

Famlay Freestyle

Clipse

[Famlay & (Pharrell)]

It ain't nothin' y'all can teach me

I been locked up more times than Sweet Pea

See I'm from North cause a coffin make ya slee-py

Turn ya children into 'Off' you tryna sneak me

Or tryna creep me, the realist shit I ever spoke

So I'ma spit it when I finish, I'ma slit my throat

This shit is like 2-11 mixed wit coke

Leave you spinning like the tennis balls in ya spoke, nigga

Dark secrets, man I won't lie

They came to the light a man is gon' die

All hope is lost and Famlay's gon' fry

Cause I did shit the average man just won't try

Like what, war against an army wit a hand gun

I'm Famlay, and when my f**king chance come

I'm running wit it, on e'ry song I'm coming wit

See some you think you can take from me, then come and get it
See I'm from Huntersville, e'ry thang we done is
real

My niggas come in here, my niggas come to kill

And I dare y'all to try and diss us

See you in the streets it ain't nothing discuss

Maaan, we gon' stomp yo ass dead in the ground

New weeks, couple bodies where yo head'll be found, nigga

Cut off ya wrists, and they feet no prints (Gangsta)

Now I'm in the Six, (Gangsta) wit the heat no tense, you see me

Boy(Pharrell)

In Virginia, them guns go, bang, bang

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Niggas, bang, bang, bitches, bang, bang

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Songwriters

Williams, Pharrell L / Hugo, Chad / Thornton, Terrence Le Varr / Thornton Jr, Gene Elliott
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