

Too Much (Randy Moss)

Lil Eazzyy

I done did too much
It be crazy how niggas switch up and they don't even shoot nothin'
I was 16 with a Glock, I wasn't booed up
I got a problem with niggas that talk and don't do nothin'

No, we ain't spreading no rumors
Switch on the Glock and a clip like a ruler
Heart has been cold like it's stuck in a cooler
Calling my phone, I don't think that I knew her

We on that hot shit
Cuz in the cut and his Drake got a chopstick
No, you ain't touching this Glock, boy, this my shit
When it's coming to Rich, you ain't counting his pockets

I like moving solo
Pop me a perk and it's boosting my mojo
Four in a 20oz, I'm moving slo-mo
Fuck all these niggas, I ain't giving out promo

I put my all in this shit
If a nigga try taking my spot then I'm knocking him off
We shipping shit out
But if he really come with a price then we dropping shit off

Catch me a play, I feel like Randy Moss
I just been doing the shit I was taught
It just be crazy how niggas be claiming that they be the gang
I don't know what you thought

Nigga, I came up
Hopped out the cut with a dream and a banger
DJ my dawg, he said, "Fuck all the haters"
'Cause... them niggas ain't getting paper

Thinking he slick 'til we cut off his fingers
Thumbing more racks than the mayor
You gotta pay up
If you got something I want and I need it, I ain't finna wait up

He think he tough but he don't got a gun
So bro tryna poke him
Took his lil' bitch and she claiming that she with the shit
She did everything that I told her

You coming home and you thinking that you finna clap
But this Mac hanging off of my shoulder
I'm walking up and I'm putting that bitch to his face
If he move, then I cut on the toaster

Gimmie ya shit
If you thinking Lil Eazzyy a bitch
Then I'll send you right up to your shoulders, nigga
Chiraq, yeah, it get a lil' colder, nigga
I was hanging with the older niggas

Unky taught me how to fold a nigga

Lotta shit that I done told a nigga
But if I go tell him, he'll roll a nigga
Chop him up and then dispose of niggas

OK

Lil bro tell me that it's a blitz and I tell him, "OK"
Lil' nigga, OK
We be out the way
You think you can stop me, lil' nigga? No way, OK?

Yo mamma said, "Go be a kid," OK?
You talk, you get hit in yo lid, OK?
Sleeze Money the movement, yo bitches be choosing
Don't call if it ain't 'bout the pape, OK?

I'm running this shit
This ain't nothing fake, OK?
To get what I want, I'ma do what it take
The opps, they still tryna keep up the pace
I'm fucking her first, 'fore I go on a date

Nigga
You tryna be in her face
If she cannot show me that she getting pape
Then she can get moved out the way, OK?

OK