

Usin It

Lud Foe

Aye, Aye

I gave this lil hoe my number now she can't stop usin' it

GANG

Out west 290 shit, Bitch you know how I'm rocking nigga get yo guns up get yo funds up you on that op shit you get mop sticked bitch

No Hooks Part 2

Gang

I gave this lil hoe my number now she can't stop usin' it

I just bought a new chopper now I can't stop usin' it

Made in Italy, my shoes got 2 Gs on em

Cop a foreign than I threw some D's on em

I'm a dog on every beat I leave fleas on em

See my pistol like a lemon boy don't make me squeeze on ya

And bitch if you ain't no stripper I ain't throwin cheese on you

I'm so cold I might leave you froze if I sneeze on you

If you do blow then bring me yo nose

Out here sellin blow

Ran out of baggage so I told my hoes to go to the store

Chopper left him with a bald head, but he had a fro

They wanted smoke now they all dead

Go look at the score

The hottest nigga in it, ain't I?

Baby I'm a big dog but I ain't a K9

You droppin names to the feds? Boy you better not say non'

Get 200 for the time bitch can't let her waste mine

The cops tried to get it back at me

Tough luck damned if they pull me over with this shit in my trunk

Fast whip with the pink slip, bitch this my shit

I'm ridin in it with a full clip of this hot shit

Ridin 26's on the road to riches. Bitches blow me kisses

Tried to tell em but they didn't listen now they reminiscin'

Cause they dissin, I bought ammunition for the opposition

You ain't got no vision and you confused with no intuition

This bitch so thick she can't even fit her thong

I can't consider pistol cause the clip is too long

She can't inhale her smoke cause the reefa too strong

I know I was gon' make it. Won't be broke for too long

Bitch I got my shoes I rock Christian Luves when I walk

Money in my room I don't got no room in the vault

If you make the news fuckin' with my dudes that's your fault

Tried to run he fell, should've tied his shoes before he walked

I Gave that bitch my number

Even though I knew she would stalk

He say he the truth even when I knew he was false

Actin like he hard even though I knew he was soft

I was sellin hard I know what to do with the soft

Bitch I'm livin large like I'm Big Pun in this bitch

Like some morphine, leave a nigga numb in this bitch

Big booty bitch, I might put my thumb in her shit

Switched ruger clips and I put a drum on that bitch

Bitch I'm trynna put my paws on a bag like I'm Santa Clause

Get all in her jaws, kick her out, and forget to call

Nigga I'm a bear, you a dog. Got a different claw

Nigga you ain't seen what I saw boy my vision raw

Ridin 4 deep with that heat no drive out

We walk up, leave a nigga block chalked up

You kill one of mine we get our lick back, we need to sober up
I put my drop top in a paint shop, it need a close up
This bitch lookin at me like wine she fine as hell
She wanna fuck my watch well only time will tell
You broke as hell, in that cell, you can't make your bail
We got pounds, we got bails, and they all for sale
Sixes on my cutlass got me sittin' tall as hell
A nigga press my buttons then you know we raisin hell
You wanna have my baby hoe you must be crazy as hell
Get up and get some money boy yo' ass lazy as hell
Ran up a quarter mill and I ain't even got no deal
I rode with the steel and I don't even need no pill
You actin like you drill, you ain't even in no field
Even though I'm grown still ridin on big wheels

Skrt, Gang, Gaaaang, Gang, Hhahahah, BITCH, Skrt, Skrt