

Bleed

Young M.A

Yeah, yeah, what happened, ayy Four years later they still sleepin' on me
And I ain't gotta get the strap 'cause I still keep it on me
It's crazy how I got a big dick without a dick, uh
It's Young M.A. don't ever let that name come out yo' lips
I'm the big goon,
I send my goonies to your crib and
you can die inside your livin' room
If gettin' money mean you dumb then fuck it I been a fool
And I ain't just go and get the food I built the kitchen too
I'd rather be inside some pussy than do this interview
Little gay nigga hoes been on me since middle school
Break up with a bitch by next week I won't remember you
Just because I'm put it in don't mean I'm into you
Into foreign countries with a foreing chick, foreing whip
Foreign food, foreign shoes, just a bunch of foreing shit
Niggas wildin' out and [?] you recordin' this
Put two hundred thousand on my balance just for talkin' shit
Fuck it up on tour and shit, red handle done, importin' shit
It's funny how haters throwin' shots but they ain't callin' it
Uh, clear the way make some room please excuse
That's a real nigga walkin' in
Huh it's M.A bitch
You got somethin' on your mind then say that shit (say that shit)
We kingpins this is not a play pound
In other words we don't play that shit
M.A 'bout to drop, better play that shit
Hoes love me man, them niggas hate that shit
They be like ooooo, I hate that bitch
Ooooo but ain't they are broke, and ain't I rich Ouuu, ouuu shake 'em off
Niggas wasn't on their job, had to lay 'em off
Her nigga wasn't on her job, had to break her off
Three words for these hoes, take it off
Ouuu, drop panties, no hands please, she don't need plan Bs
She pop' xannies, like it's candy, that's why she antsy
But she nasty, and I'm a thorough bread nigga with an attitude
It's Young M.A, make sure that M.A is capital
Being broke is a joke that's why I'm never in a laughin' mood
Always got the trap clickin' like they some talbot shoes
Get rich or die, I had to chose

Get rich or die tryin', Curtis Jackson move
Bipolar, can't control her, keep it true with me
Strike across my shoulder cause my mind is like a bag of screws
Huh it's M.A bitch
You got somethin' on your mind then say that shit (say that shit)
We kingpins this is not a play pound
In other words we don't play that shit
M.A 'bout to drop, better play that shit
Hoes love me man, them niggas hate that shit
They be like ooouuu, I hate that bitch
Ooouuu but ain't they are broke, and ain't I richFlex, ooouuu heard the least
In this motherfuckin' booth leave it third degrees
Cookin' crack up in that stew I gotta serve the fiends
Hop in that Maybach tell the driver umm, [?]
Rich and filthy still rock silky red rose certainly
Black and blue, that gray one too, just copped that burgundy
I swear I try to chase my ways but it ain't work for me
Fuck a bitch 'cause currently my mood is currency
And I'm, sippin' Hennessy, make sure it's perfect please
I'm countin' up, she said 'How much?' I said infinity
If I'm gon' come for you they do not sent for me
'Cause I will pop this brand new Glock and take her virginity (grr)
Uh, big pimpin' spendin' Gs
What I look like trickin' on a bitch, that ain't the shit for me
Keep being my vicinity without abilities
All you haters suck my nuts and suck my dignity
Sheesh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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