

Tourin the coast, pardon wife due, gettin babies drunk
Call me foul, deep down, you gotta admit, you like my style
Put holes in your Polo, I know your M-O, you half homo
Joinin my team, that's a no-no
Say what you want, don't let it talk for you
And that's my word, I'll have this hollow tip stored for you
Chorus 2x
[Noyd]
One time nigga, two times nigga yo
I dig the way Clueminatti got the beats rollin through the body
The type of tracks, got me killin these cats
Twenty-one and black, mental inner city minds be exact
When niggas in the hood ain't no good, carry gats
And leave you on your back in a hurry
Especially, dealin wit the money
Rockin Pelle fuckin wit the Spanish mami cheffin up by dellis
Now we got the guns pumpin jums out the back of a deli
Really, these chumps gettin slummed on the daily
Forty days, forty weeks, either these raps are back in the streets
Stackin cracks up in the fleece, so Hav blaze the bees
And pass that to me, and I'll bless piece
So this way the whole fam eat
Be the Infamous of this shit, pioneers of this
Survival of the Fittest, nobody's fuckin wit this
So fuck around wit Hav, you fuck around wit me
You fuck around wit me, then you fuck around wit P
You fuck around wit us, then you fuck around wit three
Mothafuckers from the NYC, what nigga uh, what nigga Clueminatti
Chorus 2x

Songwriters

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