

Any Questions

Acusmatic Group

Yeah baby, it's time to pump the bottle, baby
Yeah, can you take to the re-rub off my shit?

Yeah, Hangmen 3

All y'all done it, all y'all funny

Shit can get ugly

One man summit, always blunted

Haters most wanted

I live it, y'all flaunt it

(Any questions)

Deep dish twenty

Y'all too friendly

My shit trendy

You really wanna know

Long time coming, long time hustling

It's all my money

House, cars, it's all mine, cousin

My life sumthin', y'all like frontin'

(Any questions)

Fuck that dump shit, if my gun click all y'all run quick

Y'all just talkin', Boston, Harlem, Own, Sparkin

If ya real, ya real, if ya ain't, ya ain't

Me and Ray like big Shaq in the paint

We do it from DC to Detroit to Chi-town

New Orleans, Texas and back down

If ya real, ya real, if ya ain't, ya ain't

Me and Black like big Shaq in the paint

We do it from Cleveland to Oakland

Down to LA, VA and back to NC

Yo, best done, who done popped up out of hidin'

Snuck out the bowels of Gotham, who gone stop em'?

The body mask wore '85, all solid

It's all roll-ed, let's get this green like it's call-ed

I floss a lot black and get to Boston, I'm hot

Actin' like I won't bring the black Porsche off the lot

Then do the right thing, y'all know Ray, y'all know Jinx

I'm like the night wing with the iced out bright wing

Go ahead dog, sleepin'? I'm a steal ya plate

Brought Ray and Made Men out to seal ya fate

More ya to none, beef, might borrow ya guns

I borrow ya funds, dog we'll spoil your fun
Eastside I lay at, I'm like whoa when ya play that
I'm not a killer cat to fix his mouth and say that
 Bad Boy, Made Mens and high livin'
 I'm outta here, streets, stay out of prison
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 Four, five, sixes, arm tight bitches
 The middle finger's up to all my critics
 Flow so vicious, hate takin' pictures
 I ain't feelin' niggas who fuckin' with the snitches
 Hit you out the park like Manny, y'all can't stand me
 Won't see me at the Grammy's
 My team stunnin', the high beams are comin'
 Doors flyin' open, my team start thumpin'
Leave your boys crawlin', who got your back? Call em'
 Problems resolve them, there not that important
 The last one standin', you the first one leavin'
The first one bleedin', now who the one breathin'?
 95 south, don't ever try and follow
 Fuck around, get hit by the hollow
 Ray Benzino, Grand Marciano, Bad Boys
 Made Men live at the Apollo
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