

Violent

Too \$hort

Ay, F.A.B., mayne, what's going on out here, nigga?
Niggas out here robbing niggas
Running up on niggas, knocking niggas down, nigga
Niggas is not taking no shit out here in the Bay, mayne
It's like real muthafuckin' crazy right now, nigga
Rap niggas, street niggas, square niggas
Niggas is getting real out here
What's going on here, F.A.B.?

I said this drink in my cup got feeling violent
This pill that I popped got me feeling violent
This thang on my hip got me feeling violent
("Hi, kids, do you like violence?")
Your bitch kinda wet, looking like an island
She on something, I can see her eyelids
Keak tryna tell me 'bout some shit that I did
I'm getting juiced and I'm feeling violent

Nigga, I don't give a fuck 'bout getting kicked out this club
Every nigga that I'm with 'bout to turn the fuck up
C.T. on the beat, man, you know that shit slap
That's your freak on the beat 'bout to make her ass clap
Give a fuck he gets mad-pussy nigga, do something
You a sucka, you a sissy, you ain't 'bout to nothing
You a Cookie, I'm a Lucious; Eazy-E, bitch, I'm Ruthless
We go stupid like it's still '06, you a doofus, bitch, you're useless
After I fuck, man, I call that bitch a Uber
I'll slide on your squad like a kid on a scooter
And your bitch on my dick from the rooter to the tooter
You an Internet thug, you only hard on a computer
Fuck your bitch then I boot her, bust one on her hooters
Leave her in the Boondocks, Aaron McGruder
Shrunk up like a tutor, act like I never knew her
I leave a punk bitch on ice like a cooler

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Security better go on somewhere, 'Fuck you mean ain't no hats?'
Bitch, I already bought a table, and it cost me two racks
Better have my bottles right, and the chasers on point
Got some 'woods rolled up, got some papers for a joint
Fuck them freeloading bitches—they ain't chip in, they ain't sippin'
\$hort, go on with all that cool shit, talkin' 'bout I'm trippin'
Muthafuckin' right I'm trippin', they done charged me some bands
So if a bitch wanna sip, I bet she comin' out her pants
Bitch better dance, fuck a groupie and a stan
"Get away from me, blood! I don't want no pictures with no man!"
All these hoes up in here, and you tryna take a flick?
Better knock you a bitch and get the fuck off my dick!"
Crack a nigga in his head with a champagne bottle

Little Brodie keep a .40 and that .40 filled with hollows
We gon' kick this bitch off, we startin' a riot
You know them Oakland niggas crazy, bitch, we violent

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Get the fuck out my face, punk bitch
Get the fuck out my space, broke nigga
Get the fuck out my face, punk bitch
I don't wanna talk to no niggas
Get the fuck out my face, punk bitch
Get the fuck out my space, broke nigga
Get the fuck out my face, punk bitch
I don't wanna talk to no niggas, BITCH!

I'm from the Town; got my DJ in the house, DJ Slow Poke
He from the Rich—what's up, Richmond?
What's up, Frisco? What's up, EPA?
What's up, Berkeley? What's up, Oakland? Nigga
We out here, mayne—I see you Vallejo, uh
Say something—we riding all the way to Sac tonight, mayne
What's up with it, baby? Fuck wit' it...