

# Radikal

## TREIBHAUS

Yo, everybody get down, yo, you can't be mad at us, man  
We just doin' what you doin' you know, doin' us  
Niggaz wanna hate and all that shit man, everybody get down  
There's a lot of money out here, get your hands on it  
Uhh, uhh, Most Wanted, you got to lay down, come on  
I'm that nigga who you wanna be  
Not y'all record deal, hot cars, only fuck pop stars  
Radikal bitches, tongue pierced and the pussy  
If I fall for the bitch let me fall don't push me  
Hatin' ass nigga don't have a slick side  
Caught his eye lookin' my chain 'cause he don't dickride  
Niggaz ain't cool with Bonic niggaz fear me  
And talk through the song so they bitch don't hear me  
What, let me find out niggaz jealous  
Hot yo, the best controllers what can you tell us  
We H O T B O Y S  
Taught you the shit you know, so why test us  
Don't follow me that shit'll break your neck  
This week alone nigga I done ate your check  
Let my checkbook determine if I'm playin' in vain  
When you niggaz boo it's cool 'cause you sayin' my name  
Come on  
Is it the way I live and I got what you tryin' a get  
Or do I look so good that you don't know what to do  
Is it the way I live and I got what you tryin' a get  
Or do I look so good that you don't know what to do  
The cops don't wanna see my CL6 they wanna frisk me  
And young with this dough I get, they wanna twist me  
You love Mr. Hi, oh now you wanna kiss me  
Either dead or me doing a bit, you gone miss me  
No can say or it's too much love 'cause I'm richer  
When I used to push them things I flip quicker  
Niggaz wanna twist 'cause Boobonic and Mr  
Are cuttin' big brothers and fuck they little sister  
I hear Most Wanted this and Most Wanted that  
Mr. dead broke and what else Mr. can't rap  
Follow Mr. home with this gun on my lap  
And all that frontin' for your boys  
Will get you one in your back

Ain't my fault that my dough comes fast and your's slower  
Exhale like Whitney Houston and look lower  
And I'm next to the boat and the cocaine rowers  
Sea Red when I split your head just like Noah, nigga

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Or do I look so good that you don't know what to do  
Is it the way I live and I got what you tryin' a get  
Or do I look so good that you don't know what to do  
Yo, Lee Mr. a nigga couldn't hear me a price  
I'll catch a bullet for him like my chain of the rice  
Spit every last round I done gone for  
And kill you the listener if you come for  
Die for the nigga that's my dog forever  
Ho's be like damn why y'all always together  
Two things that I never had us be rich  
And that's you and another ass bitch  
Boobonic don't feed man I'll talk shit for you  
Tell you take cover, I swear get hit for you  
Get stitched up come back and spit for you  
Bring hot heels that make the shit boil  
Ride for you homie till our bodies hit the soil  
Won't die for you, they got it fucked up  
Like chicks that need a perm their clit get touched up  
Peel off on the bike and pop the clutch up, what  
Haters, hate on  
'Cause I'm a do what the fuck is asked  
Haters, hate on  
'Cause I'm a do what the fuck is asked  
You know, niggaz don't want none man  
Anybody move closer, I'm telling you one thing  
I'm ghetto, no holster  
You niggaz don't want no beef, man, I'm ruby for that shit  
For real, fuck you niggaz man  
I love bitches money and traveling  
And you niggaz ain't experienced that, you know  
You niggaz ain't experienced that, man  
Y'all don't know what the fuck money is man  
Money is when your bank account  
Is the banks amount motherfucker  
You niggaz got stashes, I stash money  
Overseas nigga, you don't want none  
I'm a gangster, man  
I'll take over your corner dressed in a suit  
And niggaz wanna reach I lean and sharp shoot

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