

See You When I See You

Goodie Mob

What makes the dogs hollar, what makes the bouls roll?
But I ain't got none 'cause most be gettin' old
After two weeks slidin' in the rain
After the Braves game, where you headed man?
Dawn county line, ready to straight mine
Watch the sun glare, peep the cold air
Those that understood, those that understand
I'm runnin' rampant on a Clampet in a mini van For you to turn it up, buckle up
See you when I see you at the show crunk up
For you to turn it up, buckle up
See you when I see you at the show crunk up At that dope-d dope game for quite some time
Nobody gave me shit, I worked hard for mine
I stayed up half the night, paranoid at this light
I saw the light at the end of the tunnel of life
Posting up with the team, it was dope at hand
Willie Kight, Terry, Gipp, and hello my man
We was draped like fo' real, cold night to snow
I know it was hard to believe, it was lil' T-Mo Gotta be 'round figures with petitions
Ain't yo' witches like you did found out
In rental cars trust with they're figure tips burnt out
Kill me, happy trails had dominion
Oh, what a story they tell, ain't gone be no rails
Without the sistas, so lets spark this riot to triple K
Finna have my little buddy to jail because he reniged
His grand dragon of his duty, rest in peace charisma
In the heart of the chill cold south, I must learn how for You to turn it up, buckle up
See you when I see you at the show crunk up
For up to turn it up, buckle up
See you when I see you at the show crunk up Of course I been underestimated but I'm patient so I waited
For these words to be related, God created, love and hated
It's alright, it's okay, I'ma speak this anyway
Many say it's life or death so I don't play any day
Hey, I did not come here to stay
I never tried to say, I wanna to be old and grey
When God come get me, so take a chance wit' me
Come and dance wit' me to dance wit' me, come on It's for you to turn it up, buckle up
See you when I see you at the show crunk up
For you to turn it up, buckle up
(For you, turn it up and buckle it up)

See you when I see you at the show crunk
(Crunk, crunk, crunk) Yeah, like that y'all, 9-8 yes sir
Militian mind state
True, nuff respect to the crew, ugh huh, yeah
Southwest A T L

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