

Get the F. Out My Face

Da Headbussaz

I say bitch,
get the fuck out my face,
get the fuck out my face,
get the fuck out my face, (pimpin' hoe)
(repeat 4x)

Live and react like,
me and this mac right,
since you see that i'm here,
know that i'm half right,

Only game for the cake,
who I leave you gushy,
and keep them bitches better yet,
take some more pussy,

never get over look he the rookie,
one slip and he's out wit records sayin he took me,
can't have it like, gottin they raggin,
trick or treatin Hallo fiend with little guts in my bag,
so i'm bout me tryin ta get my moma off in dat jag,
have me weigh a thousand eights, roll eight in those bags,
I'm the true and the real,
wether ya'll want the records I can't chill,
but i can make, when they breakin pills,
my brother had me countin a million cash with drill,
cleanin up it was a job for real,
I saw raw yea swords with steals,
caught star wars and grilles,
had the balls and though i seen it with my ball we live,

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I'm more dan a murder and times two of dat,
killer times two of dat,
pimp nigga doin dat,

what they wanna do bout dat,
I grown from a family that's strong,
and they love to do wrong,
Pimps, whynos, and drug dealers all i known,
see i can tell the world the truth now,
cuz see the time been served,
niggaz died or dropped the charge now,
I remember the time back when,
lemme gin ran the town with bents and drop top benz,
and they head, cuz that's so sick,
cuz once you car ballin that way there aint nuthin to how they did shit,
but it's a new day to bad scared again it's happenin',
fuckin with us, but we's just rappin',

They scared to face the fact we make our money off the music,
so what you call me with a ball or blow, bitch I use it,
I had the ruger for protectin',
but your ass wouldn't had seein if ya hadn't been expectin'

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Let me tell ya'll niggas, what the ghetto in Memphis is full of,

GD vice lords, killas, drug dealers
nothin but that hustlin goin on fo da scrilla
we supply tha music for tha niggas in the hood
all the pimps and players thatl smoke the lightest bud
the ones that rob ya have ya runnin out ur shoeswe
all thru the town see our picture on the news
fuck some kareoke cuz were talkin wit our slang
everytime we in a group the wanna say we gangz
we love a shitty ho that can make her booty shake
aint lookin for no housewife im at the every lace
we smile wit the gold teeth and walkin with a limp
smokin on them newports bumpin like a pimp
when all tha ladies see me they be sayin oh its him
im at the red lobster and im eatn on tha shrimp
im livin ghetto fabridin caddy with the dents
aint messed up bout no carberator im always stayin lit

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Lyrics submitted by Brad.

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