

Edgewood

Trouble

Jacob and the Big God brazy
ATL Jacob
That Boy Cass

Off of Edgewood lil' bitch I know you heard of that
Not the one you heard about, one where we murder at
I go straight off cross your top like doin' hurdles jack
Flip a sack, like you do a burger pack
Push up on your bih like where you from, suburb
Damn that bih say where you come, burbs
Hop up out that bih what's wrong, lurkin'
You don't fuck with me I'm on, must be hurtin'

You don't fuck with me I'm on
Gotta be real broke, I put these streets on my back forreal
I gave em real hope
Shit that you serve on the block ain't real
It ain't even real dope
I thought you'd be a real nigga yeah
I gotta keep it real with ya
Summer time posted in the villa
With some real niggas gettin' millions
While you niggas caught up in ya feelings (too much)
Big boy chillin' be gettin'
I'ma turn a hundred to a mill
Just like I did when stuck in the county
All the whips gettin' mounted (wet)
Bitch drownin'
Break that shit down into ounces
I'm fuckin' with all the lil bouncers
Necklace fountain
Next bitch bounce that
You ain't really with the shit
I can do movin' sex on my dick
It's up to you to bet against the kid
Forty five hundred on my fit, bet

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Mobb shit mobb shit, pullin' up poppin' like opp shit
Edgewood came up, gang stripe robbin' in apartments
Zone 6 spendin' shit, real bricks nigga like gangland
Real bloods, real crips, real G's, mobb on the same plan
First 48 call us stick to callin' niggas bringing names up
Streets caught a nigga internet stalkin' instead of wanna be famous
Where I'm from, we ain't never had shit
So how could you blame us
From a hood you'll be foreign bitch
And made you a lame to us
Pull up bustin' different niggas in ya hood

They're all the same to us
Pop a wig nigga betta get ya kids
Ya'll the same to us
2-11 we could make a 187
It's all the same to us
Edgewood 800 BBS
It's all the same to us

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