

## Side

## Lud Foe

Nigga you a bitch I can see it in ya eyes  
You ain't shootin shit nigga quit it with the lies  
If we can't get to you we takin it out on ya guys  
Security at the front door so we came through the side

Halo tips leave a nigga head open wide  
I just know why she get her mouth open wide  
I got peanut butter on the inside grape jelly outside  
Niggas wolf on the Internet but they never outside

Know everytime we ride somebody gonna die  
Pussy nigga if you had a fly swatter prolly wouldn't see a fly die  
Hittin neiman markets I'm out shoppin I can't help it I'm a fly guy  
I hit the yolo with the backin soda watch it change colors tada

I hit the stew with the booth up leave the rap game with a black eye  
I kill a nigga in a taylor suit like James Bond with the bow tie  
If you want beef drop location we meet I don't fear no guy  
Can't game gang bang on the keyboard in a street war when you gonna die

I'm [?] through cruising in my whip bae  
Wan't you let me fuck you in my Mercedes  
Yellow russian paint yeah my shit licorice  
I'm laughin to the bank this money got me ticklish

I water whip a white bitch I got wrist in it  
I'm in a foreign windows tinted cot ya bitch in it  
I fuck this rap game like I got my dick in it  
She a yellow thick bitch I like how she switchin it

These rap niggas too soft good ass tickin me off  
Bitch I ball like the super bowl I'm kickin it off  
Balmains filled with blue cheese  
I got the blues new whip 22 [?] tennis shoes

Why this x pill be m I a m?  
Why this red bone bitch tryna be my bae?  
Kick her to the curve send that bitch on her way  
Get like foe nem on the curve nigga you in my way

Gold cuban links cost a 100k k k  
I don't fuck with niggas like I'm with the k k k  
Me and ye ridin round with Ak k k  
I kill ya like I'm stuck in a doll from child's play

Nigga want beef we can meet  
Out here some where in the streets  
I got double C on my feet  
She hungry for my dick she can eat

Give a doggy bitch a doggy a treat  
She always beggin you for leech  
Hard boys runnin for police  
I got shooters out west north south east

Like 2pac I'm from the west side  
High broke from the left side

Off set ridin 24 I got 23 on the front tire  
Hit ya bitch from the backside  
You told me that's the best side  
Bad bitch with some good brain  
Good head till her neck tire

I'm shootin shit NCAA  
Ridin round with a 5-9  
Blue tips in a new whip  
In a old school like back in the day  
Old school like back in the day