Bleed

Young M.A.

[Intro: Young M.A.]
Yeah, yeah, what happened, ayy[Verse 1: Young M.A.]
Four years later they still sleepin' on me
And I ain't gotta get the strap 'cause I keep it on me
It's crazy how I got a big dick without a dick, uh
It's Young M.A. don't ever let that name come out yo' lips
I'm the big goon, I send my goonies to your crib and you can die inside your livin' room
If gettin' money mean you dumb then fuck it I been a fool
And I ain't just go and get the food I built the kitchen too
I'd rather be inside some pussy than do this interview
Little gay nigga hoes been on me since like middle school
Break up with a bitch by next week I won't remember you
Just because I put it in don't mean I'm into you
Into foreign countries with a foreign chick, foreign whip
Foreign food, foreign shoes, just a bunch of foreign shit
Niggas wildin' out in Paris, Colt you recordin' this
Put two hundred thousand on my balance just for talkin' shit
Fuck it up on tour and shit, Rem handle the important shit
It's funny how haters throwin' shots but they ain't callin' it
Uh, clear the way make room please excuse
That's a real nigga walkin' in
[Hook: Young M.A]
Huh it's M.A bitch
You got somethin' on your mind then say that shit (say that shit)
We kingpins this is not a playpen
In other words we don't play that shit
M.A 'bout to drop, better play that shit
Hoes love me, them niggas hate that shit
They be like oooouuu, I hate that bitch
Ooouuu but ain't they broke, and ain't I rich[Verse 2: Young M.A]
Ouuu, ouuu shake 'em off
Niggas wasn't on their job, had to lay 'em off
Her nigga wasn't on his job, had to break her off
Three words for these hoes, take it off
Ouuu, drop panties, no hands please, she don't need plan Bs
She pop' xannies, like it's candy, that's why she antsy
But she nasty, and I'm a thorough bread nigga with a attitude
It's Young M.A, make sure that M and A is capital
Being broke is a joke that's why I'm never in a laughin' mood

Always got the trap clickin' like they some tappin' shoes
It was either get rich or die, I had to choose
Get Rich or Die Tryin', Curtis Jackson move
Bipolar, can't control her, keep a tool with me
Strapped across my shoulder cause my mind is like a bag of screws
[Hook: Young M.A]
Huh it's M.A bitch
You got somethin' on your mind then say that shit (say that shit)
We kingpins this is not a playpen
In other words we don't play that shit
M.A 'bout to drop, better play that shit
Hoes love me man, them niggas hate that shit
They be like oooouuu, I hate that bitch
Ooouuu but ain't they broke, and ain't I rich[Verse 3: Young M.A]
Flex, ooouuu Hercules
In this motherfuckin' booth leavin' third degrees
Cookin' crack up in that stew I gotta serve the fiends
Hop in that Maybach tell the driver umm, curtains please
Rich and filthy still rock silky red rose certainly
Black and blue, that gray one too, just copped that burgundy
I swear I try to change my ways but it ain't work for me
Fuck a bitch 'cause currently, my mood is currency
And I'm, sippin' Hennessy, make sure it's privilege please
I'm countin' up, she said 'How much?' I said infinity
If I don't come for you then do not send for me
'Cause I will pop this brand new Glock and take her virginity (grr)
Uh, big pimpin' spendin' Gs
What I look like trickin' on a bitch, that ain't did shit for me
Can't be in my vicinity without abilities
All you haters hold my nuts and suck my dignity
Sheesh
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