

I got Spitta hot Spitta in the building with me mane  
Who ever thought he'd be chilling with me mane  
And since he make millions with me mane  
Come on make millions with me

Cause I tote, and I bang  
Police try to stop but they can't  
So fuck the law, nigga and fuck the po'  
I thug vicious bitch I'm from Hollygrove  
Who that is? Weezy F. Baby  
Please say the baby  
Please, baby, please say the baby  
Please, baby, please say the baby  
Please say the baby

I'm a Hollygrove nigga got the 17th in me  
Pussy ass niggas bring the 17th out me  
If ever he doubt me, he could do better  
Prolly leaping off a mountain  
Turning the gun around and skeet-skeeting in your mouth and  
South man, outstanding flow  
Ready for the drama like Knots Landing hoe  
Bada-bam-bing hoe  
Weezy do his thing hoe  
You don't need Websters to know what the bling-bling for  
Checking in the Four Seasons gotta have a neat hoe  
Cause I'm a neat freak and mama she freak me  
Mama a freaknik like 1993  
And like she probably be the wife that you go to sleep with  
Holla at me on some creep shit  
I be like, I don't feel like fucking but I could do ya sweet li  
ps  
I'm running through my box of Sweets I need some more Tez  
Cash Money, Young Money that's more cash

Chyea, chyea, this is a dedication to the streets  
The gangstas, the hood, the fallen soldiers  
To the down ass chicks that keep it in the slums  
You smell that?

Big shouts to Hollygrove  
Can't forget Magnolia Projects

It's Gangsta Grillz you bastards