Don't let me get it out the mud and throw it in your face... His biggest record ain't even better than my...

Don't let me get it out the mud and throw it in his face...

His biggest record ain't even better than my throwaways
I sell a record but I really could sell anything
Car get riddled di di dah... Bullets riddling
Bullets riddling, shit's hot ya it's crazy
Bullets riddling, bullets hot ya they blazing
Bullets hit his back, run Ricky but we chase him
They used to call me Rico and I was serving crack to Jason

Woah, I'm with the gang and all I know is fuck the rest I know niggas catch a body like it's something out they chest I know a nigga served a junkie now he walking off the edge It's so hard to click over when my niggas call collet

They keep cutting out the threeway, Questioning for three days Homicides get beat ay, they promise he ain't leaving Lawyer with no briefcase, and he walk out the station, smiling like a demon.

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I wanna live good, If I don't know the business then I go read the book My nigga ya he stuck, ain't no leaving the hood Condo next to the hood,

I drop a hit now I'm ready to book Woah

You see I'm sick I got a wassa disease, Woah He get shot and now he washed and deseased, Woah W, so we double the V, Woah Homicide this ain't regular D's

I came up, off of 36 O's

Woah

You see the police try to hang me with ropes, I went to Hundred from "o" I know some niggas that used to play with the nose I got some dawgs but they don't play with a bone, ya you know how it go

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