

Creep

Uncle Murda

Creep, yeah, just keep it on the down low
Said, uh, uh, yeah, creep
I put your bitch in the drive
Now this nigga mad 'cause I fucked his bitch
He wearing a top for a thigh
You can try and do that
But I keep a Blick thing twice 'fore you rush in the spot
And you better not trip
'Cause you could get hit, these bullets'll knock off his top

He left you for me 'cause she said that the sex wasn't good
No, you wasn't doin' it right
She got you stressin' the decks, now you stuck in the hood
Mad about losin' your wife
Whenever I call, she get me right
She doin' that thing that I like
I start linin' out your life
I'ma walk 'em down and off the pipe

Uh, uh, yeah, creep
I gotta think for these hoes (I do)
They do the most when they gettin' drunk
Or puttin' that shit in they nose (she worse)
She think it's hell, got a BBL
Can't even fit in them clothes (she can't)
These niggas driftin', they out here trickin'
I just put dick in these hoes

Uh, uh, yeah, creep
Keep it up up with a nigga (tell her how this)
You got a man, oh, he might get shot
If he try to run up on a nigga (bang)
He live in your crib, y'all got two kids
I know you stuck with a nigga (damn)
He killin' you long, he went through your phone
Now he know you fuckin' a nigga (he fuckin' a nigga)

Uh, uh, yeah, creep (he fuckin' a nigga)
I put your bitch in the drop (nigga)
Now this nigga mad 'cause I fucked his bitch
He willin' to die for a thot (thot)
You can try and do that
But I keep a blick, think twice 'fore you rush in the spot
And you better not trip
'Cause you could get hit
These bullets'll knock off his top

She left you for me 'cause she said that the sex wasn't good
Know you wasn't doin' it right (uh-huh)
She got you stressin' the decks, now you stuck in the hood
Mad about losin' your wife (damn)
Whenever I call, she get me right (yeah)
She doin' that thing that I like (uh-huh)
You cross that line and that's your life (uh-huh)
I'ma walk him down and off the pipe, uh, uh, yeah, creep

Man, I can't believe these hoes

I treat 'em like nothin', that's in the discussion
Man, I bet we feed these hoes
They probably need these hoes
They tryna see these hoes
That ain't how I'm comin'
If these niggas want it, I grip on my heat and throw

Uh, uh, yeah, creep
You gotta move tight with a nigga
If he callin' your phone
You better not pick up, ignore and get back to the nigga
Do whatever it takes, tell him a lie
Go 'head and cop to the nigga
And it better go right 'cause if shit go left
I'ma wind up whacking a nigga

Uh, uh, yeah, creep
I'll put your bitch in the drop (drop)
Now this nigga mad 'cause I fucked his bitch
He willin' to die for a thot (thot)
You can try and do that
But I keep a blick, think twice 'fore you rush in the spot
And you better not trip
'Cause you could get hit
Before there's a knock off his top
He left me for me 'cause she said that the sex wasn't good
Know you wasn't doin' it right (uh-huh)
She got you stressin' the decks, now you stuck in the hood
Mad about losin' your wife (uh-huh)
Whenever I call, she get me right (yeah)
She doin' that thing that I like (uh-huh)
You cross that line and that's your life (uh-huh)
I'ma walk him down and off the pipe, uh, uh, yeah, creep
I'll put your bitch in the drop (drop)
Now this nigga mad 'cause I fucked his bitch
He willin' to die for a thot (thot)
You can try and do that
But I keep a blick, think twice 'fore you rush in the spot
And you better not trip
'Cause you could get hit
Before there's a knock off his top
She left me for me 'cause she said that the sex wasn't good
Know you wasn't doin' it right (uh-huh)
She got you stressin' the decks, now you stuck in the hood
Mad about losin' your wife (yeah)
Whenever I call, she get me right (yeah)
She doin' that thing that I like (uh-huh)
You cross that line and that's your life (uh-huh)
I'ma walk him down and off the pipe (yeah, just keep it on down low)