

John Wayne

Young Nudy

I remember times when we were in our teens
And how you took away my teenage dreams (Ha-ha-ha-ha)
Every boy I dated fell beneath your spell
You stole from me
(Metro)
Yeah, big slime
Bitch, yeah

I came in this bitch like I'm John Wayne (Yeah), two guns on my side, I'm ready to slang somethin' (Slang somethin')
Reppin' my shit, throw my shit in the sky, you know that I bang somethin' (I bang somethin')
I'm rollin' up these bitches all the time, you know that I smoke somethin' (Nah)
"Big slime, boy you on somethin'", yeah bitch, I'm back on my bullshit (My bullshit)
I don't rock no skully, this a ski mask, bitch I'm on my shit
Quick, fast, pull it down, see how quick I drum 'em down (Drum 'em down)
First nigga move, blaow (Blaow), bitch nigga, get down

Best be glad I can't put a switch on this .44 (This .44)
Know it's gonna jam soon as I try to let it rip (Rip)
So I put it on a .17 and add a beam on it (Beam on it)
And it got a dick on it, (Yeah) I'm finna fuck somethin'
Fuckin' up, rich nigga get a 'lotta shit, but we trickin' 'em too (Too)
Selling 'em that rabbit food, bitch nigga, I'm a classic dude (Classic dude)
"Big Slimeball, what you doing?" Always pulling nasty moves (Nasty moves)
Duct tape surrounded 'round my guns, this that nasty tool (Nasty tool)
And I don't wanna blast 'em but I blast 'em 'cause he had to move (Had to move)
Laughing 'bout it but ain't shit, he just cappin', put that bitch on the news (Bitch on the news)
Damn, I'm a rich slime, it happened, I see that there's somethin' I moved (Somethin' I moved)
Damn, I know I'm a greasy ass trapper, I might take somethin' too (Take some thin' too, damn)

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First of all, don't get it twisted, know that I'm giving these bullets out
I ain't even worried 'bout what you 'bout
I'm in the middle of the field, ain't worried 'bout no nigga, these niggas know what I'm 'bout
Know that I'm aiming to kill, shooting to kill, like what the fuck these niggas be talkin' about?
Way back then you give me a ten, I'm pullin', I'm shooting everything, what you talkin' about?

I remember these niggas was slimin' their twins, their friends, these niggas wasn't really 'bout it
I remember them hoes would fuck for the follow, I'm poppin' the molly to fall out
I can never slip, that .30 on my hip, I'm ready to stretch me a nigga out
I need a new pole every time I caught one, I know them folks stressed out
I know I'm the counselor in the street 'cause of all the smoke I let out (Yeah)

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