

Hammer Time

Young Dro

Uh, uh, Hustle Gang nigga
Fuck you sayin' fool
No rappin' ass nigga, man we the south man!
We don't care nothing 'bout that shit coming out your mouth!
Swag bitch!

Three, this shit dope
Bitch I'm hot but the whip cold
These bitches talkin' 'bout their Limber
Got these bitches in Limbo
Money real long bitch limo
Whoop a nigga ass like Kimbo
Hold up where the motherfuckin' hood at (where the hood at?)
I do this shit with my kinfolk

This shit cold, slow nigga down move the blitz slow
They don't see a nigga 'cause the tint though
I'm lookin' for a motherfuckin' nympho
Bricks in the goddamn Pinto
You want a couple those get the info
Break down dimes look like like Mentos
If the shoes ain't a grand, we don't get those
Uh, hurry up nigga this the last ki
They don't know where the fiberglass safe at
To get in that bitch you need a glass key
I'm ballin' like a motherfuckin' athlete
These niggas can't rap if you ask me
Check the alphabet nigga I'm the last "G"
Usain Bolt can't catch me!
Boat motor Chevy can't pass me
Pink berry Mollie bitch rasby
If a nigga think he better I forgive him
"Dro spit like Pac" nigga begged him
NYC nigga feel him
3Krazy flow I'm 'a get him
I don't need a bulletproof vest
I took a .45 'til the stomach can't kill him!
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Three, I'm Gucci, ATL nigga eat sushi
\$5000 Yorkie named Poochie
I don't want your bitch, I want coochie
On the yacht boat nigga I'm the crew chief
Sick flow bitch you gotta sue me
If a 30 year old bitch wanna do me
She gotta put 30 inches on a Dually
My bitch ain't black she Persian
Got a cashmere drop-top Burban

I'm ghetto ass nigga you suburban
Got waves in my head, I'm surfin'
Al Qaeda nigga with the turban
Got 20 bricks in the excursion
I'm a kush nigga, you can keep "purpin"
This sac get low I'm lurkin'
Ride on a Bentley Green and white Bobby and Whitney
Popping their kidney, way blacker than Poitier Sidney
Detroit what up doe
Got Cartier with me
Got weight you wanna lif' it got 20 blocks with me
I'm trill though, flow lyrics up in your earlobe
5 shots hop out 'n' the k in your ribs though
Nigga know I'm gangster 'cause I'm up in their grill though
I kill all ya'll; after that, kill more

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After Louis, I kill 'em in the premium denim
You medium, nigga
I make you be obedient nigga
I got flavor, check out my ingredients nigga
I get higher than a balloon with helium in it
I'm really a menace
Rush a ho like Willie McGinest
I'm really committed to fucking with the richest of bitches
I'm itching for digits
I'm part way pimping efficient
Bitches see the Chevrolet and get to winking and wishing

Hey [?] with the rocks on you can get popped on
Light yellow Chevy the color of popcorn
My bitch rock mink, I got the fox on
Drop Panamera I'm gettin' my floss on
Hands-free phone I'm gettin' my talk on
I gotta spit heart, 'cause my nigga Pac gone
If I ain't gettin money then nigga you bought wrong
When your broad calling the house but nigga I'm not home

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