

# A Couple Grand

Yung Joc

Chrous

A,A couple grand, pr-pr-pr-price tag  
on ya head leave ya layin where you stand  
A,A couple grand, pr-pr-pr-price tag  
on ya head, on ya head, on ya head  
A,A couple grand, pr-pr-pr-price tag  
on ya head price, price tag on ya head  
A,A couple grand, pr-pr-pr-price tag  
on ya head leave ya layin where you stand

Verse 1

Watch him die slow  
then his eyes roll in the  
back of his head now his body cold  
a couple grand, a couple shots, a couple  
drip drops now ya leaking won't stop  
Bitch im da man just ask block shots rang  
out you can live for a couple blocks  
bitch wut's my name call me Yung Joc  
I got a great aim all i need is one shot  
Err-body talkin in my neighborhood  
I got great lawyers 'cause my paper good  
Leave ya body riddle, weezin and coughin  
Here about live Fox 5 with Monica Coffin  
You fuck wit mine i pause ya life line  
im a graffiti artist paint, chalk outlines  
And the worst part is im not a coward  
visit ya wake and give ya mamma dead flowers

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Verse 2

This is not a movie(cut)

No re-runs, All sales final, No re-funds,

Once i make a payment, the hits out,  
Im not Jeezy, I aint swappin shit out(that's rite)

First i tell em (what u tell em)

Where i want it done

In the backyard rite in front of his son

Then i tell em (what u tell em)

Where ta drop em off

In the Chattahoochee wit his dick chopped off

Yea it sounds harsh but its well deserve

feed his ass to the sharks for ordurves

No remorse, No pity, this could happen to you  
in New Joc City

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Verse3

I gotta couple killas, down in three traflan  
Blast shoot in ya fugee shit ya guts leak out  
The Shrieff call ya mother and she freak out  
Gotta hit mamba up got em on speed dial

Oh it ain't nothing but a call away  
Come home find ya baby sister in the hallway

9-1-1

But its to late she looking like a maxi pad  
Bleeding through the dutch tape

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