

4 MY

Kenny Mason

Whoa, whoa
(Snatch a nigga out the coupe)

Might go renegade, these niggas scared, I can tell, I intimidate
One in the head when I sped on the interstate
Bitch, I'm the head huncho, tell niggas, "Get in place"
It might be here, it might be tears when I fu-, huh-
And I can tell what I said made you feel a way
And I can tell shit been serious since I been away
Don't nothin' come before the bread like a dinner date
It might be here, it might be tears when I fu-, huh-

This for my dog, this for my dog, this for my dogs
This for my-, this for my-, this for my dogs (How' up, wait)
This for my dog, this for my dog, he my, this for my, this for my

When I walk inside the room, I might take over this bitch
I been dancin' with the Devil, I might tango in this bitch
Got a magnum on my hip, just like Jango in this bitch
They barking up the wrong tree, I might hang 'em on this bitch
I go [?] roads with the stove, on the seat
Windows tinted, too many folks, I'ma see
Where your mom? Where your fam stay, up the street?
Where your job, where your girl stay? I'ma see
No, I don't give a fuck 'bout no one in this bitch but us
I'm from outerspace, bitch, I'm an alien, a visitor
See my dog be a better leader when he kicked the cup
See my dog, empty out the heater when he lift it up
Gray coupe, you gon' hear it screamin' from a distance, huh
Same troupes wit' me when you see us, ain't no switchin' up
Same suit, I'm the one they treat a little different
I seen strange fruit, I'ma take that nina through the trenches

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They my dog, hit the stain don't tell at all (Gang)
We got the trap like a concert packed to the wall (Gang gang)
I still got niggas look up to me even though they tall
I took it to the trenches say I gotta show you all
Yellow bone bitch, ass juicy, feel like Biggie Smalls
Every time me and the bros link it's like rich nigga seminar
These young nigga don't eat forreal they might as well go through Ramadan
This outfit from Paris baby fresh dressed look like salad bar
I don't even like hoes calling me I might have to go back to beeper on 'em
This ain't even my ho for real, she treatin' me like I'm cheating on her
Fuck niggas out here counting sheep, prolly why they be sleeping on me

Fuck niggas always run they mouth, talk 'bout money but don't speak on it
(Gang gang)

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