, no time for actin'
We do shit you couldn't imagine
Took his life with that bolt action

My life is sin, call me the Grim Reaper
Me, myself and my brothers keeper
Turn a 5 seater to a 7 seater
Then shutdown the party like we bodies on sleepers

See me on the table, chip holder
When I was younger, wish I was older
Now I grow up, people change up
Got a lotta dirt and dust off my shoulder

Told ya, they fuckin' with HooliganHef\$
6-7's what I rep
They want some trouble, I'm the jaws of the jungle
Welcome to the gates of Death

I fear no man if he bleeds too
We pull triggers like soldiers too
I make moves, burner ringin'
Fat lady singin' when I throw that clip in

Tell me who's tough when I'm on that mission?
Try and play bluff when I throw all the chips in

Run in his house, put a gun in his mouth
Bad Boy, good times I'm reminiscin'

I was in them cells, but I'm back
Hugo's got me tatted on his back
Fuck with' my blood, get back, get back
Click Clack, BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP

Cause only Lord knows if I did it
If I did it, I didn't
D's trynna get me to admit it
HA! On ya bike, you idiots

From me, you'll never get a word
Only thing locked up is ya word
My brothers on the inside waiting for me
In case, the tables are turned, you live and you learn

Try teach me a lesson, man, I can't be taught
I save the talk, and I walk the walk
I run the ball, I don't talk at all
My freedom pends on a judge's call

Whether I breathe fresh air or not
Then I'll make Hefs game on lock?
Bars too hard, it made you men soft
When I call shots, respond 'yes boss'

They see, I'm killin' the game right now
Fuck rap beef, I put the mic down
Pick up the nine, then change their mind
Gag on a barrel Talk now, little mouse