

# Beef

Young Gunz

Yo, C hand me that muthafuckin' ratchet man  
These niggas talkin' all that beef shit  
Soon as this nigga come around the muthafuckin' corner  
I'ma lay this nigga, fuck this nigga

Hundred rounds lay 'em down from a far  
Talking that trunk shit layed down by the bar  
Spit it how I live it, yeah, I'm down for the Thinking I ain't wit it run around from New York

Though I knew niggas, niggas is down wit the law  
All new heat niggas ain't down wit the broads  
I ain't tryin' lease, I'm puttin' down what it cost  
All you playa haters get lost

I'm warnin' niggas, informin' niggas  
We can take it toe-to-toe, blow-for-blow  
Grab you four Teflons goin' Shoot em' up, niggas is rugered up

The lead flyin', somebody dyin', suit em' up  
Nigga you come in our direction, shells in your fleshin'  
I was told homey squeeze first in thought of question  
Niggas will never ever get on our level  
Before you gettin' my cheddar, homey you kiss my bareta

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Yo, it start from a fist fight, you know where it end right  
Niggas talkin' that roach shit, gettin' they ratchet  
Tryin' to lead the only thing you love out to be bastards  
Gotta walk down on them, 'cause them feinds ain't askin'

That laser grip bullshit you might as well get rid of it  
what I got I let it breathe a little bit  
Trust me that pump-action guaranteed you a casket  
Some cryin' other niggas was laughin'

In my hood it ain't good, niggas get what they deserve  
That Mauseberg 500 lay em' on the curb  
All cause him and them had a couple words  
Now mom dukes lettin' off a couple birds

Dubs cry, slugs fly most times it ain't even over no pies  
It's just some regular of guys  
Wanted dead or alive  
And in my hood they never ask that question why

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You know we right back at 'em, tinted up on the caddy  
Bunch of pistol grips and I fullied the automaty

Yeah and I can care less if they bag me  
Gotta hit 'em where it hurt, while she comin' out of church

Ransom a hundred grand, it can get me what she worth  
For I put her to the earth and otherwise she murked  
Just another T-shirt, nigga lost in the sauce  
Next time you know better fuckin' with a boss

They know we tear the place up, face fruity and the Jacob  
Play tough big ass toolie cover the waist up  
Call my ace up nigga pay him on his way up  
I told him bring the eight's up and someone bring the K's up

Comin' straight up, somebody block gettin' sprayed  
Babies time to wake up somebody shootin' again  
Somebody losin' a friend over music again  
Happened before we'll do it again, you fuck around nigga

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