

808 Mafia

YK

I got cheese, dope, and a fuckin' bad bitch (Woo)
I got pills, weed, and a Draco with some clips (Woo)
I'ma empty every round, then I'm reloadin' the clip
Caught your gal out here thottin', fuck on that lil' bitch

Memphis niggas, country niggas, and we want all the smoke (Uh-huh)
Fuck with Hector and Gomez, man, we sell all the dope (Uh-huh)
Call my lawyer, Eric Morgan, if I do get caught (Eugh)
The best lawyer in the world, he gon' get the charges dropped
I got dogs, they not strays
Gold teeth, I got braids
Money trains niggas on they hustle, we try'na get paid (Ching king)
Pistol group, .40 on the hip
Shootin' out the muzzle (Bang)
Throw your gang sign in the air if you know 'bout the struggle
Money blue, like puzzle
Pull that scrap, like, uh-oh
I'ma shoot, like fasho
Try me, uh, no-no
All my niggas on go-go
Fuck 12, fuck popo
One in the dome, from Draco
Head in pieces, like puzzle (Eugh, ugh)

I got cheese, hoes, and a bunch of fuckin' dope
I got P's, coke, and some killers at the door
Hydro weed smoke, and a quarter-ounce of blow
What you need, bro, is to fuck with your boy

Ayy

Slidin' down 240, then got off on Earl Ways (Trap)
Headin' to the hood where whole things for sale, man (Trap)
You wanna P or a muthafuckin' bill, man (Trap)
When you pass the corner store, just make a left, man (Trap)
I'm on Boar Street (Trap)
80 P's a week (Trap)
Niggas runnin' in and out, that's how you know it's me (Trap)
[?] bars on every window on the house (Like who that right there)
Ain't nothing in here but a scale and a couch (Yeah, yeah)
Narcotics ridin' down the street, oh shit (God damn)
I grabbed the money, went and threw it over the fence (Open this door)
Too much, this shit got me paranoid (Yeah, yeah)
These niggas dummies, man, don't make me send the boys

Yeah

South Memphis youngin', you know how I'm comin'
I been gettin' money, turn nothin' into somethin' (Yeah)
Phone line jumpin' (Brirt), they booking' me constantly (Okay)
'Cause this young nigga hotter than a fuckin' oven (Hot, hot, hot)
Chillin' with your auntie (Ayy), smokin' on some onion (Yah)
Ass fat like an onion (Yah), head by my tummy (Whoa)
Ridin' 'round town in a brand new foreign (Shit)
And I got bored, put some Forgiattos on it (Yeah)
I be Gucci'd down, but I'm still wearing' Jordans (Yeah)

I be iced out, bitch, my neck cost a fortune (Uh)
I been ballin' out, I just came back from tourin' (Yeah)
And linked up with Pat, 'cause he said he got some more

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