

I Got

Young Nudy

Yeah nigga you hear them mothafuckin' rubies man you know what I'm sayin, hi
ttin' up against each other nigga
Yeah man, just bought a couple of houses right there man
In Beverly Hills nigga
Yeah, we ain't worried 'bout the past mane, we move forward mane
You know what I'm sayin', new money, new hoes, new bags
You get it, ya' dig?

Hangin' with my dawgs bloody red
Cat, meow, hell on these niggas, cat
I got racks, big racks boy yo' racks
Your racks lil' as hell, my racks look like a shoe-case
I got, AK
Try to play, (pow pow pow), all day, I don't get no sleep
Molly got me geeked, AK-47,.223
And I got them P, I will shoot you straight up off yo' feet

Fuck around and run it up
All these rappers runnin' funny as fuck
I been gettin' bigger bucks
All y'all niggas lame as fuck
Y'all niggas ain't nun' like us
Nigga wanna be us
Not part of the bemula nigga
Nun' of you niggas are shooters, nigga
We pull up and nigga we do you nigga
Aim in medulla nigga
Knock that motherfucker off, man down, yeah Medusa nigga
Flexin', ballin', pussy niggas
I would hate to be one of you broke ass niggas
Damn you make me laugh
Walk around with a lot of damn cash
\$30, 000 in my fuckin' pants
.30 make my fuckin' pants sag
I know you mad, I am not
Pull up in that hellcat, poppin' shots

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Okay it's juice man, I'm off two xans'
My blunt mixed with two strands
My cup worth 'bout two bands
Nigga what you doin'
Coonin' and buffoonin', I got all these bitches choosin'
I got basketball money bitch and I ain't even hoopin'
And I got, big racks on me
Bitch, I'm loaded
Rubber bands, business, can't fold it
Bitch, bust it open
Take a snap and post it

I'm in the [?] smokin' dope

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