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Young Bleed

Mannie Fresh I got you nigga
I'm gonna show these niggaz what to do with one of your beats
I'm shuttin' the whole block down
Here comes trouble homey
I'ma tell you how the king like to ride homeboy
I like my beat down low and my top let back
Can see me ridin' 24's with a chopper in the back
Holla if ya like ya Kenwood high and ya top let back
If ya rims sit high and ya windows pitch black
I like my beat down low and my top let back
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I'm the man in my city ain't nobody fuckin' wit me
You can ask the real niggaz and all the bad bitches
I'm a known drug dealer I always have 50's
And the thugs and the killers was all in class wit me
SS'S on 26's watchin' some television
Shorty I'm never slippin' got the beretta in vision
And ready to pop the clip in, ready to get to trippin'
Ready to show these folks a celebrity pistol whippin'
Pimp stolen the automobile and the roof for the tag missin'
Polices try to pursue me it's nothin' but gas given'
Addicted to fast livin', yes I'm one of my dads children
Think I'm bad now shoulda seen me before I had children
Give dick to ya daddy's daughter and they oughta have children?
Hope he got some insurance 'cause I definitely have some endurance?
Kill her in Mississippi and drive her ass to Missouri
Still my waint pet drippin' while I'm woodgrain grippin'
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I got this Pimp Squad Click I know you hearda 'bout us
Young niggaz filthy rich and we ain't worried 'bout much

On this glock I clutch in God I trust
If a fuck nigga start bet his heart I bust
Got ya partners and the broad in ya car fucked up
What, ya under estimation thought a star wouldn't bust

I got the heart and the guts on this purp I blow
Move ten bricks daily tryin' to twerk five mo
Ya see the Cadillac swervin' down Hollywood Road
On the flyest bird in Cali fuckin' Hollywood hoes
On a pill and half with my partner Young Dro
Bumpin' Goodie Mob Soul Food number fo'
Other rappers' old dudes told dudes I'ma pro
With a loaded fo fo and a quarter brick of blow
Hey nigga don't you hit me less you buyin' 6 or mo'
My 24 blades glistenin' and my 808 kickin'
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I wear the crown down under man somebody better tell 'em
'Fore I spit a hundred rounds and have everybody bailin'
I got some bitches in a Benz and my partners in the Chevy
And now we ridin' Giovannis and Asanis on Pirellis
If ya ever think ya tryin' to run up on me just forget it
The clip in the chopper long as ya leg and leave ya shredded
Pistol way in the truck got my knife on tuck
Ya think he ain't getin' stuck you got life fucked up
A couple stiches in ya hip will have ya night fucked up
Will he live? Will he die? Guess he might luck up
Meanwhile I'm racin' my Ferarri like a light for a buck
Against Lamborghini Gallardo everytime I get a car
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Can see me ridin' 24's with a chopper in the back
Holla if ya like ya Kenwood high and ya top let back
If ya rims sit high and ya windows pitch black, hey