

Salute Me

Stack Bundles

{It's still Riot or Diet Ladies & Gentleman(Yes Sir!). Thes niggas actin like they don't know where the f**k I'm from(Who?). I'm from the other side, the ten side and all that(Redfern Ave.) Riiight... Yvette's son, Ray Cee first born, you know me(What up nigga). M.A. best friend, Bynoe comrad. Me and Co re been doin' this a long time(Yes Sir). Still waitin' for Drugz to touch down. We are the Riot, but f**k with me... check it... look}

Supposed to be thirty-six, but we only had nine (O's)

Gettin em' for six, lettin em' go for nine (900)

That's three dollars, multiply that by nine

That's twenty seven hundred every motherf**kin' time (Whoo!)

Such a hell of grind (Riiight)

Every nickel or dime

Or nickel and dime

Went to helpin' a nigga shine (You saw me)

Heated seats helpin' a nigga recline (I was leaning)

His and hers nobody sittin' behind (No room)

Imagine being twenty-three years old

Coming through in a drop Porshe so motherf**kin' cold (Riiight)

Niggas know ya sold everything under the sun (So?)

You cumfy in the hood and ain't gotta wear ya gun (Nah)

Ya do it cause you used to, and coming up from where we from

Hustlers relate to it, they know they do it for them (Do it for y'all)

Do it for us, hustle among em' (Me too nigga!)

If looks had killed, then ya eyes would of hung em' (Riiight)

But judgin me ain't budgin me

There's mouths fed because of me

Alphabet boys still buggin' me what

Tryin' to keep em' off my□ ass like my dungarees

I'm passing at the top of my class, tell em' I'm done with D's (I'm finished nigga)

But niggas just don't get it'

Like my niggaz behind the wall I just don't visit (Drugz I'm sorry)

I take risk

And take care of nigga family (For real), but the money just don't mean shit
(So f**k it)

I guess we all selfish in our own way

I plan on being wealthy in my old age

But I got rich thoughts and poor habbits

Addicted to the money I'm no different from the addicts (No Better)

And I'm tryin' to avoid the static

But niggas keep forcing my hand (stop playin!)

Money is nothin', I cover it, I'll pay for the flowers and the casket fam'

Here's ya choice

Mob or Starve

Riot or Diet

Boast or be quiet

Sell somethin' or try it (Ya better)

A life costs less than a hooptie

But ya ain't got the strength to shoot me

So Salute Me (C'mon)

Mob or Starve

Riot or Diet

Boast or be quiet

Sell somethin' or try it (Try it nigga)

A life costs less than a hooptie

But ya ain't got the strength to shoot me

So Salute Me

Niggas is playin' with my temperment

My young boy would make the hood so hot, niggas would wonder where the winte
r went (Diesel!)

I ain't ready to take off my scully (Nah)

Call me tommy bunz, cause this belly (Chea!)

I got my guns up, boxes of shells

Would break his jaw but I don't wanna f**k up my nails (I'm too pretty nigga !)

I know that's making you niggas salt (Ha ha ha)

Niggas mad at me like it's my fault (Why?)

Nigga ya broke and the hood won't miss you

I'll shoot you in ya face and bronze the pistol punk

{f**k is wrong with ya niggaz man, stop playin, like like shut the whole hood down nigga}

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