Curve

Brianna Lane

Na I told shorty to curve, she like curve? I'm like curve
She like what that mean, I'm like that mean get away from me
Ya breath stink, you heard a tic tacs?
Curve man, get outta here
Big Pun was alive he'd tell you to go that way, curve
From Ecuador, extra raw, repituar, like the reservoir
Few Beretta scars, get ya neck ajared
Respect ya pa, don't believe, bet a card
I need a freak, I mean a tramp ma
And my dick you can lick like a stamp uh
And ya back, you can arch lick a ramp ma
Get a helmet you about to get ram hard
I'm Rambo, commando, Camacho
You'll disappear, vamanose vato
Got doe, gwap, hoes, shots go
Ratt, tatt, tatt, how could he not know?
Louie socks tho, you can see the logo
And I chop, blo, blo, no homo
Shoot out in the woods, no po, po
He wired the deal a no go yo
I get dough tho, he a no show
I'm so high, high, in the low, low
I ain't got a address but yo I gotta get dressed
Come watch a mobster get fresh
Linen and Ostrich on deck
I know ya'll wish that them shots woulda shot me to death
But death because me, you a mummy, I'm out to get flesh
Dummy money, bustin' outta my socks and my sweats
Get cash but alota my gwaps in a check
That's my word, if homie actin' absurred
And he sorta like a bird then tell tha dude to curve
Girls too, if she gettin' on ya nerves and she gota
Lotta nerve then tell the girl to curve
Curve nigga
No curve trick
Curve nigga
No curve trick
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No curve trick

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No curve trick
Yo, damn Cam, why they startin' wars?
Forced in garden, kitchen, parkay floors
Lil' pimps, watch them whores
Slide 'em to the crib, right in side her ribs
Right outside her ribs, right inside her chips
Please stop watchin' me
Look, diamonds around her wrist, house behind the cliffs
Left her equivalent to 600 dimes of piff
Off the winter menu, I'm from a different venue
These Nikes, don't ask, discontinued, must miscontinue
One clip will end you
Please stop watchin' me
Yeah, I can't front baby girl, I'm somethin' to watch
I ask her one thing, "Girl, you cummin' or not?"
I make scrilla melt, you don't need killa help
My doors are suicide, bitch, go kill yaself
Since you feel yaself, .9 mill to steal ya health
Please stop watchin' me
Yeah, I know a lotta y'all hatin' wanna clap me still
Listen good, I don't care how you actually feel
'Cause I'm actually real, for real wrapped in steel
And the roof open up like a happy meal
Get a steel grip, you won't feel shit
We move single file, like we on a field trip
Get ya permission slip, can you vision it?
Empty the gun son, put in a different clip
That's my word, if homie actin' absurred
And he sorta like a bird then tell tha dude to curve
Girls too, if she gettin' on ya nerves and she gota
Lotta nerve then tell the girl to curve
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Hundred 40th, Harlem you know what it is
Persona

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