

Marcelo
Who, nigga?

Man, my trunk sound like this when me and my niggas ride through
Grandmama in your living room, thought that y'all was doomed
If a sucker hating on me, I'll take his shorty to the moon
And don't think that she ever coming back too soon
Don't think I won't sweep a sucker up with the broom
Yodaichi, keep me geeky, this no Kiki, that's my boo
Pull up with my niggas smoking more than him and you
I give no fuck about your purpose, nigga, I'ma hurt you
If you pull up moving crazy, I bet we reverse you
I'm from Memphis, Tennessee where they'd rather murk you
Mind your business, don't get in it, he might have to dirt you
I'ma only tell the truth, I got the mausoleum view
Nigga, who? And that could go for him or you
I tried to keep the peace, but they let the hate through
And the tears burn, I'm blowing anger out the roof
At one point in time, I didn't trust my own truth
I smoke a hundred blunts while I ponder on the truth
Now I understand why they never let me through
Now I understand why I'm nothing like you
Dragon Fang Gang, pull up to it, then it's through
Nigga, who? I put the sand in his boots
Space cowboy, platinum-plated on the coupe
I'ma slide through it just to pick up me a few
And then I slide off into the Himalayan view
Nigga, who?