

Again

King Louie

Shots get let off in a day, dissect a man with a 'K
Lord forgive me got to pray, left all that ammo in my prey
Witnesses won't even matter, I'm high off revenge and gun powder
Chopper fry em like batter, clip longer than a ladder
Cruising in that black Mulsanne, smoking propane while I gettin' brain

CB4K MUBU gang, open heads go through a lane
Niggas racked they gon' get wacked, they ain't 100 that's a fact
My belt cost a stack, all I smoke is loud pack, you show out you get clapped
Roll up the dough of the bitches, most of my bitches like bitches
Load up and slide on them niggas, stay dressed like the feds taking pictures
All these ounces I'm a wizard, my wrist that bitch look like a blizzard
Mixin' Mo' with the Ace, got that pole in the place, put a hole in your face

Bitch on my dick, I'm the shit, I'm the man
Niggas talk shit but my clique we gone blam
Man up I band up I man up I band up I man up I band up and do it again
Might spend some racks on a lot of gats
Everyday I smoke a lot of gas
Sit down your five dollar ass
Before you get changed like an outfit
The J's I got on ain't out yet
Bitch I smoke dirt like that loud pack
Rolling up yoppers, got 30's and 40's
We'll put his ass in a body bag
My name is Louie but they call me Tony
Your bitch love to hear LouGotti rap
The niggas I'm with got body counts
My bitch Nina got a naughty mouth
That bitch a squirter, we gone shoot it out
She say she on, so I'm cool with mouth
Act up, we bring them Uzis out
Face shots, brains oozing out
Pull them racks out, then throw them bitches
Fuck them niggas, I don't know them niggas
Fuck around and have foe 'nem poke them niggas
They ain't dressed in pictures, bro 'nem tote them pistols
You can miss me with the foolery
Want your bitch, I told her Google me
Bitch you can skate on my jewelry
I stay with money like its cool with me

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Do it again
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Do it again