

## Outro

Young Nudy

Yo Pierre, you wanna come out here?  
They don't make niggas like me no more  
Hell nah

I told 'em I'm the truth  
I told 'em yeah I got the juice but not OJ the juice  
I told 'em I'm the man, yeah I run in thirty-two  
I told 'em yeah I keep a Glock, it hold 'bout 32  
I told 'em I'm the shit, I told my guy this bitch  
I told 'em that I was gon' get this money, I want be rich

I told 'em that they lame as fuck, these niggas ain't talkin' 'bout shit  
I told 'em, then I showed 'em, then I flexed on 'em  
Yeah I pulled up in that Hellcat with that check on 'em  
Yeah I pulled up at the Texaco, got good smoke  
Uh-huh I got that stupid gas, I got good smoke  
And I got that brick, yeah that fishscale, that good blow  
And I'm movin' blow like I'm n that movie Blow  
Nigga try to play I'ma get that ass blown  
Just like this blunt that I just smoked  
Yeah, haha  
Slime you be on that real bullshit

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God damn  
Hell yeah I sold my soul but I'm not mojo  
Never snitchin' on a nigga, send me to deathrow  
I'm a real street nigga, mama ain't raise no ho  
Catch me on the block, I'm from Bouldercrest road  
Hell yeah I'm PDE  
Hell yeah I'm CTD  
Hell yeah it's money over bitches, shit so MOB  
And hell these niggas ain't fuck, yeah they cannot fuck with me  
And hell yeah you lookin' for me, I'm out in these streets  
And hell yeah I'm on the block, I'm on the front street

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Haha  
You told 'em slime, you told 'em  
Shh, Pierre just want went crazy on that motherfucker too  
Motherfuckin' nasty  
Yeah nigga  
Pierre motherfucker  
Nasty beat  
Really everything we make really just be fire

Like he make the beat, I make the music  
I'm in the booth, I'm tellin' the truth  
Shit it's simple as that, that's all it is  
And the checks just keep rollin' in nigga