

Fox 5

Lil Keed

(Let's go, Mario)

Man, all the hoes in the fuckin' background, y'all shut the fuck up

Fuck you talkin', man, R5 in the fuckin' building

Show some respect

Kick them folks out the spot, slime

She still talkin'? (No)

Oh, okay

Free Homicide, it was just a homicide, yeah, in the daytime

Yeah, (he) seen the benz rollin', (he) know we'll kill him, thinkin' he gon' take mine

Know I ball's' on a bitch ass nigg', and I pass this ho like it's Meg Ryan

You'll live longer, if you mind your business, 'cause I'ma mind mine

I grab a carbine, lil' boy, lil ho, she fuckin' on toys

Bored, then jump off the porch, smokin' opp pack in the Royce

I'm with R5, R5

Catch you at the red light, black out

Yeah, we guaranteed to shoot his lights out

Yeah, I guarantee these niggas tap out

Rich nigga, I don't eat Popeyes

Presidential Rollie, brought the clock out

And I know you niggas tryna gain clout

Yeah, you know we ain't goin' on FOX 5

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Yeah, you know we ain't goin on FOX 5 (FOX 5)

Don't make me call the clock stopper (Clock stopper)

Ah, pretty lil' vibe, schemin' in her eye

Nickname jaw locker (Nickname jaw locker)

Thug like glide, I been gettin' high

Nigga, I'm a pill popper (Nigga, I'm a pill popper)

We got ten hundred-round choppers (Nah)

Heard you was a junkie, used to steal copper (Nah)

Pull up, whip game proper

Money get A, lotta cake like Betty Crocker (Cake like Betty Crocker)

Uh, beatin' through your bae, stalkers, I know every day robbers, gotta keep a door stopper (Gotta keep a door stopper)

Yeah, I be gettin' more llama, Gunna, he a roadrunner, and his bitch a headh unter (And his bitch a headhunter)

Billions just like Ted Turner gotta keep a real burner, never been a store runner (Never been a store runner)

These bitches yell, "Go, Gunna" (Go, Gunna)

You gotta be your own boss, uh (Own boss)

Dressed like a showoff, go and get it, don't talk, let the money rub off (Let the money rub off)

Nah, these niggas gettin' cut off, this is not a love lost, we'll never do soft (We'll never do soft)

You pussy niggas too soft (Niggas too soft)

Free all my niggas, gotta prison walk (Free the gang)

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Hundred round drum on your boy, and we just hopped out a Royce
We pullin' up with a silencer, no, they ain't makin' noise
Man, I had to pack the shirt, man, I had to peppermint it
Yeah, I send a big blitz, yeah, I had to go and end it
Go and drop the fuckin' pin, we'll pull up in a minute
Yeah, I know the Lord mad at me 'cause a nigga sinnin'
I ain't talkin' motherfuckin' testin' Ray J, man, I come out that Wraith just
with motherfuckin' bangers
I let that cutter hit every angle, I come out that back, whips like I'm Djan
go
What the fuck a pussy boy had said?
I don't know if he ain't speakin' sign language
And I just left town with ten, pockets on top, nigga, no time to count us (Say what?)

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