

## Mr. Drip Doe

Sauce Walka

Know what I'm talkin bout you feel me  
You know what I'm saying  
H-Town Nigga you feel me  
But I'mma take this shit back to mother fucking Balifornia one  
more time you know what I'm talking bout

Ay waddup homie  
[?] Park blood

Oh lord here go them sauce drippin bastards, I just bought a ne  
w Benz just to knock a bad bitch  
Walk in the grocery store with the chopper in my basket  
I had to thank the bitch for the 40 racks when I grabbed it  
Before I hit the set grabbed the yeeeky under the mattress  
Cause shawty fucked all the homies that ain't a bad bitch  
She got hella bodies I seen her with everybody  
Homie tried to keep it a secret we tellin everybody  
[?] with the kick start homie got no stripes on the set he got  
bitch heart  
Only active niggas around me when all the shit start, I know ab  
solutely he letting the fire stick bark  
Catch me ridin through the cutty wit my blood buddies, slide t  
hrough the next big whoop and all the bloods love me  
Got crips drippin through the streets over here [?] eastcost ca  
use my sauce pimpin family  
Yeah, I'm good in the land and that's on mammas but I still sli  
de around with a few llamas  
Broke your dusty ass bitch for a few commas, swooped her ass up  
she was tired of the bore problems

No BFE  
Scooped the bitch off big homie  
You know that shit slap blood  
You know that shit slap  
Oweee!  
Say blood what set you from homie