U Scared

Tyrese

Black-Ty, David Banner, Lil Scrappy
Down South what you scared of, nigga what!

As soon as I walked in the club
I start lookin' for a girl who suck dick like she made it up
I know you out there somewhere
Baby don't keep it to yourself, share
To all the freaks let me see ya
Drop it like it's hot and make me a believer
I know, there's a whole lot of freaks in the Dirty Dirty
Muh'fuckers gettin' high feelin' flirty flirty
Dem Down South boys be the craziest
Dem West Coast boys be scandalous
Dem Midwest niggas be dangerous
The East Coast boys doin' it big
When I leave the club I got my Cadillac on twenty four's
Sittin' outside, chrome-plated from the West side
To all you bitch-ass haters you ain't gutter
I triple-dare you to cross the line muh'fucker

You scared, you scared
You scared motherfucker you scared (nigga WHAT!)
Who scared, who scared
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(C'mon) You a part-time rapper, full-time fag lover
Should I throw up threes, throw a rock, every motherfucker
get naked, lay yo' rich bitch ass on the flo'
But you already dropped up but I want some mo'
Cash get it out from yo' ass, laugh with a money bag
And catch a quick toe tag, ho, ass, nigga!
And ain't no rappers gettin' acquitted
Shit you scared don't admit it or catch a slug in yo' fitted
Yea hey, hollow-points like cue balls, bank at
Off yo' forehead, still watch it run through

Man I'm crunk like some white boys sippin Mountain Dew
Coppin' Viag', I like yo' sister, say no
Cause I jump off in a six-fo' and dump on a ho
Bitches get down on the flo' and yell "There that nigga go!"
And I hunt y'all the truth, I don't give a fuck about yo' flag
I ain't never gang bang, I just rob you for yo' cash punk, nigga

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Ay, ay, ay, scrap, ay (c'mon)
Yeah I'm posted in the club, on the Patron
I'm in the corner shawty leave me alone (oh)
And the security keep trippin', he gon' get a ass whippin'
I'ma hit him on up with the chrome
Shawty now it's on, I tried to increase the peace
But these hatin ass niggas done release the beast
Yeah I'm back (yeah I'm back) couldn't hail a cab
But that don't mean shawty I won't whup yo' ass
Hang him over my head in a torture rack
Make his stomach see the other fuckin' side of the bag
But I don't think you want that kind of trouble man
And you don't look like you got a gun in your hand
You average, I hit you up across yo' cabbage
Take yo' girl with me cause she a bad bitch
Scream at me Black-Ty, get it crackin'
That what happenin', Zone 3

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C'mon, ah! Black-Ty!
Lil Scrappy, David Banner, yeah!
Frontline Boyz, makin all that noise!
He ain't playin right

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