

Thirty

Shawty Lo

Yeah they thirty a piece
Clean sauce, they dirt cheap
Finesse if you sleep
Peek-a-boo, please don't weep
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Arm & Hammer, left you with a clean number
Know that, you ain't never bought the banker What's happening? got the trap bunkin'
Turned a lil some' to a whole lot of some'
Junkies comin' in, junkies goin' out
Hundreds in the sofa, fifties in the couch
Play with it, hit ya in the mouth
Bankhead Shawty or you call me dirty south

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Wrapping but a nigga still hands on
Never hit the trap without my handgun
Never take a rap without my Samsung
Never trust these niggas 'cause they tampons
Cooking that curry, gettin' Steph Curry
Whip it up, now it gettin' McFlurry
Nigga going crazy with the glass bowl
The fast money turned me to an asshole
Stove and the microwave, we getting to it
Had about twenty things in the Buick
Used to sell rocks on the dirty curb
Met right playin' with that dirty fur

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