

G'yeah
Y'all know what that shit sound like right
One of those Top Dawg GED collabs
You know Q and Jay Rock
Ali I see you nigga
Let's get it
G'yeah, G'yeah, G'yeah, G'yeah

G'yeah
I'm still screaming out fuck it
Big burner on me, shit
No need to tuck it
Never been the bitch be the first one to dump it
Raised by the orange rags shrubs stay lurking
Name on the scene now the whole blocks jerking
If I'm ever in the problems see the whole block merking
Niggas all face shit don't deserve a purpose
It ain't hard to tell that I'm the hardest on the surface
Spitting out curses
White blood still [?]
Jacked when I spit so get sick up out the verses
Murdering these MC's spitting out hearses
Play it to the world now the whole world purchase
Yeah, you know I mix it with the rap
You know baking soda water boiled turns it into crack
Long ass heat like I'm turning into shaq
Jay Rock and Q motherfucker it's a rap

What's up nigga welcome to the west side
Aye Q let's show 'em how the west ride
I'm a red ragger, I hold my set down
I got style my flow sicker than west now
Hit Vegas, crap tables and blow thou's
Act tough no hesitation we blow cows
Keep goons behind me, ones that don't smile
They only cop bad gat's to spray crowds
Represent the slobs see the fullest on the block
Hanging like snot trying to get picked like boogers
Post on corners like wrestling turnbuckles
Living rough and rugged attitude like fuck it
Talking out the side of your mouth we might bust it
Keep on talking, your life we might rush it
Living by the code of the streets
Gotta keep it G 'til the day I'm deceased
Peace