

## 17 Wit A 38

IDK

This that dirty stinkin nasty ratchet rowdy shit

Young nigga with a.38 (young nigga with a.38)

Young nigga with a.38 (young nigga with a.38)

17 with the.38 (17 with the.38)

I was 17 with the.38 (17 with the.38)

I was only 17 when I had that 38 (8-8-8-8)

I was trying to prove something

Show 'em that I didn't play (play play play play)

If a nigga do me wrong

Make him see the pearly gates (bang bang bang bang)

Truth is, I ain't shoot shit, it was just for fake

Truth is, I ain't do shit but rob white folk

Lure they ass to a place I know

Take they money, take they phone, there it goes

Sell the shit at my school for the low

Stack the money, stack the money, buy shoes

Stack the money, stack the money, buy clothes

Take the penitentiary wrist, all fold

Ed Hardy belts with the rhinestone

Hit the Georgetown (swerve) I got whores now (swerve)

Polo wasn't Ralph (word) it's a horse now

Slow down, slow down's what my mama said

She couldn't get that shit through my head

You can't expect me to give respect

When I would fuck bitches on mama bed

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17 with the.38 (17 with the.38)

I was 17 with the.38 (17 with the-)

Sosa baby

I was 17 with a.357

Foot heavy, can't speed the limit

All black, Ghost Rider, I'm creeping in it

Gotta be a real nigga, don't be pretending

If I'm in it then you know it got reefer in it

You don't see it nigga? I can re-present it

Took a bitch life, and I'll re-invent it

Can't leave without peeing in it

Pants saggin' but this belt ain't cheap, ayy ayy

Got a swiper on me, nothin' ain't free, ayy ayy

Would've bought the shit but it ain't me, ayy ayy

Yeah, you down nigga but it ain't steep, ayy ayy

In this Humvee, me and the pack

Throwing shells even if you can't catch it

We gon test him even if he can't pass it

I know you sending what we can't pass, ayy ayy

Little woadie run the bus, bust the clit, make it puss

What's in me? It ain't trust, it ain't gang, it ain't fuss

Surf the wave now it's brush, you ain't got a nice function

Know I'll run it up like she know Fredo in the cut

Enough gears for some years, leave a bitch with a tear

Leave a bitch for a year, leave a bitch in a mirror

Send it, you got it, I don't see it as an error

May storm in the club, interfering with the weather

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