My Music

YONAS

Dis dat soso def shit
Make my music for the boyz with the O's
The old school pro's in the strip club
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Every time I do it, u know just who I do it fo'
My o.g. niggaz, my gurls in the strip club
And fa my top cats thats block cruisin'
Thats for the coops serve the rocks on the block music
And any club, any party don't rock dis
I'm sendin' my trend dawg its lean wit it, rock wit it
And fo' the projects buildings behind the locked gates
They do wut they gotta do and hustle at a top rate
Movin dem o's makin' dey pension
We grind til we ride sittin' on 24 inches
My ghetto niggaz and bitches know how to keep it hood
I keep it gutta Im'a gangsta u know just how I do it
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I?m the shit you can't say I?m not
I keep white keep purp like a crayon box
Aay, and got a nice whipped game and I can't lie
Shit I could cook coke on a camp fire
Put it in my hands, I can make it go
If I can't move it then I'ma call Tony yo
I let the bullets from my gun spread
Sippin' hard while u down on the corn bread
First I droppin? the mix
Hit the pot like a Edward and bought 8 bricks
Yup, in my white tee so u know I keep it white
And I keep green like a traffic light
Make my music for the boyz with the O's
The old school pro's in the strip club
Yo pimpin', u know who it be its B.U.N to the little b
One hundred and one percent gangsta check my pedagree
Movin? thru yo? city like a muthafuckin? mayor
Hate on me nigga like I muthafuckin? care

I?m the king of the trill, got the streets in a head lock
A head busta piece so heads up I keep the lead cocked
Sellin' mo yayo than u could stuff in a bread box
And im'a keep on pushin even when the fed's flop
I represent the trill, I stand up fo? the hood
I?m holdin? down the underground just like a nigga should
UGK and DFB we do it fo? the block
Dem d boyz in the trap holdin? work keepin? it cocked
It don?t stop
I make my music for the ones servin' J's, servin' j's
The bitches in the club shakin' ass fo the pay, fo the pay
Fo' the ones one the block, ten hoe block holders
Fo' the ones that'll knock ya head off ya shoulders
Thats gangsta I doin? fo? the thugz
And the bitches in the hood on erry type of drug
Shipped across the border from purp to the cola
I hustle spreewells like fa three ten and molderz
Pond shop niggaz, keep a couple handguns
Chopper in the trunk and they keep one in the head son
B. un is out the test u wanna test son
My motive is to kill a nigga shoot above the chest boy
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