FamLay Freestyle (Featuring FamLay)

Clipse

[Famlay & (Pharrell)]
It ain't nothin" y'all can teach me
I been locked up more times than Sweet Pea
See I'm from North cause a coffin make ya slee-py
Turn ya children into 'Off' you tryna sneak me
Or tryna creep me, the realist shit I ever spoke
So I'ma spit it when I finish, I'ma slit my throat
This shit is like 2-11 mixed wit coke
Leave you spinning like the tennis balls in ya spoke, nigga
Dark secrets, man I won't lie
They came to the light a man is gon' die
All hope is lost and Famlay's gon' fry
Cause I did shit the average man just won't try
Like what, war against an army wit a hand gun
I'm Famlay, and when my f**king chance come
I'm running wit it, on e'ry song I'm coming wit
See some you think you can take from me, then come and get itSee I'm from Huntersville, e'ry thang we done is real
My niggas come in here, my niggas come to kill
And I dare y'all to try and diss us
See you in the streets it ain't nothing discuss
Maaan, we gon' stomp yo ass dead in the ground
New weeks, couple bodies where yo head'll be found, nigga
Cut off ya wrists, and they feet no prints (Gangsta)
Now I'm in the Six, (Gangsta) wit the heat no tense, you see me
Boy(Pharrell)
In Virginia, them guns go, bang, bang
In Virginia, them guns go, bang, bang
In Virginia, them guns go, bang, bang
Niggas, bang, bang, bitches, bang, bang
In Virginia, them guns go, bang, bang
In Virginia, them guns go, bang, bang
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Niggas, bang, bang, bitches, bang, bang

Songwriters
Williams, Pharrell L / Hugo, Chad / Thornton, Terrence Le Varr / Thornton Jr, Gene ElliottPublished by
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