

N' 2 Dat

Sauce Walka

Know what I'm talkin' 'bout, ooh-wee
Ghetto gospel nigga

Hop off the blue bird and start smashin' shit
Nigga got to the pen I was thrashin' shit
I was bustin' big store, I was havin' shit
I had hoes on my books, I ain't ask for shit
Kept a blade in my boots, on some stabbin' shit
NIggas gay in this bitch, on some grabbin' shit
I was doin push-ups, on some savage shit
Nigga got out the pen and I grabbed the bitch
Made my first hundred thousand off Africans
My ho is white as a napkin
And she get paid off of travelin'
I'm throwin' sauce like a javelin
Look at the pad I'm in, livin' extravagant
Once we know you a snitch you can't trap again
Once we know you a bitch you get slapped again
My lil bro broke his wrist in that glass again
I told that nigga stop doin' that
Go get you a bitch and be through with that
Tryna whip up a brick, she work two with that
And these boots I got on got the Gucci patch
My belt Gucci too so the Gucci match
I walked out of court in some Gucci slacks
Then broke on a bitch in a Gucci hat
When I bought all them chains they said Gucci back
I got white bitches slangin' that coochie back
Bitch I'm a dog, I eat Scooby Snacks
And I'm stuck in the beat like a booby trap
Bitch I grew out my hair just to lose the cap
I took a pint on the cruise and nap
I knock the P, make him lose his trap
He couldn't sleep, he on Google Maps
Got in a race and start losin' laps
Nigga see me, he salty, don't get no daps
Better stay off this smoke 'fore my Glock relapse
And you end on somebody shirt perhaps

Know what I'm sayin
Ooh-wee

Spray-cos, AR's, and choppers, we into that
Making hundreds off boppers, we into that
Peelin' off on the coppers, we into that
We ain't ducking no squabbles, we into that
Sending hits on our problems, we into that
We like sticks and revolvers, we into that
Can't find you, hit your mama, we into that, yeah we into that
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