

Stamp On It

Young Bleed

Yeah, yeah
You know exactly what it is
501 rep for show (yeah yeah)
Young Bleed
Southern society

Now everybody put your stamp on it
We keep them clarions clacking with a hamp on it
We keep some p*ssy ridin' with us gettin' damp on it
Comin' down, crushin' busters like a champ on it
I put my stamp on it

Young Bleed and young kids like a wild stampede
We shit that eat that your seeds
They gobble up like bird feed
Me by me?
A killer by killer, hustler for scratch
Snatch your batch by a nappy weed if I pimp it like that
Hood rats out the trapper become the hostile hoes
Pop your collar on now, muah
The letter know
This is how it supposed to go
CDs and posters ho
We makin' money over bitches
But 40 show, I'm in my zone; Carleone
Man, it's my mafioso
I'm so-so, death in a flesh
A people logo
I'm loco, crazy as f*ck
Get off my nuts
Play ahead and police lookin' for me
I'm in the cut, nigga what?
Southside and I can give a f*ck
Hit the p*ssy on the first day and I ain't give a f*ck
Nigga get down 'fore I pound with my .17 rounds
With a clique that keep me up, never lettin' me down
I don't f*ck around on it

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Ain't no concentration camp food stamps and bong weed
Black Vito, nigga what you know 'bout Bleed?
Carleone, nigga. G-Street hustle
Y'all was hatin', I was [?], maintainin' the muscle
Now get f*cked muthaf*cka, don't be no punk
So I can crack your head open just for fakin' da funk
Get crunked muthaf*cka, gon' do that shit
It's a hit while you rest that, your vest gets split

Like a split in between some thighs, between your eyes like recognise
Get your [?]
Nigga best respect mine gangsta, don't be hatin' on me

Phony-ass muthaf*cka I'm off the dome with keys
Droppin' keys off the southern slang, keep a nigga doin' his thang
Lettin' the pistol go bang, southside Louisiana
West mafia gang, gutter gutter cow cutter
I'mma let my nuts hang to let you

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It ain't 'bout nothin'
When I'm talking I meet that [?] like Willie Sutton
I'm huntin' where the money is
And that's where I be, I put that on my kids
My wizz, mama, house and a dog, that's what that is nigga
So off the chain, hoppin' out the backyard
And goin' hard at your jugular vein, snatchin' your whole car
For being so far, fakin' the game?
You know me mane, I don't change
In Valley Rally complain
I let their gun bang, f*ck all that talkin'
Watch where you walkin', all that [?] will get you chalked in
I'm like them Vulcans, throwin' up fours
I thought you know how I hop out below
Keepin' the G Code and I'm a G [?]
Lovin' his gang, bringin' a thang like G Thang
Mobbin' over the streets we slang
Strong as heat mane, I'm 'bout it-'bout it
But I don't talk about it
I'm walkin' in, I'm walkin' out it nigga for real

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