Beating Down Yo Block

Monaleo

Ridin', blowin' big, sippin' on a daily basis (Merion Krazy)
Quick to hop out on your block and wreck faces
Slanted slabs in open spaces, looking good and standing tall
Beatin' down yo' block, knocking pictures off the wall (Leo)

Young rich bitch, I feel like I got something to prove (For real)
Slap the shit out me a nigga if he acting like a fool (The fuck?)
And bitches tried to hold me back when I was up at school (Uh)
But I was beating hoes up and knocking bitches out they shoes (Ha ha)
These is facts—any bitch could vouch for me
I can't break no bread if you wasn't sleeping on that couch for me (At all)
Put 'em on TV, my niggas giving out they clout for free
And I'm not for the game, so, bitch, you better watch your mouth with me
Ayy, 'cause it get ugly, but I'm a sweetheart—you can't tell?
You wouldn't know what all I been through 'cause I make this shit look well (For real)
I can't send you no money, so don't call me from no cell (Uh-huh)
'Cause I ain't holding no nigga down, so, bitch, you better not go to jail
Nigga, I mean that
Watched a couple hoes switch up on me, I hate I seen that (Eww)
We got dirty money, so you know we had to clean that
Can't fuck with niggas that got hoes, I won't get in between that (Uh-uh)
We toss niggas around, we treat these niggas like they beanbags
Niggas think they player 'til they meet a real P bitch
And I taste like sugar, but ain't a damn thing sweet, bitch (The fuck?)
I would never let another nigga try me like no weak bitch
I'm pretty, but I'll take a nigga life, and that's the tea, bitch (For real)

I'm pimpin' on a daily basis
I'm quick to break a nigga down for them dead faces
I don't fuck with bitches, we not friends and we not pals
Beating down yo' block, taking niggas from they gals
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Bitch, I'm fine—slim waist, pretty face, he know I'm a dime (Uh-huh)
Can't lay up with no nigga 'cause I do not have the time (At all)
And I can't claim a nigga 'cause none of these niggas mine (Eww)
Don't ask me 'bout my ex, let's just pretend that nigga died (Stupid)
Ain't no pressure bout no nigga, tell his ass to fall in line (For real)
And if he can't get right, I'm just gon' take it as a sign
'Cause for this next line, you gotta look me in my eyes:
If you think I'ma sweat you, you out your motherfucking mind (Dummy)
Is you stupid? Is you dumb? Pick a side (Stupid)
I feel like FBG Duck, I'm tryna slide (Tryna slide)
When I creep around that corner, bitch, you better run and hide (For real)
And we ain't taking shit to heart, we just gon' take it right outside (Come here)
And if we take one of your people, better take that shit in stride (For real)
Bitch, you said you was a killer, but it's looking like you lied (Stupid)
And bitches know I lead the pack, I'm feeling like a tour guide (Uh-huh)
If I catch a chicken lacking, bitch, your ass as good as fried (Ahh)
VVS is hitting, got this shit from number nine (Uh-huh)
Swerving, switching lanes, I almost broke my fucking spine (Ow)

Remember being broke, I swear them jobs was hard to find (Uh-huh)
But now, look at me shining, I thank God 'cause it's my time
So I'm— (Uh-huh)

Pimpin' on a daily basis (For real)
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I don't fuck with bitches, we not friends and we not pals
Beating down yo' block, taking niggas from they gals
Pimp—Pimp—Pimpin' on a daily basis
I'm quick to break a nigga down for them dead faces
I don't fuck with bitches, we not friends and we not pals
Beating down yo' block, taking niggas from they gals

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