

Team Up

Problem

You bitches better team up
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'Cause one on one you ain't fuckin with me
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I hear that woofin, ya'll all barkin
Little niggas, the gang is small talkin
Molly though, higher than word off
Orchestratin beefs even muslims couldn't call off
I ain't goin hard bout it, ya'll all soft
Nerf ballin nigga, what that car cost?
You and yo bitch, ass will get smacked quick
On tracks you getting lap quick, hit that switch
Time to turn it up on these marks
Niggas talkin hood shit, well meet me at the park
And the prize is yours, nigga you the one
Throwin from the shoulders, I don't need a gun
Smoking all day like I don't need a lung
Every dog got his day but, well this could be your one
Ask your home boy, today what that bout
He whooped that ass so bad thought he got packed out

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Pussy pussy, hell yea it's on
So glad to me sweaters better than yo songs
So keep on selling it
Play Pac and I Coachella him
Hologram that
Real nigga shit - this the soundtrack
Circus in the chain for the clown at
Yo bitch give me brain and I pound that
That bitch did you bang didn't sound that
Ooh what she came through
She was mad, telling all yo bids fool
And my show bitch is still at the venue
And like a pistol's been thrown, what you've been through
Come on, you hoes better listen up
Pick you up, lift you up then lick you up
When it ends call a friend like bitch wuddup?
I can't handle this nigga by myself

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Compton for real, you ain't gotta ask nigga
Gotta ask nigga, gotta ask nigga
I'm from Compton for real, you ain't gotta ask nigga
I know yo past nigga, I could have yo ass nigga
And I ain't gotta say no homo shit
You only actin like that for the promo
My squad around, them niggas bounce like bozo
Me I'm on yo head ganged up or dolo
Push a cold line, nigga it's freezing
Been on a trip, I'm just waitin on a reason
He wasn't hard to call like when it changed season
You niggas bout to fall, somebody like reason
I'm in the track weaving in that new 7-5 izo
Reading some tweets while that bitch sucks sleeves though
Hard boy kid like Suzzie and P Lo
Diamond Lane, ill game

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This goes out to you
This goes out to you
This goes out to you
And you and you and you
(You ain't fuckin with me)
This goes out to you
This goes out to you
This goes out to you
And you and you and you
(You bitches better team up)

Alright that's it, fo real