Regular

Lud Foe

I'm not a regular nigga, I don't do regular shit
Ima kick her out my spot if she a regular bitch
If you ain't talking bout that money quit that yellin and shit
Stool Pigeon ass niggas always telling some shit
I got hoes walking barefoot on these marble floors
She left her shoes by the door right next to her clothes
Tryna put my dick in that hoe under her nose
And we ain't fucking with no snitches, nah we don't do those
We pat you down in case you gotta wire under ya clothes
Answer the door with the snub nose under my robe
I gotta 100 round drum I ain't gotta reload
She tryna fuck for my chips she won't get my Frito's
Knock on yo door, blow yo face off through the peep hole
We see these lames with they hoes so we came to repo
Don't give no fuck what he said he ain't scaring me tho
These niggas know we got more poles than home depot Check my temperature jew elry froze I'm below zero
These pills got me cocked-eyed lookin like debo
I been lookin for that pussy nigga he a nemo
I did my homework and found out where he be tho
Fuck a hater dawg gucci lens I don't see those
Got piranhas in the wall you ain't even see those
Nigga on the table I done shook a half a kilo
I be wrappin them burritos with my amigos
Her head low kissin dick under the mistletoe
I catch amnesia on a hoe but she remember me tho
My choppa loud yea this bitch sing high c-notes
Winter time, trappin in the snow, gucci pea coat
Bag on ya head kill ya for a 100 seenos
Junkies in the trap they done smoked a 100 primos
I just hit a lick for 50k at the casino, I'm a bulldog baby girl I'm striped uno
I coulda swore I just seen future I'm a pluto
Got hot guns on our waists cause we just blew those
Sellin packs on the corner bitch I ran through those
Shoot the choppa this muthafucka kick like judo
Fuck a doctor you ain't gone need that ya casket closed
Talkin fashion bitch I swag in designer clothes
I wonder can you picture me rollin in that Gallardo
Imma shooter and Imma star, Imma shooting star
Haters tried to tear me apart but they didn't get far
2 2-3's in my AR bullets flip yo car
Nigga say you got war wounds I don't see no scars
Blue and white, we go the other way we see those cars
Bitches drool they see my jewels, and they slob on they shoes
I know niggas with something to prove, they got none to lose
I went to school with that tool, boy you bullying who
I got dope, rock, weed I'll sell it to you
Lil nigga don't come on the dice
You gamble with ya life, well that's too bad
Can I get that sues something I like
I ran off with his bitch, now he too mad
Get her from 'round town for that price
Aye bag on your head like a durag
High speed chase from the vice
Can't keep up with my car cause it's too fast
Yea I done ran up my price, and now I can buy my bitch a new ass

This expensive pussy tight, got too excited so I nutted too fast
I remember sleeping with the mice
Thirty deep in the hallway shooting dice, that street life
Growing up wasn't nothing nice
Had to use candles when they turned off our house lights
Why did the fuck did you bring a knife to this gun fight
We hit the studio and stay up the whole night
It ain't no stopping me, I ball like the old mike
That nigga broke and he ain't putting up no fight, no way
Niggas be too busy watching me, like tmz
Pussy nigga I'm the king of rap, just let it be
High notes bitch my k sing like jodeci
Two of ya'll catch these 15 bullets a piece
Bitch I'm dressed in all black, nigga we on all that
You don't want these problems then fall back
Before you get your skull cracked
Boy in the hood so you might get jacked
But you won't get your ball back
If u get me and these problems, my choppa gon solve that

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!