

# 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)