Mouth Write a Check

Frayser Boy

Don't let your mouth write a check that that ass can't cash
Don't let that finger pull the trigger and that ass get blast
Don't let them niggas pump your nuts and now you thinking you bad
Don't let me run up on yo' ass and you end up in the past
I know this nigga and he always be talking that bullshit
But little do he know he gon' suffer a wig split
Like fucking with the realest the illest will fucking kill him
A straight up headbuster and also a real nigga
There's gon' be consequences so niggas just run in here
I'm unloading the tone and popping an extra clip
A bitch nigga talking is something I can't stand
Or every last will pick up the mess that's gonna land
The I.V.'s in his arm the bullets up in his chest
His shop about to close he shoulda had on a vest
Don't fuck with me nigga that's something I have to stress
Keep talking shit boy your gonna end up with one less
I'm out the Bay nigga that's something you gonna respect
And stay out of my business before you feel the Tech
Don't give a shit bout you I treat you like my hoe
Gon' wake up one night and I'm kicking up in your door hoe
Don't let your mouth write a check that that ass can't cash
Don't let that finger pull the trigger and that ass get blast
Don't let them niggas pump your nuts and now you thinking you bad
Don't let me run up on yo' ass and you end up in the past
Don't let your mouth write a check that that ass can't cash
Don't let that finger pull the trigger and that ass get blast
Don't let them niggas pump your nuts and now you thinking you bad
Don't let me run up on yo' ass and you end up in the past
When I buck 'em, touch 'em, fuck 'em, now you clutching laying down
Got you ducking muthafucker, turn that smile to a frown
I will pop em, drop em, bullets launching, resting all up in your chest
I'm guessing letting bullets wet ya
Shoulda been drenched down in vest hoe that's fasho
I'm most definitely bringing pain to you niggas
like some bitches when I step up in this thang
All you niggas do is gossip like some lil' hoes
You might as well go down to the Shake Junt and slide down poles
Now you running while I'm gunning
Stomping hoping to get close to some shelter

Better catch up with some polices, hope that they can help ya
Help to [unverified] you just better get some younger quick and fast
I'm holding the match and your body's drenching down with gas
Got the tone to ya head yo' life flashing right front your eyes
Blow yo ass off [unverified]
Me and Project Pat toting gats we do this for sport
Have you made lights, camera, action on the news report
Don't let your mouth write a check that that ass can't cash
Don't let that finger pull the trigger and that ass get blast
Don't let them niggas pump your nuts and now you thinking you bad
Don't let me run up on yo' ass and you end up in the past
Don't let your mouth write a check that that ass can't cash
Don't let that finger pull the trigger and that ass get blast
Don't let them niggas pump your nuts and now you thinking you bad
Don't let me run up on yo' ass and you end up in the past
Now fuck this goddamn talking, make you bitches bring the pain
Catch yo' hoe ass walking stick a tone to ya brain
You insane if ya think I'ma still let ya breathe
I got Anna on my chest with some tricks up my sleeve
I'ma blast on ya hoe give a damn who was looking
Blow the top off your skull then your life has been tooken
You was cooking up a scheme tryna put me in the beam
But the jokes on you jack slapped his ass with the gat
Beat 'em down to the pavement squealing like a pig
My nigga, I don't save 'em beat em like a bitch
Ain't nobody tryna help ya, what they finna do
Hollow lead's gonna melt up, you and your crew
Superman stick your chest out
And watch this 38 slug blow your back out
Bout to bust on you boys shoot you till you dead
I love playing with them toys pocket full of lead

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/