

# Nothing Left

Lil Eazzyy

(Go)

Oh yea I'm finna make a banger with this one  
Go, go, go, go  
Still cappin' in this bitch with Danny, on bro

Bitch, I need a check (A check)  
I gotta stack in my pocket, he reach, then I shoot for his neck (His neck)  
Bitch, give me respect (Respect)  
Foennem be tweakin' on X and them strikers, we gon' make a mess (Skrtrt, skrtrt  
)  
I ride for the set  
If you my brother, I got you a hundred, it ain't nothing less (A hundred)  
I was a jit, sell a brick of the Fet'  
Gotta get it all off 'til it ain't nothing left

I remember when a nigga wasn't having it, I had a blicky right under my mattress (My mattress)  
Uncy taught me how to shoot, I was clappin' it, fuck around and put a opp in a basket nigga (Boom)  
Talkin' tough, you ain't a savage, nigga (You ain't a savage, nigga)  
In my hood I'm established, nigga  
You say that yo' niggas be shootin' shit up, my opinion is you need some practice, nigga (Baow, baow, baow, baow)  
Four door with a Drac' and a passenger, we finna sweep up yo' block like the janitor (Skrtrt)  
Don't try to get out yo' character, I seen them niggas beat you on camera (Pussy)  
Pop me a perc', I got stamina (Stamina)  
Pickin' her up then I'm slammin' her (I'm slammin' her)  
I remember I ain't have nothing left in my pocket, I threw twenty grams at her

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I need a thick bitch (Thick bitch), one who'll pass me the stick quick  
Dumping it all and we bail out (Baow)  
Bro, got a switch, bet he hit shit  
It's a KRISS Vec' on his pistol, it knock him the hell out (Grra)  
Harder to trust, lot of niggas be sell outs (Uh)  
I gotta head out

Love when the money be calling my phone, I'ma run to the bag  
Til a nigga go check out, uh  
Hellcat right off the lot and I'm scratching (Vroom)  
She fell in love with my fashion  
Lil' bro send me a plan, I'm blastin' (I'm blastin')  
Freak bitch giving top in a mansion  
Ten racks, give her a stack and she active (She active)  
She gon' hit the road when I ask it  
Fifth-third gimme a chase and its crackin'  
What can I say, boy? The money my passion (Its crackin')

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