

Two Door

MIKE

Load the ammo, cock the trigger, pull it, man, ain't nothin' to it
Bullets that I play with leave your body paralyzed
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Huh

Booked, yeah, I'm overbooked
Connect me to your hot spot, why I'm in your hood? (Yeah)
I don't prefer to talk a lot 'cause some shit understood
Hit spliffies when I'm sparkin' up 'cause I don't do the 'Wood
While niggas think they hard as us but don't know what it took?
But this nigga think we parted up, he don't know he a jugg
It's big MIKE, I'm my father's son, I wish a nigga would
I keep big 'za at my carpenter's, in place I shove my foot
I want big ice like Antarctica, I'm beefin' like I'm Suge
I've spent big time at LaGuardia, be sneakin' in the good
I'ma tweak, I fuck your party up, leave before you could
I get flee in all that Margi' stuff, my sneakers gettin' cooked
I get pull like a harmonica, you think I need a push?
Dreaded like I'm Marley, plus I keep around some kush
Lil' redhead think I'm gnarly but I need a Megan Good
I'm at ends like I'm Omarion, really I'm never shook, yeah

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It's true I make, it's true I make, it's true I make these racks
Your bullshit make me laugh
Lil' shroom will take me back
It's cool, I make these raps
It's true I make, it's true I make, it's true I make these racks
Break rules, they take me last
Stay cool, they got me tack
And the two-door ain't my 'Bach
All the bullshit make me laugh
Lil' shroom will take me back
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