

Gimmie Ah Beat

A.B.K. International

Diiiiirrrrrrrty!!
My gat sounds nice
One
Leave your whole damn neighborhood stunned
You better run
I'm comin' at ya
Duck, bob, and weave as these bullets fly past ya
Man I'm crazy
Puffin' on a green leaf
Pointin' my heat
Straight get off on bein' the street
I'm puttin'
One little
Two little
Three little holes in the back of ya dome
You shoulda stayed home
D-Town born and raised
Drinkin' on a porch
Beatin' down on strays
Broke as fuck
and always hungry
Clothes on my back be dirty laundry
[Chorus 2x]Just give me a fuckin beat
Just give me a fuckin beat
Those who grip a mic are known as teachers
I'm dusty like a ashtray
I don't give a shit
Got a clean ass piece though
With a full clip

and a small axe underneath the passenger seat
Ready to swing it
Best believe I'mma bring it
Who you think ya messin' with, don't trip
I'm a warrior
Scalpin' all those who ain't standin on the same side
When its all about to go down
Fightin' with the enemy
Puttin' them in the ground

I bring that old school basement sound
When all I had was a forty-five weighin' me down
Little redskin homey in the hood
Big pimpin'
Ghetto fabulous in the booth bullshittin'
[Chorus 2x]Just give me a fuckin beat
Just give me a fuckin beat
Those who grip a mic are known as teachers
"Yeah man, my girl supposed to be comin' through dog
and uh, she might just have a little hunny for you."
"Hey man"
"What?"
"Is it always like this in your motherfuckin' neighborhood, dog?"
"What, What? Oh, man it get crazier on the weekends dog."
"What the fuck man....."
"Lets go down to the party store I know that bitch down there. I need a forty anyway dog."
"Go to the fuckin....Whatchu gotta a tan....What you you gotta tank in the back mother fucker?!"
"Oh man, it's just down the street, come on dog!"
"Fuck that, I ain't goin to no mother fuckin, fuck that
where the basement at?"
"Oh man....."

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