

# Murda Worth To G County

Kenny B

Ey, Murda Worth to G County shit  
Kenny B, Peso Peso, gang  
Ha, Kenny B, ey, ey ey

I might've just jumped in the vette  
My young niggas slidin, they throwin a set  
Instagram model I got that bitch wet  
Bitch this a MAC, no Uzi no TEC  
Slap a lil bitch cause she talkin, need dick  
Signed me a deal dropped a bag on my neck  
Fuck with my youngin we crash and we wreck  
Trap with lil Peso, he tell me we run up a check  
He tell me it's better than sex  
He tell me a nigga fuck one day you know that he wet  
My verse, Kenny B pull out that TEC  
Came in that rent, he gon leave in that stretch  
Bitch I be thuggin and muggin I'm throwin my set  
I swear I know bitches that good for that neck  
We on the block, nigga, who wanna play?  
Droppin that bag on a nigga  
Take out the trash trynna bag me a nigga  
Imma run up that check, I ain't askin no nigga  
Kenny B chill, I flash on a nigga  
Roll up that dope I ain't passin a nigga  
Bitch I'm in the sixth, come to the hood  
Swear to God you ain't gotta ask for a nigga

You ain't gotta ask shit  
I'm slidin through the hood with a hundred round clip  
Might stop at your house let it off then I dip  
Peso Peso they be feelin my drip  
I be whippin dope with my right hand  
If you want a kilo come with twenty-five bands  
Play with the gang, I ain't playin  
Imma come to your show and get you and your hype man  
I'm on the block I just pour the deuce up  
Imma stash like there one or two of em  
Got pleks with me I got TECs with me  
I come to your spot and I shoot your crew up  
I'm with Kenny B we ain't stop shit  
I got chains on my neck and rocks on my fit  
And I gotta lotta diamonds in my mouth  
And I get a lotta guap from your bitch  
Eyy  
Too many racks in my pocket can't fit  
Got a problem with me, I got choppas in the whip  
Can't rap with me cause my prices too still  
I'm bossed up I got killers on go  
In the trap, strapped, throwin packs for the low  
Soon as you out of the store Imma let it blow  
Get a nigga killed for a pound of dro

Ey  
I send a blitz, double  
Never change gang we gon meet that's a huddle  
Diss on the gang you in trouble  
I put that dick in his bae, he mad

He wanna scuffle, I will not tussle  
I got a thirty-round clip, it get to bussin  
Told my young nigga to off him, it's nothing  
Twelve at the store, they be checkin my pockets, I told em I ain't sellin no  
thing  
I got my feet on the gas and I'm doing the dash, I might speed in the hood l  
ike I'm rushin  
Never change gang, they will catch you and that ain't even nothin  
Haa you think they ain't bussin?  
Got jam with the gang gang turn to a nothin  
I get the loaf, I get the bread like a muffin

Lil nigga I trap in the gutter  
I'm grippin that choppa I skoot up and flush ya  
You don't want grease with me, I don't wanna speak  
Imma kill you and your brother  
I'm bellin with killers I don't hang with busters  
Kenny B youngin, that my lil blooda  
Niggas go to jail with no bail, then a nigga start singin like Usher  
I ain't got racks in my purse, I got racks in my pocket  
I'm stagin my show and I'm clenchin my rocket  
Don't reach for my chain, Imma up it and pop it  
Nigga know I got a bag on me, and I splash up wearin Dolce & Gabbana  
I keep me a tool like I work for O'Reilly  
Put the dope in her pussy if the laws get behind me  
Ohhh