

Corrupted

DuRu Tha King

(Yeah...)

(Yeah...)

Call it whatever you call it, but you don't know 'bout me Nigga

My Nigga's that drive on this bew shit

Don't make me show you lil' Nigga's

I ain't got time for this shit now

I'm putting money down, ain't no lil' Nigga worried 'bout

Paper and pussy my only route

I'm on my shit now

Fuck it, I'll hold my whole city down

Fuck how ya'll Nigga's feeling

I'll know ya'll lil' Niggas finish

Hop up on you and your partner

Right out the roove with the choppa'

Straight out the noofe

I throw up them signs

Come fuck up your silent

Step out a Porche

Your bitches they mine

I fuck up they mind

I know ya'll Nigga's dont fuck with me

I keep two bad bitches that fuck with me

Fuck ya'll Nigga's don't fuck with me

I know my city gon' fuck with me

Killa's on deck I say go

Ain't no controlling these Nigga's

Killa's all up in your crib now

What's with the shit now

My Nigga's will lay your whole crib down

I'm starving my Nigga

Fuck being famous my Nigga

I just want the paper my Nigga

Been on the ground, bitch I've been over do

Hopped on New Charolotte and then got the juice

Don' tres when I pull up no safety came on that burna'

Give me space I do numbers promoter's hate

I got one up

Peel like away Nigga hold up

I gave Nigga's 'round here reason and shit

I made Nigga's rhyme and believe in my shit
And I don't ever plan on leaving this bitch
I keep seeing this bitch
It's just me and this bitch hey
I know ya'll Nigga's dont fuck with me
I keep two bad bitches that fuck with me
Fuck ya'll Nigga's don't fuck with me
I know my city gon' fuck with me yeah
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>