

Quarterback

Baby Bash

Fo sho, pass that sweet nigga
And quit bumpin' yo gums
See that shit you be barkin' Mayne
I already done At least twice mutha fucka
Bling, blingin' some ice
The dope game hall of fame
I'm in like Jerry Rice Money fanatic
This nigga known for shootin' sparatic
Automatic wit the gadget
Lettin' them suckas have it Like magic, abracadabra
Squash the chitter chatter
Your blatter is fin to splatter
When these hollow points scatter Oh, he bald headed, tatted up
And got his swole on
Gang banged out
Rowdy then get his roll on Plus he think he hard 'cuz he just got out the pen
Think I give a fuck, I put hands on that man
I'm from the shoulders
Holdin' kilo's, pounds, and quarters Smoke with the smokers
Servin' all you sodas from border to border
Blaze your quarter on the freeway
I got your mama and your sister havin' three ways Give a fuck nigga, I'm not trippin'
Baby Bash a reeny, what the fuck is you sippin'?
Pimpin' the hood chicken Mayne, it's off the Richter
Got the game locked like a boa constrictor Boy, I stay saved out like a playa should
Nigga don't smash out to a whole another hood
Late night, plane flight
With a quart of G's Black 'n' brown, ryda thugz
Keep it all to the good Mayne
Still collar poppin'
Still feddy clockin' Gotta keep this shit knockin'
'Cuz me and Beesh be known for flossin'
Game tight stitch like a brand new fit
Like a drop top cad with an all chrome kit Top notch bitch who will low cat trip
Gotta treat 'em all the same
Get 'em off my dick shiftin' the fifth
And shake them haters 'Cuz they be doin' too much
It's Mr. Kee straight up out the bay
With soldiers ready to bust

But the ruger keep rudely Spittin' slugs be hittin'
Tryin' to act hard
But your sharp as a kitten
Cup cake nigga, fake ass wigga West side ryda stays unforgiven
Women and cash but the past ain't my style
Spinnin' out of control like I'm diggin' my own grave
But I get paid, gotta stay thugged up to this lifestyle 'Cuz I'm a quarterback, I smoke a quarter sack
Bash a reeny fettuccine, Mayne, I told you that
'Cuz I'm a quarterback, I smoke a quarter sack
Bash a reeny fettuccine, Mayne, I told you that Uh, get your gritz on
Get your gritz on, boy get your gritz on
Get your gritz on, get your gritz on
Playboy get your gritz on

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