

# Ymcmb Mmg

## Cory Gunz

[Verse 1: Cory Gunz] Stare is blank when the trigger face  
Lil n\*\*\*a with a bigger base  
Know me young homie? here's some money, you wonder now  
I'll make 2012 with a number dial  
Talking that s\*\*t; dont know who they rapping with  
Pause, I say f\*\*k em fast, rabbit d\*\*\*s  
I turn the booth to a maggot pit  
She appear when I wave the David Banner wrist  
Gettin money, you b\*\*\*\*s can't see me like my mother home  
She's b\*\*\*\*\*n' her dog is back with another bone  
Hollar for a dollar, to swallow back  
I hit her right off of twitter, now follow that  
I'm booking face, my network is social  
Young Money, Cash Money, we coach who coach you  
Slow up them protools with them loco vocals  
What you know to, don't do, n\*\*\*a  
I'm your go-tos, go-to  
Plot, once you try I approach you quiet with the toast too  
Fire, I will smoke you  
Tie, any man, bear hand choke you  
Silence is what I go to  
Violent, burner in the safe, burner in the car, and the plates, burner on the waist  
Find the burner and they solving the case  
Murder in the place, let is dissolve in his waist  
I don't give a f\*\*k if your moms and all is in the play  
Get your pops, get popped, n\*\*\*a pop off  
Get a drop, in the city chopped, get in knocked off  
Glock and it gettin hot, knock ya socks off  
Get clocked, when it tick, get tocked off  
Block n\*\*\*\*s, by the block when its blocked off  
Swat looking for the yacht when is docked off  
In the spot where n\*\*\*\*s plot to get bopped, pause  
And when the waps stop then ya top off  
[Verse 2: Meek Mill]  
YMCMB DoubleM G, you know me  
Old school flow like Kool Moe Dee  
Coastal flow, I move low key  
Make a move OT  
Get a brick for the low

95 South get a chick that would go  
Every 36 let the b\*\*\*h get an O  
I put it in the hood that b\*\*\*h better snow  
In the middle of summer, do numbers  
N\*\*\*\*\*s better run from us that, front us  
That Mac-10 with a drummer, they want us  
Tell them n\*\*\*\*\*s run up, get done up  
When that automatic get clappin like Cory Gunz when he rapping  
That s\*\*t be spitting so fast, and my n\*\*\*\*\*s we platinum  
And I'm... on the way I'm going glow, I put my pressy on  
30 thou, like a got a Camero Chevy on  
I go loud around the neck give em a heavy one  
And n\*\*\*\*\*s sleeping on me, guess I get my Freddy on  
Nightmare on you record labels  
I tell em put the dirty money on the other table  
You ever seen a 100 racks off fiend money  
That Martin Luther King, I had a dream money  
I can tell you n\*\*\*\*\*s never seen money  
We sellin white girl, gettin Christine money  
Aguilera, I'm in the Panamera  
N\*\*\*\*\*s whisper when I come through, I can barely hear em  
I know these n\*\*\*\*\*s looking, I can't see em though  
My daddy in the grave, I make you meet em though  
They call me, mister "f\*\*k a n\*\*\*\*a" I don't need a ho  
Cause I got my paper up, its time to get my haters up  
I'm gone!  
B\*\*\*h!  
I'm gone!  
Double-M G YMCMB

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