Kiss Your Ass Goodbye

Graveyard Farmers

D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
Ohh, shit, let's go
You can kiss your ass goodbye
D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
La da da, da da da
D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
You can kiss your ass goodbye
D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
La da da, da da da
Aiyyo, this that shit that make niggaz wanna rep they clique
Grab their gun an' diss niggaz to their dick
Buck somethin', go somewhere an' fuck somethin'
Like that frontin' nigga bitch, make her suck somethin'
Wild out, D-Block shirt inside out
Hoodie on with the all black Belushis on
Niggaz yappin' 'til they muh'fuckin' face is torn
Tongue is gone, three-piece suits is worn
Hit y'all fagot ass niggaz that's scared to death
Talk shit, when I'm around, y'all hold y'all breath
I make murder music, my shit bang in the city
But they want me to chill since Janet showed titty
It's too much violence now since Ja ruined 50
I don't know no other way but to rap gritty
Fuck that, baby, when I'm rich
Until then where the fuck is my thugs at up in this bitch? Let's go
You can kiss your ass goodbye
D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
La da da, da da da
D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
You can kiss your ass goodbye
D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
La da da, da da da
Whattup, nigga? You cut up, nigga
Shoot shit to lift the truck up, nigga
D-Block, D-Block howl like a wolf
Tell your mom I throw a child off the roof
Give a basshead a hundred dollars to towel off the Coupe

Style on niggaz; beat somethin' down
We gon' pile on niggaz, wild on niggaz
La da da, da da da

That's a lullaby for you
Better ask your man, he ready to die for you?
We comin' through, tearin' the block up
We ain't gettin' locked up, that mean we even shootin' the cops up
Whattup? Yeah nigga, two mo' times
Whattup, whattup? Now we in the New York rhyme
Better kiss that ass goodbye, when I'm passin' by
With plastic nines to blast your eyes, right, what, nigga?
You can kiss your ass goodbye
D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
La da da, da da da
D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
You can kiss your ass goodbye
D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
La da da, da da da
Aiyyo, I talk shit how I wanna talk, bop how I wanna walk
An' you can tell that nigga dere is from New York
An' I still got my South niggaz ready to squeeze
I don't need cake to see me with a couple of G's
An' I don't need a loan, muh'fucker, I'm grown
Had a thirty eight before I had a phone
I stuck niggaz up before y'all lil' niggaz started to bone
This that Sheek Louch shit, y'all niggaz tryin' to clone
Let's be real, the average muh'fucker with a deal
Probably never had a fight, no guns, none of that
Niggaz know I'm right, I say goodnight to my son
Give my baby moms a lil' cake
An' my moms a lil' somethin' 'fore I go on the run
Before pussy niggaz try their hand
I'll kick in the door like, "Daddy's home"
An' I ain't 'Making The Band'
What y'all coward niggaz don't understand? Yeah
You can kiss your ass goodbye
D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
La da da, da da da
D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
You can kiss your ass goodbye
D-Block, D-Block, D-Block, D-Block
La da da, da da da
You can kiss your ass goodbye

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