

Better Not Fight (Ft. Webbie, Foxx, Lil Trill)

Lil Boosie

[Chorus]

Ya'll betta not fight in this bitch.

Ya'll betta not fight in this bitch, cause I plan on stayin' all night in this bitch [x2][Lil Boosie:]

Ask Louisiana, ask Mississippi,

Ask little rock nothin can fuck with me.

Real talk you can even ask 50.

Betta yet you can ask p.diddy.

Baltimore my city, I set it off.

Hear me walkin I'm the governor nigga, they lovin' a nigga.

I'm duvall finest, I'm laced with diamonds.

Been up in st. louis all they do is bang Boosie.

? in north carolina ? hundid thousand on my wrist bitch, both arms.

Louisiana ain't even gotta talk, (fa what?) in every town I'm the muthafuckin boss.

Savannah Georgia I'm higher than anybody, rest in peace camouflage nigga I got it,

Got a style that just can't be faded, gotta small drive bad bitches craze.[Chorus][Lil Trill:]

We in that thing d-bo, hotta than a heado, walk a wrong way & getcha stung like a mosquito.

Young nino, money like a casino, boss name in my city, think I'm al pacino.

Chea with the fightin tonight gettin ya chills on.

We tryna party all night we ain't goin home.

Trill fam yeah you know how we rock every city we hit we got the town on lock.

All or nothin yeah that's just how we comin.

Tell ya boy to stand down we come in a whole hundid.

You can buck, you can dance, you can wyle out.

Get outta line & we gon make ya file out.[Chorus][Webbie:]

Whatchu mean bruh? Awh mane bruh.

I'm in this thang and that's the only thing I came fa. mugged up, I got my people with me.

The whole trill fam, and we don't give a damn.

Bout what they talkin bout. spillin liquor put us out.

Put one of em out, I'll punch em in the mouth.

Full of drugs, feelin good.

I dare ya fa ta look at me. fuck with me, what nigga?

Knock ya out & then kick ya apart, stomp the shit up outta bitch & take that shit to the car.

Put that tool up on ya homie right in front of ya boy.

Murda, first degree, I'm ready ta catch me a charge. whaaat![Chorus:]

Ya'll betta not fight in this bitch.

Ya'll betta not fight in this bitch, cause I plan on stayin' all night in this bitch [x2][Foxx:]

Don't get to fightin my niggas might get to shootin.

I got fifty niggas with me, 49 of em bootin.

I'm on all kinda drugs I don't know which way ta go.

Left my mind at the house,
Left my cigar at the store,
Left my weed in tha car,
Left my henny at the bar,
Left my rubber on yo bed,
Left yo woman in the dark.
Tell tha dj run it back, yeah we on the hundid pack.
Got somebody babymama kissin where my stomach at.
Betta cool yo lil nachos, actin like you macho.
Hitcha with that forty knock the meat up out ya taco.
I don't even drank but got this giant goose bottle.
You can keep the ratchets cause I'm leavin' with a model! [Chorus]

Songwriters

HATCH, TORENCE / REED, JONATHAN / GRADNEY, WEBSTER / ALLEN, JEREMY / BENNETT,
MARCUS / WEST, DAVID

Published by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>