

Leave Us

Lil Keed

Yeah, I had plans, yeah, I had plans
I don't play no games with 'em, yeah, I get bands
Yeah, I can pop a Percocet, naw I'm not on land
All I do is triple cross, hope it ain't your mans
How y'all niggas gon' leave us?
How y'all niggas gon' leave us?
How the fuck nigga ain't known us?
He can't even compete with us
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These niggas not ready, [?]
He ever think about playin' with us, we shoot shit just like Belly
How your big homie ain't stitched on you?
[?] real big, put that stick on me
Glock .40, know I hold the dick on me
Fuck the [?], you know I get rich homie
They a real nigga, but they dick ridin', switchin' both sides, yeah
Ridin' 'round with a big five, yeah
Mask up, make 'em get down, yeah
That's on everyting when it come my way
Go for nothing, don't smile at my face
Cross up, hope we don't get no chase
But we gon' get away

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Thought these niggas burnt out
Real shooters, so you know they'll route
You know what we on, you know what we 'bout
Dirty K, dirty pistols

Wipin' they nose, no need for no tissue
I'm from the trenches but I'm in LA just like the Clippers
I'm watchin' my back, I know they ain't with me
No these niggas ain't with me, all these niggas tryna be me
Pull up on the block and I'm creepin'
Know we can be a real demon, know we can be a real demon
I don't fuck with that ho, she too needy
I'm in and out, then I pull up the genie
They hands out but they didn't even wanna feed me
No I don't need her, no I don't need her

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