

Nutsack

Young Nudy

Let's play
Let's play
Okay
Yeah, huh

Yeah, playin' with my nutsack
Scratchin' on this crack where I had to hide my Glock at
Cops tryna catch me, I might pop that
Fuck 'em, tryna catch 'em down bad, where them opps at?
Nigga tryna catch me slippin', nigga I'm gon' empty
Got that Glock on me, you know that bitch there hold 'bout fifty
Pull up on these niggas, yeah that bullshit, know I'm with it
And I love these freaky hoes, slimeball he love these bitches
Where them nat nat nat nats, give me neck neck
I just wanna hit you front he back and slap that
I just want some head lil mama, might give you some bread
Later on I'm gone, bitch don't call my phone, uh huh
Mister slimeball the boss like Corleone, uh huh
I get a nigga shot, get a nigga gone, uh huh
All about that money, all of my niggas 'bout they skrilla
Catch a nigga down bad, ooh young nigga gon' and kill 'em
We don't play with nobody, everybody 'bout catching a body
Bodies on bodies, nigga we'll kill everybody
All these niggas talkin' 'bout it, they ain't 'bout it
Feel like Master P, but I really want big bank nigga
Pull up on these lame ass niggas in that tank nigga
Got your bitch on my dick, yeah she faint nigga
When she see the slimeball, bitch it's boss
You know these hoes love to lick my balls

Hahaha, hahaha, yeah
Scratchin' on my nutsack
Yeah bitch
(Tell 'em slime) okay
Okay

Soon I came in I had my motherfuckin' mask on
Nigga tried to move, fuck that shit, he got blast on
Told that pussy nigga he better not fuckin' move
First nigga move I'ma give his ass the blues
Twelve lookin' for me, slimeball didn't leave no clues
Yellow tape, closed case, make his mama faint
Murder rate raised up, bitch I'm from EA
You know how I play, rob a AK47 EA
Shoot a motherfucker in his face, ooh that's a cold case
I don't really pay with these niggas, I just spray at these niggas
I be ridin' through these streets with a K with me nigga
Ain't nobody fuckin' safe nigga
Run up in your house, empty the safe nigga

(What else slime?)
Hahaha, I don't know

Back in the kitchen, yeah we countin' up this skrilla
Rippin' up this cocaine, me and all my niggas
All these motherfuckin' convicted felons, we flexin' on these niggas
Why they flexin', why they motherfuckin' stressin'

All this goddamn money, I swear to God God gave me a blessing
I be flexing on these niggas, no fraud
I be fucking all these bitches, more broads
You ain't gettin' no money nigga, you a fraud, huh

What else, what else ho, what else
I don't what else
Fuck it, fuck it let's do it
(Bermuda shit, get you killed out in the street)
Ok, yeah, I like that
Bermuda shit nigga, get you killed out here in these streets, bitch
That's on gang bitch
Yeah nigga, yeah, huh
Itchy nutsack
What the fuck happened to the rest of it? that was it?