No

Ali

Yo, all the fans we love y'all
We gon' make one fo' the haters like fuck thatOld school nine eight can you see the Camilion
Below in the celing wood with wheel on
With a flyin' bitch some old gangsta shit
Flat screen DVD's smoking stank and shitAin't dat shit Sunday bull tank and shit
Top down air forces white tank and shit
Ain't nothing soft on boy stop thankin' it
I got a trophy at the playa ball banquetThis bank I get style we all that
To the back we all that to the back
Red or blue new wall cap
Pause that bull shit you talking bout
Before the people start walkin outIf you please we succeed regardless
Shine the hardest and I'll sign an artist
Longevity like the Beegee's
Please be aware we don't care, do you like us?No, no, I know y'all ain't say no uh oh
Be back in a minute wit dat chrome 4-4
And when I get back everybody gone hit the flo flo
'Cause I just asked him was the tics tight and I think he just saidNo, no, I know y'all ain't say no uh oh
Be back in a minute wit dat chrome 4-4
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'Cause I just asked him was the tics tight and I think he just said no1993 creation for steps of born leezys
Wrote rhymes in class, bored by teachers
Church only on easter, ignore the preacher
Do the grown up at school right under the bleachersA wild little bity doin' lunatic rules
To this day they be like lunatic rules
I'm hangin' wit the dudes that done it, don't even stunt it
You cats stay in the back doin' too much frontin'See you hate us like to take risk son of a bitch
I really disc jockeys at home jockin' my disc
I'm gon' pretend y'all ain't heard that shit
School boy 5'9 receive the hairlines and halfway richI'm gon' run niggas out of town
Naw fuck y'all hate us I'm gon chill 'til they run out of crown
Royal, blue jack right at the door
Ay yo I'm Murphy Lee can I park my car?No, no, I know y'all ain't say no uh oh
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Fo' amps don't know what my limit is
I've been packin' 22's like emmitt did
I've been po' before know what a limit isNew engine new paint ain't them D's spinnin'
Love rims, love lakers, who I love winnin', love women
Spinnin', grindin' since the beggin' no mo' limits
Drom tops cuttys on 4'sNo love fo hoes change them like clothes
Hit 'em like switches then I pass them on
We all know dats how the game should go
We all know most of us love the same hoesLike Carla the preachers daughter fucked wit the barber
Over there on the other side of college encarta
For starters I know both y'all smash
I didn't get no ass so I had to ask, she saidNo, no, I know y'all ain't say no uh oh
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Check the paper weather say temperature goin' down
Yep that's him he come to make his rounds
Tell him how it feel ten mill skin foundBeta not continue I can show you how
Frank Mill aww he done flood it wit rounds
Don't know what to call me I can think of some nouns
Mr. Hoe Hopper, trick knocker, free cityMy G's getting depp like P. Diddy
I'm feelin' like B round looking for my whitney
Heel I'd take a cidney if the stash is right
Cocked fo legged and her pants is tightIt ain't got to be fo eva it can be fo tonight
First class flight to Nellyville
So how it feel doin' sit ups on the virgin rug
Drinkin' criss out a mug, part boughee, part thug, call me bug okay?No, no, I know y'all ain't say no uh oh
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'Cause I just asked him was the tics tight and I think he just said noUh oh, north side one time let me here ya, uh oh
South side one time let me here ya, uh oh
East side on time let me here ya, uh oh
West side on time let me here ya, uh ohWhat, that's why man yo breath smell like shit
If yo momma breath smelled like that nigga
She libel to kill some motherfucker
Man if yo momma's eyebrows look the way yo's do
It look like a caterpillar layin' on her fo'head
Nigga yo momma snort anthrax and she still mobbin'

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