Grimey

Cezar

Yeah niggas, part four muh'fucker
Thugged out niggas
Neptunes, nigga what nigga
Violator, nigga what nigga
This shit is serious, type serious
Uh, uh uh, nigga what nigga
Uh, uh uh, nigga what nigga
Uh, uh uh, part four nigga
Yo, yo, yo
It's like fuck, it's King Tut jewelry, blind fury nigga
I smoke boogies, conspiracy theory
It's like I'm Malcolm, with just the X
These bitches swear they in love but it's just the X
Niggas act like, my coke ain't long in stress
Like I don't keep two shotguns under my chest
I flip, obsolete see I'm the king of the streets
And show muh'fuckers how to rhyme on Neptunes' beats
In Miami, Pun shoulda, won the Grammy
This year I'll bring the shit home to his family
Go 'head, and keep hatin', until you receive
Mad volts in your chest plate, hard to breathe
See you a hater like star and buc, nigga what
And fuck Tommy boy, you niggaz just suck
I'm the ultimate, gun on my dick, hoes swallow my spit
Wanna drink every bottle I sip
Nigga when that heat is bustin' off
And the ambulance come and rush you off
And the witness like, "We don't know dem boys"
Me and my niggaz goin' hey, hey, hey, hey hey hey
Then we resume, hangin' with stars
Then we live in fat houses and fat ass cars
Then we drive and scream, nigga fuck the law
Me and my niggaz goin' hey, hey, hey, hey hey hey
Yo, yo, I alternated with the greatest, upgraded my speech
We violator violatin', y'all niggaz capiche?
It's unsafe like late night on Orta beach
Drink some river ranches and get slurped at least
Let's have fun wit it, in the bridge my niggaz dunn wit it
Niggaz had hit records, but we done did it

Pop a collar; see them chicks they like to holla N.O.
You know them hoes already know they gotta swallow
Money like Nutty Professor, fat as fuck
Four gold albums; ain't none of it luck
Brad Pitt, fight club shit, fuckin' you up
Since you, seem so tense release the mutts
I'm connected, the police release my cuffs
Call me Fillmore, naw nigga 'cause I'ma feel more
Nigga this my year, you gonna feel nore
Money we got it but still try and feel more
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Me and my niggaz goin' hey, hey, hey, hey hey hey
Type of niggarole, we must be dunns
Toothbrush shanks and rusty guns
Nigga get popped can't hush me son
Sellin' everything 'til they cuff me dunn
93 ac' fuck a range nigga
Saliva at the mouth of your chain nigga
Reynolds wrap, coke, and doo-rags
Never cleanin' up, nigga screw that
You see we unbreakable, y'all niggaz is uncapable
We 2G nigga we use gats that's untraceable
Still smokin', and niggaz know how I do it
Keep big shanks, shit'll cut in half your buick
Just me and shorty, late night in the park
And gettin' so much brains I'm startin' to feel smart
Off beelzebub, feelin' my love with cold heart
See these fake niggaz, my fists'll break niggaz
We switchin' labels, now it's time to break niggaz
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