Off Parole

Young Buck

Haha... Hey yo yayo
Ayo you off parole now nigga
Let's go
Haha
Ayo man these niggaz mustve forgot man
Nigga we run these streets nigga
G UNIT

We let you niggaz pick up the ones, we left you our leftovers
Shut down your company and murdered your best soldiers
And it's the motherfuckin thanks we get
I ain't puttin' out my album till you buy Banks shit
Don't be fooled by these rap niggas fake ass jewels
They sell a hundred thousand records and they think they cool
Wheres the rules, my little girl watchin' the tube and she don't need to see another nigga kissin a dude
BET didn't give us no invitations to the awards
There wasn't enough metal detectors at the door
Lord, don't let this industry injure me
I'm tryna see my nephew at least turn twenty-three
Live to the day they let Larry Hoover free
So all you rap niggas better get used to me
Let's take it back Yayo to where it used to be
G U N I T
Holla back

You started, I fell off, my album did seven hundred
So fuck with five fifty, I'm in a six hundred
Level four vest got the fifty on me
And if I ever go broke I spend Fiftys money
Nigga fresh off tour, from Sweden to Germany
Chill on my dick so these hoes ain't burnin' me
Bentley flyin' spur, interior burgandy
Bulletproof truck, in case you cowards try to murder me
Jail house is packed ain't no empty cells
And I'm tryna make a half a mill, off of twelve-twelves
My little mouse gun hold twelve shells
And if we get locked up, we postin twelve bails
Antiques, gucci sneaks, they cost twelve bills
For my next two albums I need twelve mills
I'm the MVP, the most valuable playa
I'm in your mp3 playa
So hate nigga

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!