Fight

Dem Franchize Boyz

Bust his head to tha right
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Bust his head to tha right
We goin' bust it wide open
We goin' bust it wide open

Boy I've been drinking and my system that hen in,
I gotta bust his head before I knock his chin in,
I might just punch his ass, we might just jump his ass,
Get em rock to the floor we might just stomp his ass

C'mon a get a lil' bet fuck nigga try your luck
Bitch they call me pimpin' I slap hoes and leave em shorty,
You run and get ya pistol cause you feel you been fucked,
I come around niggas even when they try to gut

So get ya head bust open,
Like ya just get cocked,
By them head got track,
Hit you with a gallaba treat like a virgin that wanna hit ya cherry mama,
I prefer tha white meat cause tha dark get to had to swallow

Ball up, come back, stomp that nigga, he tried to lock em ball,
So I snuck that nigga, no time to rush, two more jabs got his eyes cause his ?
Blurry, he hurt he callin'

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Get jacked like Jess, fuck nigga I bring them things,
Let ya move be ya best, fuck nigga this ain't no game,
Disrespect you can bet, I throw them things,
Ain't no time in tha club nigga that I don't slang

And you know my weed up,
Do em out the muscle,
I ain't from Trillville (nah) but, I'm a head bussa,

I'll knock a nigga out and soon as soon as my move clique,
Bust his head to tha right nigga, pool balls and pool sticks

Boy Billy done bad, my laugh is played out,
No job in tha club, done buck ya layed out,
You a disrespect partner so tha love his gone,
Bet I'll knock ya ass out, go slide ya girls own

I put niggas on tha back,you can call me Lak Suagar,
They think that's its a dream, cause I scare like Freddy Kruger,
Two hits make em shake like a fucking drug abuser,
Nigga try to buck like a pimp but they a loser

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I'm a a slim cashin', I really don't do fightin',
But niggas be ain't cause they hoes always bitin',
Niggas talkin' shit that's tha shit I don't be likin',
Give me a little credit for tha shit I be recyclin'

You rockin cock diesel, when I know you don't wanna fight,
Like shot it left, but broad would I throw it right,
These niggas don't wanna see me, hand and guns,
I ain't quick to grab tha tool, but I'll fraig ya gun

I'm slangin hard yea, and I'm serving em fast,
While throw like Sugga Shane, knockin' you on ya ass,
Now I got ya head bust open what,
Knock ya brain in a Chevy,
My hand move way,
So ya know my blow wit it

Now its on in this bitch, yea its own in this bitch,
You don't wanna locco to, so watch ya tone in this bitch,
I ain't Martin Larence, we can't get along in this bitch,
My niggas ready to fight if you get wrong in this bitch

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[Repeat: x30]
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written by Willingham, Jamall / Gleaton, Maurice / Leverette, Bernard / Tiller, Gerald / Harold, Delarmon Jerod
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