

# 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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