

# Deeper Than Rap

Young Nudy

Okay, yeah  
Shit deeper than rap, yeah  
I done seen a lot of niggas fall off tryna play with the trap, yeah (Yeah, y  
eah)  
Shit deeper than rap, yeah (Yeah, COUPE)

Send 'em round your way, you know that they smash shit, yeah (Okay)  
Anything for that money, I go dumb dumb (Go dumb dumb), special ed  
Sippin' these drugs, I'm pissing out the red  
All of this green, you know that we selling that  
Smoke a whole pound, we don't do the pitty-pat  
It ain't 'bout money, then nigga not hearin' that  
All of this money, you know that I'm gettin' that  
Trappin' and robbin' and rappin', I'm gettin' that (Okay, yeah)  
Fuck on your bitch, now you have your feelings back  
Beefing 'bout bitches, man, I am not into that  
Internet tit-for-tat, I am not into that  
Talking 'bout smoke with me, nigga, we killin' that  
Bustin' my gun, man, I hope that you shoot it back  
Don't bring no doo-doo, the chopper know child-play (Know child-play)

Shit deeper than rap, yeah (Yeah)  
I done seen a lot of niggas fall off tryna play with that trap, yeah (With t  
hat strap)  
Shit deeper than rap, yeah (Shit deeper than rap)  
You keep a strap, yeah (Keep a strap)  
You bust somebody, you know you better not say nothin', might get locked up  
(Yeah)  
Shit deeper than rap, yeah (Shit deeper than rap)  
Your bitch done fucked your partners so you mad about it, don't have no fit  
about it  
Just go fuck another bitch (Yeah)  
This shit deeper than rap, yeah (Deeper than rap)  
Gotta make money, them hoes gon' ask for it  
When you got them drugs, a country boy, you know you gotta tax for it (Yeah)  
Shit deeper than rap  
Ask about Nudy, shawty keep a strap  
Talk about robbin', buddy, that's a wrap  
And this right here no rap cap (Yeah)  
I'm known by this shit, keep big straps (Yeah)  
I'm posted in the hood with your bitch on my lap (Yeah)  
I fold these pussy niggas just like a napkin  
Niggas know what's happenin', yeah  
I'm a Blood, you a Blood, nigga know what's brackin'  
Set trip, man, you know I get to smashin'  
Real right nigga, niggas know what's happenin'  
Say you want smoke, then catch me in traffic  
I'm gettin' money, broke niggas not havin'  
You talking 'bout beef, you got me laughin'  
I be gettin' money, that is a habit

Send 'em round your way, you know that they smash shit, yeah (Okay)  
Anything for that money, I go dumb dumb (Go dumb dumb), special ed  
Sippin' these drugs, I'm pissing out the red  
All of this green, you know that we selling that  
Smoke a whole pound, we don't do the pitty-pat  
It ain't 'bout money, then nigga not hearin' that

All of this money, you know that I'm gettin' that  
Trappin' and robbin' and rappin', I'm gettin' that (Okay, yeah)  
Fuck on your bitch, now you have your feelings back  
Beefing 'bout bitches, man, I am not into that  
Internet tit-for-tat, I am not into that  
Talking 'bout smoke with me, nigga, we killin' that  
Bustin' my gun, man, I hope that you shoot it back  
Don't bring no doo-doo, the chopper know child-play (Know child-play)

Nothin' but the chopper, you know how we play  
We just like the Wesson, you know how we spray  
If I was cowboy, then make me a K  
I'm just like John Wick with that shit, I don't play  
I don't need no nigga 'round me, I'ma spray  
I been playin' with guns since I was like eight  
I got my first gun when I was thirteen  
I fell in love with the Glock, added a beam  
I got a lot of money, stick to my team  
I got it, didn't stop, what the fuck do they mean?  
They say that they fuck with our cap on the scene  
You play with us, nigga, we murder your scene  
And yellow tape surrounding you and your team  
I'm Majin Buu with the smoke, I blow the steam  
You know I'm Big Slime, I wipe your nose clean  
Finesse him out the money, sell him a dream  
I sold him some sugar, he thought it was clean  
You should've checked the pack before that you leave  
Now I'm splittin' that money with my team  
Everybody eat, gotta feed the team  
I got the white bitch, I got the cream  
Long time comin', this shit was a dream  
Big dawg, nigga, like Martin Luther King  
Raise my hand, they listen to me  
I feel like Malcom X when I got heat  
I'm not Muslim, but it's fuck the police  
Fuck them crackers, hope them motherfuckers see  
That I came out a real nigga, and a bitch nigga, I can't be  
And you know I bang big B, my pockets fillin' up with big C's (Big blue C)  
I am a shark in the water, jump in this bitch and I gotta eat  
(I gotta eat, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Send 'em round your way, you know that they smash shit, yeah (Okay)  
Anything for that money, I go dumb dumb (Go dumb dumb), special ed  
Sippin' these drugs, I'm pissing out the red  
All of this green, you know that we selling that  
Smoke a whole pound, we don't do the pitty-pat  
It ain't 'bout money, then nigga not hearin' that  
All of this money, you know that I'm gettin' that  
Trappin' and robbin' and rappin', I'm gettin' that (Okay, yeah)  
Fuck on your bitch, now you have your feelings back  
Beefing 'bout bitches, man, I am not into that  
Internet tit-for-tat, I am not into that  
Talking 'bout smoke with me, nigga, we killin' that  
Bustin' my gun, man, I hope that you shoot it back  
Don't bring no doo-doo, the chopper know child-play  
Nothin' but the chopper, you know how we play

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
I gotta eat, yeah