

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 feet
My 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 hate
My 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 home
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
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My baby
Will not run from anything, I swear, this goes
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Will not run from anything, I swear, this goes