

# Creepin Out

DJ Paul

[Intro]

Nigga you know we sappin'

This for the M-Town, BHZ stand up! [Hook: Playa Fly sample] 4x

Creepin' out the cut with my yams, now I want some hay

Serve on, se-serve on, now you know I'm out it hard

[Verse]

These haters I ain't even barrin', chillin', smokin' on these trees

Now you know I'm out it hard - DJ Paul from BHZ

Standin' on a tr-izz-ack with a p-izz-ack of that fuckin' snow

Chevy thang by the curb, got them stash box in that hoe

These haters they can't creep on me

I got these killers all around me

Ready to pull that fuckin' h-izz-eat

Put these bitches straight to sl-izz-eeep

I can't toy with you niggas no more

Especially when I'm on that blow

That blow'll make me murk a hoe, pull that .44, work a hoe

Ridin' in that Rolls Royce, I guess that's why they mad though

But they won't run up on me though

Cause them niggas, they scared yo

Hit 'em with the lead though, I'm aimin' for they head though

These talking shit lay low, these bullets put 'em red yo

Hunnid round clips, I pull from the hip, I shoot off the rib

You shoot from yo lips, I shoot off yo lips

Flash as I make 'em do flips

I don't play with these niggas, I stay on these niggas

My goons are ready do away with these niggas

Creepin' out the cut with automatics

They ran out of luck when I run up on these niggas

MAFIA! [Hook: Playa Fly sample] (until end)

Creepin' out the cut with my yams, now I want some hay

Serve on, se-serve on, now you know I'm out it hard

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

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