

Muzik

Knoc-Turn'al

You ready?

Yes

Yeah, yeah

[Incomprehensible], I like singing My music, my life, my heart, my soul

My music, my everything, I give my all

My wife, my daughter, my love, my dream

My mother, my father, my brother, my team My camp, my squad, my house, my car

My boat, my shoes, my pants, my shirt

My coke, my sugar, my cream, my butter

My toast, my all, my queen, my folks My baby

Walk like six strings, talk like she's my everything

My baby

Loves me, hates me, leaves me, runs right, right That sexy lady

All I know, she shed's all my confusion, so

My baby

Will not run from anything, I swear, this goes Lord, will lay me down to sleep

I pray the Lord, my soul to keep

And muzic should die before I wake

I pray the Lord my soul to take She's thick, she's bad, so clean, she's fine

She loves, she hates, she laughs, she cries

She hurts, she lies, she's Bonnie, I'm Clyde

She's ghetto, she's real, she sings, she rhymes She comes, she goes, she lives, she dies

She sexy and bomb, she blows my mind

She stays in line, she's smart, she's funny

She's crafty and cunning in the game she's running Her lips, her back, her waist, her thighs

Her face, her skin, her hair, her eyes

Her voice, her shape, her hips, her mind

Her love, her smile, her touch, her time My baby

Walk like six strings, talk like she's my everything

My baby

Loves me, hates me, leaves me, runs right, right That sexy lady

All I know, she shed's all my confusion, so

My baby

Will not run from anything, I swear, this goes I'm typsy, I'm through, I'm drunk, I'm blunted

My way, my day, my life, I love it

I move, I groove, I shake, I love it

My friends, my kins, I like, I love it I show, I prove, I live, I learn

I show, I teach, I run these streets

My kin, my heart, my heat, my rhythm

My rap, my beat, my life, my head and my feetMy heart, my soul, my candy, my cake
My platinum, my gold, my land, my gate
My Benz, my lake, my keys, my money
My love, my hateMy clothes, my phone, my house, my home
My money, my comb, my sugar
My spice, my base, my chrome
My rhythm, my music, my home
My world, my girl, my life, my homeMy baby
Walk like six strings, talk like she's my everything
My baby
Loves me, hates me, leaves me, runs right, rightThat sexy lady
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