

I Sho Will (Dragged & Chopped Remix)

Lil Wyte

Yeah, hypnotize minds, no way
It's going down, the club crazy right now
I don't believe you'll do, we don't believe you
Yeah, finish it, wait Would you beat 'em to the flo in the club?
(I sho will)
Would you jack 'em even if they ain't dub?
(I sho will)
If he actin' like a bitch, we gon' treat 'em like a bitch
If he actin' like a bitch, we gon' treat 'em like a bitch Would you beat 'em to the flo' in the club?
(I sho will)
Would you jack 'em even if they ain't dub?
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If he actin' like a bitch, we gon' treat 'em like a bitch
If he actin' like a bitch, we gon' treat 'em like a bitch You motherfuckers want true colors, I got white and I got
black
Bay area motherfuckers comin' soon as I step off the track
If he actin' like a bitch, we gon' treat 'em like a bitch
If this hater got stomped to the floor, faith took over all the shit Frayser bizzle, DJ pizzle, Lil Wyizzle and
Hypnotizzle
Run the shizzle for shizzle, roll up another one my nizzle
I gotta maintain, I gotta get change
I got to rip this mic from California to Maine And take it over to Spain, send it to the Dominicans
Tell 'em to examine it, start jammin' all of my sentences
Make sure that they remember this, like if it was some religious shit
The white gold ghetto, platinum, honkey rippin' it Take it to the bank, get to deposit slip and fill it out
Write it for thirty thousand, turn around and shove it in your mouth
To review hypnotize and you'll see nothin', but potential
People gettin' beat to the flo and it started with a pencil Would you beat 'em to the flo' in the club?
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If he actin' like a bitch, we gon' treat 'em like a bitch Check it out at a brutal scene, Lil Wyte lighted with
gasoline

Fire breathin', gettin' closer to the grass that isn't green
Which means, your team is expired to the back of the pack
Sixteen bars on the side and knowledge on every track
Holdin' it down, never happened, give my crown, keep
on rappin'
Even at seventy-five, I'll still be able to work my magic
Be the, Willy Nelson of the next generation
A rising legacy shinin' across every nation
I need a passport luggage and a new wardrobe
Fifty billion, but I would settle for two point four
Check the scans on the man, in this independent land
No video, no single record companies like I be damned
This white cat can rap and put on a good show
It's funny how his music can put me down to the flo
I got to give it raw, I got to give it dirty
Whatever city you rappin', beat 'em down if ya heard me
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See I had seen the brighter days, smokin' plenty, lightin'
hay
My album hit a hundred thousand, now shit been going my way
I give my props to my pops, give my props to my mouth
Give my props to the camp, give my props to the south
Now I'm drunk and I'm high, but I bet you already knew
it
You buck as me, you buck as us and we twice as buck as you
Security started movin' to the middle of the crowd
Only if he got a gun, will I agree to shut it down?
'Cuz I ain't trying to get shot by no motherfucking punk
A nerd by day just had too many drinks and all of a sudden crunk
Pick me up, let me out, blow me up and bump me loud
Too many styles be coming up out of me, whenever I hit the crowd
I have a high pace game, face, eye balls off
in outer space
Keeping with this shit, tryin' to stay awake, what you think?
Only cracker good enough to be down with the six
Clearly understood that this is some original gangsta shit
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Songwriters

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