

# Skurrtt

## T-Rell

Skurrtt by T-Rell Lyrics

Look at me y'all  
Get used to me

They say a nigga wouldn't make it no way look at me (look at me yall)  
I'd probably be locked down found dead in the streets (I ain't dead yet, not a nigga like me)  
You was a man back in highschool nigga (man in highschool, what really happened to you)  
I'm in my foreign skurting by you niggas (skurrtttt, skurting by you niggas)  
Repeat.

I'm tired of niggas talking down  
Bitches acting like I ain't around  
Ain't on that bullshit  
All that fake buddy buddy in my face, we aint cool bitch  
I thought you knew this  
You talk down on the wrong nigga  
Everybody got they hands out now  
I'm ten toes down  
I swear you niggas stepping out of bounds  
Is it cause a nigga standing out now  
My grandma warned me bout you fake ass niggas (fake ass niggas, fake ass niggas)  
My brother warned me bout you hoe ass bitches  
Yo pussy dirty and you want my riches  
Fuck bitch, NAW  
Everybody got something to say  
But nobody wanna help out  
Man they mad cause a nigga on  
Man they mad cause I'm putting on  
I wish you goofys leave a nigga 'lone  
I'm about to break this fucking phone  
When you get money they get mad they gone treat you wrong  
Why can't everybody get along  
Same story with a different song  
Fuck no, you can't get along  
I'm in my foreign with a bad bitch  
You this mad you can't have it  
They used to clown cause a nigga fat

Now I'm hoping out the Porsche would you look at that

They say a nigga wouldn't make it no way look at me (look at me yall)

I'd probably be locked down found dead in the streets (I ain't dead yet, not a nigga like me)

You was a man back in highschool nigga (You was a man back in highschool, what really happened to you)

I'm in my foreign skurting by you niggas (skurrtttt, I'm in my foreign skurting by you niggas)

Repeat.

Well nigga shit I'm getting rich

Couldn't give a damn bout a nigga bitch

Couldn't give a damn I want the money nigga

I got kids and they hungry nigga

I'm getting money and it's lovely nigga

Fuck chillin' with a broke bitch

I'm in the bed full of money nigga

Ay get a girl that gone hustle with cha

She can shake it she gone love you nigga

Hold it down like no other nigga

Nigga, break bread she gone get it with cha

You want some head she gone give it to ya

Hold it down like the realest nigga

Back then like my dawg Mike Jones

Now these hoes wanna call my phone

I rock nice clothes

Now a nigga sell out shows

Now they see that T-Rell on

They told me leave this rap shit 'lone

But I proved all them bitch niggas wrong

I'm a king nigga where my throne

Top city nigga that's my home

Beating on my chest, King Kong

785 we on

I'm I'm in my Porsche with a bad bitch

You this mad you can't have it

They used to clown cause a nigga fat

I'm in the Porsche leant back would you look at that

They said a nigga wouldn't make it no way look at me (look at me yall)

I'd probably be locked down found dead in the streets (I ain't dead yet, not a nigga like me)

You was a man back in highschool nigga (man in highschool, what really happened to you)

I'm in my foreign skurting by you niggas (skurrtttt, skurting by you niggas)

Repeat.

Written by Marq H (raw draft, unedited)

Lyrics Submitted by Marq H

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