

## 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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