

devine

Psyche

Ayo Devine drop that daddy

****repeat twice****

ooh weee, lets get it poppin daddy

uh, yea, lets get it poppin mommy

(Sheek Louch)

Ayo the moral of the story is

we all can't be gloriest

some of us still on our grind (our grind)

Thats why I walk wit this chrome .9 (I'm fine)

'Fore who eva want to cross this line Devine

Ayo Sheek on the street again, they know the big man is back

But niggaz still don't want to get down wit the heat again

You see me postin on the block, see these bitches on my cock

Seein you jumpin out the drop, somebody light up

I ain't fuckin wit you homey, you ain't smokin, you don't know me

you can eat from my dutch, I'mma fuck 'em right up

you can catch me all Nelly in the blue red dully

Half crip half blood nigga west side

But you can catch me in New York on stage on the block

or even visitin my niggaz in the cage (lets ride)

Its somethin to do, lackin the fool, packin a .2, ok nigga

(Chorus: 2X)

Me and my niggaz on our New York shit

Me and my niggaz on our West Coast shit

Me and my niggaz on our down South shit

Yes, Midwest, Bay area

(J Hood)

Lets go, uh

When niggaz see me in the street they be like there go double O again

He got the .357 set and he 'bout to let it go again

Switchin up this flow again, grindin up for that dough again

Your mans in that set trip, I'm 'bout to put a hole in him

Hands up plus lip, let me see ya'll niggaz bang

Hit a nigga in his head make 'em come about this chain

Homey I'm the best at this shit

I'm the don wit a black mark about to tag up on this shit

That niggaz perp in ya'll ain't seen no bricks

We movin grindin on a new city gettin jacked suckin ain't no dick

And you can show if it ain't no purp-b
Our buns be color of pookey lips when they gave 'em that turkey
Been a long time comin, but my time is due
Everythin is crystal clear but the shines is blue
Caught away seats in the gray CL
Wit so many weight in the trunk
If you don't chop it the brick scale, nigga!

(Chorus: 2X)

(Sheek Louch)

Ayo me and my young boy
Remind me of my self in early days sort of like a young hoy
Now I'm puffin in the Phantom out in St. Croix
Blue water two bitches and peep a toy
But don't play it sweet, the heat is in the cooler
And the cooler got no bait for lunch meat
You done fuck see the morgue
You ain't fuckin wit me dawg
Ayo Hood you ready, bark at your fawg

(J Hood)

Ayo I'm 'bout coastal G
But I'm 'bout to east coast back where it 'pose to be
D-Block got the streets in a zip lock
And we bustin off 'em hammers
Like we don't give a fuck 'bout hip-hop
So who wanna get popped, just give me the word
It won't be occasion when I hit his ass wit this bird
Leave his ass on the curve
So you can put that yach on 'em
I'mma make this drug related and leave some crack on 'em
(Chorus: 2X)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>