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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