

Bout Mine

Trick Daddy

[Trick Daddy]

Bitch I'll kill ya, fo' night[Hook: x 2]
I'm goin' all way out bout mine
Best in a biscuit shot bout mine
Hoes get slapped in the mouth bout mine
Prices stay the same and they drop bout mine[Verse 1]
You fucks with T Double D then you fucks with we
Now you runnin' round duckin' me
Young nigga with a AK better than Ananda Lee
I send them killers where ya mama be I be Money M to the izzay, are to the kizzay
Come through choppin' ya block I don't plizzay
Got dolo for the low, then hit the 2 Way
Peace to Uncle Lisle I miss him everyday, hey Love dough and love to hate hoes
Love to pull nigga bout mine lil' nose
Nigga tryna hold me back, I'm throwin' 'bows
I'm a treal ass nigga, that's how shit goes[Rick Ross]
You can never fuck with me, I'll just flow harder
CL 6 sittin' low on those (?)
I'm a Philly man, but I don't blow garbage
Got sweet dick, most of these hoes got it Ain't no love, you see how the Feds do us
want to eat like rust and some for tear Lucas
Haul that blunt to a nigga share mucas
Body on 'em so what, look up we had shooters(?) Take all tinted route
Hand guns, razor blades comin' out of the mouth
Borderline rapper, come see me but twin 49 rapper
It's more to mine rapper Saw that rhyme after, yeah, got the right gat
Eat with the 2 Way they scared to write back
Lay niggas down like this? No like 'dat
No whoever ran, make 'em come back like crack[Duece Poppi]
You better worry bout you, don't worry bout me
I pop three, out the drop-e
I smoke brocoli, you know we got D
Duece Poppi and T Double D We got them AK shells and they hot as hell
Crackin' back to the white meat like lobster tails
Poppin shells, quick to crack your breastbone
Tore his head off 'cause he had his vest on 12 gauge, shoot ten times for haters
Niggas curlin' up like activators
Fake ass thugs, stop with them lies
You ain't rapped like that when Tupac was alive[Hook: x 2][Verse 2]

I'm not gonna fuck with you nigga, 'cause I don't know you my nigga
So don't you fuck with me or my dogs
Nigga I'm for real about mine, and my dogs ready to kill bout mine
I chill, smoke crip and send orders Off all those po-po's and armed forces, fuck 'em
They don't want to see me fly, I don't trust 'em
They probably want to see me die, that why
Hold the fire, and keep it closed and keep an open eye For them haters and hoes, 'cause I don't play about mine
Goin' deep, pray about mine
Know baby had to spray about mine, AK about mine
Fuck that you've been warned too many times How you feel bout yours, nigga I'm ten times worse
You gettin' revenge but nigga mine will get you cursed
So please don't fuck around with me
'Cause my dogs will bust around at he Whoever obsessed, me boy, don't test me boy
Touch me, my dog'll wetcha boy [Trick Daddy]
Most niggas get rich, get goats
I went out and got guns, united my folks (my folks)
Pour it out for the ones we lost, now bitch
Throw it up 'fore I blow it up You ain't know I was a G muthafucka
You don't really want to see me muthafucka
I'm a thug nigga, fo' life
Bitch I'll kill ya, fo' night I'm goin' all way out bout mine
Best in a biscuit shot bout mine
Hoes get slapped in the mouth bout mine
Prices stay the same and they drop bout mine Runnin' in your grandmami house bout mine
I ain't slippin', I got my nine
Plus Duece got his, you better think twice bitch 'cause you got kids
Plus, I know what you did, add that to the fact I know where you live Thug life and you know how it is
Shit don't stop till a nigga get killed (killed, killed, killed, get killed) [Hook: x 2]

Songwriters

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