

Dat Be Dem

Fredro Starr

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

We them killas that you read about
Playin wit them toys, and pullin heaters out
Keep talkin shit and we gon air it out
Takin other people money is what we all about Aiyo, I roll wit the Gods and them, the stars and them
Hundred thousand dollar dollar cars and them
Firestar move deep like the mob and them
America mafia dot com and them
(Yo, dat be dem)
The wild life, livin it up
You get clapped for ya dough, instead of givin it up
(Yo, dat be dem)
Late nights, I-95
Coke in the rye, flashlights searchin the side
(Yo, dat be dem)
Shots howl, rollin wit kings
Thirty ninth street, B.D.'s bringin me greed
(Yo, dat be dem)
Goin uptown, coppin a war
Real shit, Dominicans wit they glocks at the door
Word up We them killas that you read about
Playin wit them toys, and pullin heaters out
Keep talkin shit and we gon air it out
Takin other people money is what we all about We them killas that you read about
Playin wit them toys, and pullin heaters out
Keep talkin shit and we gon air it out
Takin other people money is what we all about Aiyo, the deans we don't fucks wit them, or rocks wit them
Before I get locked, I'mma bust shots at them
Broke bitches never trustin them, or lustin them
Pushin the back pocks so I can bust in them
(But, dat be dem)
After-party, sexin wit chicks
Ex-out in the mornin, still fuckin the bitch

(But, dat be dem)
Dice games 4,5,6
Well it's a drought, niggas holdin bout 4/5 bricks
(But, dat be dem)
The bartender hold me a gat
Gettin bottle after bottle, gettin sent to the back
(But, dat be dem)
Riker's Island, H.T.M
On the visit niggas, bringin weed taped to they
Timbs
Word up We them killas that you read about
Playin wit them toys, and pullin heaters out
Keep talkin shit and we gon air it out
Takin other people money is what we all about We them killas that you read about
Playin wit them toys, and pullin heaters out
Keep talkin shit and we gon air it out
Takin other people money is what we all about Wild life, killa Queens, ya runs wit them
My dirty Brooklyn niggas, get one's wit them
Ferrari drop behind the Rover, that's my dunns and them
Rob who? what my niggas keep guns on them
(Dat be dem) X-5, GBM
Signal lights in the mirror, bitches next to them
(Dat be dem)
Glassware, cookin up drugs
In the club lost, lookin for love
(Dat be dem)
A hundred fans, chasin them down
Bitch niggas in the projects, hatin 'em now
(Dat be dem)
Takin holes, a coke and ya grow
Buyin clothes, just to open they nose and open they codes We them killas that you read about
Playin wit them toys, and pullin heaters out
Keep talkin shit and we gon air it out
Takin other people money is what we all about

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