# Devine

## Vox Angeli

Ayo Devine drop that daddy
**repeat twice**
ooh weee, lets get it poppin daddy
uh, yea, lets get it poppin mommy
(Sheek Louch)
Ayo the moral of the story is
we all can't be gloriest
some of us still on our grind (our grind)
Thats why I walk wit this chrome .9 (I'm fine)
'Fore who eva want to cross this line Devine
Ayo Sheek on the street again, they know the big man is back
But niggaz still don't want to get down wit the heat again
You see me postin on the block, see these bitches on my cock
Seein you jumpin out the drop, sombody light up
I ain't fuckin wit you homey, you ain't smokin, you don't know me
you can eat from my dutch, I'mma fuck 'em right up
you can catch me all Nelly in the blue red dully
Half crip half blood nigga west side
But you can catch me in New York on stage on the block
or even visitin my niggaz in the cage (lets ride)
Its somethin to do, lackin the fool, packin a .2, ok nigga
(Chorus: 2X)
Me and my niggaz on our New York shit
Me and my niggaz on our West Coast shit
Me and my niggaz on our down South shit
Yes, Midwest, Bay area
(J Hood)
Lets go, uh
When niggaz see me in the street they be like there go double O again
He got the .357 set and he 'bout to let it go again
Switchin up this flow again, grindin up for that dough again
Your mans in that set trip, I'm 'bout to put a hole in him
Hands up plus lip, let me see ya'll niggaz bang
Hit a nigga in his head make 'em come about this chain

Homey I'm the best at this shit
I'm the don wit a black mark about to tag up on this shit
That niggaz perpin ya'll ain't seen no bricks
We movin grindin on a new city gettin jacked suckin ain't no dick

And you can show if it ain't no purp-b
Our buns be color of pookey lips when they gave 'em that turkey
Been a long time comin, but my time is due
Everythin is crystal clear but the shines is blue
Caught away seats in the gray CL
Wit so many weight in the trunk
If you don't chop it the brick scale, nigga!
(Chorus: 2X)
(Sheek Louch)
Ayo me and my young boy
Remind me of my self in early days sort of like a young hoy
Now I'm puffin in the Phantom out in St. Croix
Blue water two bitches and peep a toy
But don't play it sweet, the heat is in the cooler
And the cooler got no bait for lunch meat
You done fuck see the morgue
You ain't fuckin wit me dawg
Ayo Hood you ready, bark at your fawg
(J Hood)
Ayo I'm 'bout coastal G
But I'm 'bout to east coast back where it 'pose to be
D-Block got the streets in a zip lock
And we bustin off 'em hammers
Like we don't give a fuck 'bout hip-hop
So who wanna get popped, just give me the word
It won't be occasion when I hit his ass wit this bird
Leave his ass on the curve
So you can put that yach on 'em
I'mma make this drug related and leave some crack on 'em
(Chorus: 2X)

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