

Skurrtt

T-Rel

Skurrtt by T-Rel 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 (skurrttt, 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 (skurrrtttt, 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 (skurrrtttt, skurting by you niggas)
Repeat.

Written by Marq H (raw draft, unedited)

Lyrics Submitted by Marq H

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