

My Brudda 2X

Mozzy

Ayy cut the music off, everybody shut the fuck up, nigga
My nigga lost his phone bruh, who got that shit?
Nigga everybody get to empty they pockets nigga, for real
This is Jay P Bangz music

Go to war for you if I love you
Gotta score for you and a double, I just wanna see you bubble
'Nough said wrote across the knuckles
Hundred ball in the duffel, organize the nickel bundles
Ain't no doubt about it, got the nickel on us
Bust her out blood, I think the people on us
They forever geekin' on us
Favorite uncle turned tweaker on us
Pimp partner bitch bad, he been tryna keep it from us
Keep it a hundred, I'm a hundred, I'ma keep it that
You can always have the hoes, pimpin' need a pack
Hell Gang Mozzy, fuck you, you don't believe in that
Threw a half a dime in the crowd like I ain't needed that
Gripped up, Casanova told 'em keep a strap
We was droppin' thirty on 'em with no feedback
Yeah, tryna cook a nigga's noodles
Why you hidin' blood? We gettin' tired of lookin' for you poodles

My brother, my brother brother, my brother
Call me and I'm comin' with cutters, we come to cut up
Headshot, get your lil' hairdo done up
You ain't got no top-ranked resume, nigga shut up
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Ayy check this out real fast, I'm finna take you on a ride
Six Flags, if you don't die you better have a shit-bag
It's murder where I lived at
And you ain't even heard of, where you been at?
Strip a nigga, you can't get your shit back
My feet planted ten flat
Been on this type of shit before I did rap
The only difference now, I got a big bag
Niggas shot at me and missed, we actin' like they did that
Karma play God tonight and take one of they nigs back, big facts
If I ain't got it on me, my lil' brodie gon' shoot
Fuck a group, it's only a driver and maybe two
Who is you? You ain't grow up hangin' with the Ru's
Niggas knew, I don't fuck with suckers and niggas who do
That's on the Ru's
Head-shotter, murder all of my problems
Free Shotta, doin' twelve in the pen, you know I got him
On my mama, I got you the same way that you got me
Lil brodie bounce out of the pen, caught a body nigga

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If I say it's love, better know it be unconditional
Brother to the end, even after we leave the physical
If I say I got you, I got you, nothin' additional
Play with that, we out catchin' bodies like it's traditional
Play the block like Jordan and Pippen if you ain't close to us
Only code we speakin' is loyalty for the both of us
Me and mine, we go against anything that's opposing us
We don't fuck with niggas, these niggas out here be hoes to us
Fuck 'em, we pull up, shake 'em, and dust 'em down
Radiate 'em, we fill 'em, drain 'em, and flush 'em down
Bet I clean up whatever, you go to touchin' mine
Play with anything, like a Rollie, homie we bust it down
If you gotta go then nigga I gotta go too
Right or wrong, that shit don't matter, I'm ridin' with you
If it's time to up the business, I'm slidin' with you
Bond jumpin', disappear, shit I'm hidin' with you

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