

Scott Evil

Young Nudy

Yeah

Ayy, MAHD, tell them to turn that noise up

Ain't no bitch nigga, you niggas know

Ain't no bitch nigga, you already know

Ain't no bitch nigga, you already know

Ain't no bitch nigga, you, yeah

Ain't no bitch nigga, you already know

Ain't no bitch nigga, you already know

Ain't no bitch nigga, you already know

Ain't no bitch nigga

Ain't no bitch nigga, already know

Ain't no bitch nigga, know (Wow)

Ain't no bitch nigga, know (Wow)

Nigga try who? You know that he slow (Who?)

Nigga want smoke? You know it's a go (Yeah)

Pull up on they block and let that shit go (Frrp)

Woah, now they wan' suck, they want smoke

Niggas be talkin', I think it's a hoe now

Nigga want smoke but these niggas won't show out

And I got that gun, I'll hit you in your stomach

Your guts, you know it gon' pour out

I like the blood I leave in the street

Yeah, I'm a blood, no industry nigga (Yeah, I'm a blood)

I been this shit 'fore an industry

Don't get this shit twisted, I'm not none them niggas (No)

I carry my pencil, no bussin' that bitch

And I don't need nobody squeeze for me (Slime)

The bitch only type of squeeze I need (Yeah)

And if she ain't fine, she can't suck me to sleep (Uh-uh)

She gotta suck a nigga, make my knees weak

She ain't suckin' right, don't bite on my nut (Uh-uh)

Lock on her head, I make it a grip

Now, bitch, get it down, don't be stuffed (Bitch, get it down)

Make a bitch turn around, bitch, it ain't stiff (Yeah)

She bouncin' that ass, it move with her heels (Bouncin' that ass)

God, lil' momma fine for real

Lil' shawty, lil' dime, for real, dime (Yeah)

Love a nigga bitch too (Yeah)

I make money or I'm crook (Yeah)

'Nother bitch in the book (Yeah)

Gettin' money off the hook (Okay, now)

'Nother verse, 'nother fifteen (Ugh)

Came a long way gettin' fifteen, huh

Stack up all that money and I put that shit on my momma (Uh-huh)

I used to rob these niggas for lunch (Lunch)

I'm not a bully, your ass will get punched (Punch)

I got my gun, you ain't got no gun (No gun)

Jumped out the Porsche, too early for her son (Too pussy for her son)

Pussy boy you got that pack that my mama selling

She kicked me out and she know I'm the real

Survivin' the streets, survival of the fittest (Yeah)

Get a phone call, think her son been killed (Yeah)

Heartbeat 'cause she think these niggas kill (What?)

Nah, momma, uh-uh, these niggas bitches (Uh-huh)

I heard these niggas snitchin', I ain't trippin' (Uh-huh)

A roof is in the trenches, they can't get with me (Uh-huh)
The gunsmokers know I get it, know you can get it (Uh-huh)
Anybody get it, I'm the slimiest out the city (Uh-huh)
And I'm fuckin' all these bitches (Uh-huh)
All these bitches lookin' pretty (Uh-huh)

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And if she ain't fine, she can't suck me to sleep
All these bitches want my dick (Yeah, yeah)
Bad bitches, you could get it
Havin' money so she feel me (Yeah, yeah)
Try to talk, can't hear me
Only thing I'm comprehendin'
Bitch, let me get in it (Yeah, yeah)
Fuck on your bitch and I fuck on your friend (Yeah)
Fuck 'em together, I don't care if they twins (Yeah)
And I get down, I share with my twin (Yeah)
There's my brothers, they not my friends (Yeah)
You are my friend, I cross you at end (Yeah, yeah)
It feel like blood, you ain't all in (Yeah)
Some of my niggas, I be treatin' 'em like they my kin (Yeah)
Now I be callin' 'em, "Twin" (Yeah)
Okay first day struggle, rock nigga, no struggle
Gettin' money, tryna double (Yeah)
Tryna scrub for all the extra
Kick back the smoke when they press you (Yeah)
Let this thing blow on whoever
Know this shit come with some metal (Frrp, frrp)
Ain't a hood nigga, your body don't trust ya (Huh?)
Catch you one nigga, the hood gon' respect ya (Yeah)
Catch you two, won't get away and it's gangsta (Two)
Know what you doin', you know how to spank 'em
They was just scared, you was armed and dangerous (Armed and dangerous)
Really fucked up, man, you rich and dangerous
Tellin' the feds 'cause they can't contain me
Real in this street, yeah, all of my enemies, yeah
They had started the beef, yeah, we used to be (Used to be)
Used to rose to rooster, now it's time to eat (Yeah, time to-time to eat)
Four doors, hit the headlight, now it's time to creep (Frrp, time to creep)
Walk down on them niggas, somethin' they don't see (Frrp, nah)
Gotta know what you doin' when you steppin' in these streets (Bah, bah, bah, bah)
Okay, step in the wrong puddle, then you (Okay)
Lotta potholes on my side of town (Okay)
Better be skrapped when you ridin' around (Oh, yeah)
Better be skrapped when you dickin' 'em down (Grrah)

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