

### 3 Mins Of Death

Lud Foe

You made this beat?  
Gang, gang  
Outwest 290 shit nigga  
You know I'm rockin' nigga  
Get your guns up, get your funds up  
You on that opp shit, get mopstick bitch!  
Aye, aye

I'll tell you one thing you shouldn't did was diss me  
I just left your bitch and she already miss me  
I just bought 1, 000 red skullies, boy ain't shit cheap  
Get dick sucked from your lil bitch, she's a big freak!  
Big rims on a big truck on a big street  
Big heat for these lil niggas think they want beef  
Thick bitch that just caught a brick in her buttcheek  
Your mama might get touched if a fuck nigga touch me  
I'm holding all these racks  
I'm totting on this Mac  
You holding on that bitch she's a rat, Ratatouille  
Canary yellow diamonds got me shining Juicy Fruity-Fruity  
We get 30 clips, 50 clips, shoot a movie-movie  
Hit the Gucci store I walked out double G'd up  
I feel like Cago Leek, these lil niggas got me t'd up  
You sneak diss, we catch you in the streets, better not freeze up  
I get my knee pads so she don't scrape her knees up  
Bitch you thought I was done, hoe you thought I was finished  
You fucking with me, they shoulda told you I was a menace  
I got a loaded sniper rifle, kill your ass from a distance  
I'm getting money, now these bitches see I ball like the Pistons'  
Nigga if you don't want these problems better stay out my busines  
I'm flexing on these broke hoes, call it LA fitness  
A hardhead make a soft ass, eat it and listen  
I bought a chevy, brohad sit that bih on 60'  
Think I'm the gingerbread man, how I bake those cookies  
They know that I'm a pro, yellow Ferrari it's a banana boat  
And not a joke you will get smoked like you an antidote  
I'm living lavish, I wasn't living like this 2 years ago  
You dramatic, shit get tragic we pull up with automatics  
Red tape on your block but don't nobody know what happened  
I wish a nigga tried to rob me (rob me)  
Fuck nigga tried to rob me (let a nigga rob me)

I'm an Outwest nigga, that's where I be on some hot shit  
I can't even conceal the Glock cause this a mopstick  
Why this bitch keep calling my phone? She on some thot shit  
I remember I was selling blows on that block shit  
Think he the predator, I'm the janitor, get mopstick  
I'll fucking get rid of her she was trying to hold me hostage  
I'm two steps ahead of you boy  
Don't think I'm scared of you boy  
We're lamping on your ass if we can't find you we're killing your boys  
I'm go in with the silencer like these niggas, Ain't making no noise  
My young niggas some niggas scavengers  
Like it's Christmas, we bringing out toys  
I'm a "Jimmy Choo" rocker, that bitch a stalker I'm getting annoyed  
We pull up and we leaving you dead, some you can never avoid  
The bottom my shoes are red, Christian Loubatin boys

I got two bitches up in my bed, one of 'em maybe be yours  
We riding with .50s and Macs  
Rolling off hella flax  
I fucked her doggy style, nutted all over her back  
They say I'm a problem child, I be murking them tracks  
We taping her up like a mummy and calling it wrap  
I never worked a job, every night I slept in the trap  
That bitch is full of rats so every night I'm laying them traps

Gang, bitch!  
No aux, Outwest 290 shit nigga  
Aye, what I said? Young street nigga  
Bitch get your guns up, get your funds up  
You on that opp shit, get mopstick bitch!  
Straight gang shit, know how I'm rocking nigga