

# Shiggy Dance

Warhol.SS

(Flea)  
(Keep the money long  
Keep the grass cut)

Do my shiggy dance, made her dip again  
She got shitty friends, fucked her on a Xan  
I'm a flavor baby, talkin' Zatarain's  
When they know you havin' paper you don't need advance  
If I lie to you, cross my heart and hope to die  
We gon' slide on em', cross em' out and leave em' fried  
I be speakin' all my thoughts, she said it's lullabies  
We commit the perfect murder, we got alibies

We got mob ties, we ain't talkin' bitch  
It's a black tie, I don't attend events  
Yeah I'm on that purple rain, they think my cousin Prince  
They ain't never went a mile cause' I ain't gave a inch  
It get to that fourth quarter I'ma come in clutch  
Grabba fillin' up my lungs, I don't want a Dutch  
Put that cutter in that choppa', make em' dance nigga  
Bullets poppin', now he hoppin' like it's double dutch  
Niggas snitchin', droppin' dimes, Penny Hardaway  
Ain't no M's when it's easy, went the harder way  
Fly to Brooklyn, on the floor, we at the Barclays  
Nigga actin' like he king, he in the pawns place  
Say a prayer and get to cookin', bitch I'm Gods child  
Leave that shit all on the floor, like a dirty towel  
\$150 on filet mignon, outta' town  
White bitch, snortin' coke lines, single file  
I don't watch cable, I got Hulu  
Wake up and get high, I'm watchin' YouTube  
We ain't havin' money problems, keep the money long  
But I see it's haters every time I'm comin' home  
When I mention chips I ain't talkin' Pringles  
I be out in Vegas with them pipes like I'm [?]  
Niggas broke, he be stealin', he got sticky fingers  
If I catch him blow his hand off, Beanie Sigel

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Hit the road with a kit, I get high and go to work  
Niggas tryna' copy swag but they know who did it first  
Still prayin' on my downfall, tryna' wish the worst  
I was chasin' paper, niggas still runnin' after skirts  
I'ma break your head if you ain't [?]  
I got plugs up on every coast, I ain't ever seen a drought  
Still fuckin' with them niggas every time I hit the south  
You be fuckin' with them rats so you bound to be a mouse  
Hit the bushed, wait it out, now it's time to hit his house  
Caught him sleepin' with his bitch, hit him in his fuckin' mouth

Ridin' with the real dogs, yeah they know we in the town  
Paint your bitch whole face, then treat it like a crown

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