

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