SRT

Rylo Rodriguez

Al Geno on the motherfuckin' track

Yeah, every nigga wanna be a motherfucking boss, yeah
I ain't been to church but I know how to play the cross, yeah
Every young nigga in my city having motion
I'm ready to elude, can you tell me where the folks went?
SRT truck, pipe it up
She ain't got no swag, I spice her up
Put ice on her like hockey puck
Shit gon' go bad, don't try your luck
I lost a dime and spiked my cup
I lost a bitch and found the plug
These niggas can't get no strains off us
These niggas can't take no pipes off us (Can't take no guns off of me)

I don't care if you ain't hitting as long as you got a shooter
I don't care if they got the dope and the money, you ain't tell you cool
I had to sell the shoes
I used to fail in school
I'm tryna milk the ho, they tryna spoil the mood
My dawg, he got caught, serving undercovers
I went before he made them plays, he with a audible
Cartier, Dior, this ain't Cashmere
I don't even know her but she say I fucked her last year
This year, and I put it in fast gear
I been the one, I seen a nigga playing both sides
I been the one, .38 a Hellcat, shit was scatpack
Twenty-one, just hit for ten K, I was playing blackjack (Blackjack, blackjac
k, blackjack)

Yeah, every nigga wanna be a motherfucking boss, yeah
I ain't been to church but I know how to play the cross, yeah
Every young nigga in my city having motion
I'm ready to elude, can you tell me where the folks went?
SRT truck, pipe it up
She ain't got no swag, I spice her up
Put ice on her like hockey puck
Shit gon' go bad, don't try your luck
I lost a dime and spiked my cup
I lost a bitch and found the plug
These niggas can't get no strains off us
These niggas can't take no pipes off us (Can't take no guns off of me)

I know some hoes who take care of niggas
I know some hoes who ride with they pistols
Told her my side 'cause she was a stealer
I put some boosters inside of a trailer
Can't trust my homies, them niggas some killers
Shit get humongous, they cool, it go bigger
5.56 in the Kel-Tec
I walk on shit just like I'm T-Rex
This ho hood but she arrogant
Her mouth'll make you marry
I don't care if it's illegal, I'm still gon' carry it
Ayy, them niggas broke, shit embarassing
She from the 'Nolia, the ho got accent
Got niggas in jail who getting the packs in

I know young strikers, I know young strikers, I know young strikers
I was shooting dices, I was shooting rifles

Yeah, every nigga wanna be a motherfucking boss, yeah
I ain't been to church but I know how to play the cross, yeah
Every young nigga in my city having motion
I'm ready to elude, can you tell me where the folks went?
SRT truck, pipe it up
She ain't got no swag, I spice her up
Put ice on her like hockey puck
Shit gon' go bad, don't try your luck
I lost a dime and spiked my cup
I lost a bitch and found the plug
These niggas can't get no strains off us
These niggas can't take no pipes off us (Can't take no guns off of me)

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!