

R.I.P (New Dub Truck)

Alien Sex Fiend

Hahaha, yo, yo, yo, yo
You never met a nigga like me
Yo yo, have you ever seen a little dude
Who be doing what I do?
Uh huh, yo whoo!
Let's get at it dog, whoo! Now what goes up, must come down (shiiett)
But we ain't coming down, it be them same ole' clowns
Aiming your pound pretending they proud
But when you leave town they go around they running they mouth (maaann)
They something like a hater man
Talking bad about a playa as if I'm not gon see ya later man
You constantly frontin until you confronted on
If you don't like whats going on gwoin to another song
Cause I keep a hater guilty
My cars and my money all alike man, both them filthy (get it?)
From skimpy and empty to fuel on full
See I be high when my car go Bulls
Obey no rules to school you fools
Schoolboy's err'y where, we're Young Dude news (maann)
St. Louis like Louis D. Miles and Larry Hughes
And the Young Dude done paid young dudes' dues dude But yo, what da hook gon' be (Uh oh!)
See I don't need no fucking hook on this beat (Shiiett)
All I need, is the track in the background
My headphones loud, keep the blunt goin 'round and I'ma rip But yo, what da hook gon' be (Uh oh!)
See I don't need no fucking hook on this beat (Shiiett)
All I need, is the track in the background
My headphones loud, keep the blunt goin 'round and I'ma rip The sun'll come out.. tomorrow
And I will never have to borrow
Got my first car when I turned sixteen
Only drove it home outta town limosines
Plus we was broke wit a deal but nobody could tell
So we did what we had to do for "Country Grammar" to sell
Haha, I stay on my own melodies
Plus I like my Booties and my Boobs like a capital letter 'B'
That's how it is, how it better be
I preferably rather have two or three girls in the bed wit me
Close your errs [ears] ma you ain't heard nothin (whaa?)
I always pay ma let a brother hold somethin
I'm basically coming from nothing to something

When I say nothing meaning pocket full of lint and buttons
(We all we got!) Used to be creative on Halloween (how you gon?)
Stop a hotter teen went from nada to a lot of things But yo, what da hook gon' be (Uh oh!)
See I don't need no fucking hook on this beat (Shiieet)
All I need, is the track in the background
My headphones loud, keep the blunt goin 'round and I'ma rip People always saying man it must be nice
No hi no nothing not a simple house life
Understand the money's good but I'm still from the hood
So don't be asking for no "inch" be expecting the "foot"
Unless you want a foot (whoo!)
I know a few crooks that can place you where you need to be put
And it might not cost me playa
Got a Benz pepper interior, paint salty playa
And we all push it, but me I push it real good
Brains blown out, chromed out, wheel real wood
Catch me on your local derry
Or in the studio doing vocals derry
I'm the same dude that came through wit my crew
Let the girls do me while you do you
And um, all I need is JD beat to be banging
And I'll come up wit these verses that I'm usually slanging
I be ripping man But yo, what da hook gon' be (Uh oh!)
See I don't need no fucking hook on this beat (Shiieet)
All I need, is the track in the background
My headphones loud, keep the blunt goin 'round and I'ma rip

Songwriters

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