

# Bringin' It

Mike Pinto

What? Yo yo yo yo yo yo  
It ain't over baby it don't stop like dat dat dat dat dat  
Wah-kump dat dat dat dat  
Wah-kump, wah-kump dat dat dat datdat dat  
Wah-kump come on One question who be the thug that y'all love most?  
Or give a toast to this freestyle drug dose the thug muscle  
So whistle if you hear clear gon' get you close  
And yous a dead man like last year see most fear The marvelous, alias you dare discuss and get  
Yo motherfuckin head crushed  
These slugs bust the most wanted when they just appointed  
I stomp dogs and leave 'em froze because you know you fronted Too many MCs not clearly on this hype tip  
I'll fuck yo mic and catch you later on some snipe shit  
Extended clips I represent because my thugs trip  
Easy boy, I'm stompin' corners where them drugs flip Ali Baba snakin' lakin' trustin' North shit  
You catch a grip or leave a don to climb the night hits it's mob official  
You test I'll leave you knock-knissed bandaged up like a snitch  
'Cuz I ain't fuckin' with you straight up, we bringin' it What y'all, huh huh, V-A know about this  
What y'all in Hampton, huh huh know about this  
What y'all in P-Town know about this  
What y'all in Hoviy know about this  
Check it out I'm ya P-Town hit man I'll make ya shit man  
Pay my stick man to do my dirt I'm filthy rich man  
My thugs always hang around the top dog of all dogs  
Make 'em pick locks and spit glocks until you shit rocks I told you that I'm project strong you took me wrong  
and learned  
That thorough cats don't last long Alias the Don  
I leave it messy like I'm Joseph Pesci don't fuck around  
You ever test me and you'll have to wet me I'm ghetto fabulous The mob crush the Lord just, never be discussed  
When there's dirt involved, niggas leave the mouth closed to hush  
I rush club scenes like, what? always carryin' the bust  
The reason why, these niggas that ruck ain't had enough I hate to peel ya cabbage back, or bitch-slap  
'Cuz otherwise you wouldn't quit that, to kidnap  
So what I'm sayin' is, everybody's real within the game  
Alias be the fame, so you don't know my name, nigga what? What y'all V-A know about this  
What y'all in Hampton, what know about this  
What y'all in Nomo know about this  
What y'all in Chesapeake know about this  
Bring it boy See I told y'all motherfuckers that my clique roll deep  
AK's and street sweeps gunnin' down in ya peeps

44's and Calico, Pretty Ricky and Low  
Thugs know the real on how I let shit go But if it's real, my niggas hold a forty and fill  
Mass grills, body armor, niggas trained to kill  
I'm at the point of no return, so I let shells spill  
Vinny Rush, Crazy JJ and Mush must chill And Killa K and Johnny Hesh steady aimin' that steel  
Shit's for real, my nigga P and Mike might peel  
They get the gats and crazy stuff my brother love the ghetto tugs  
And set on top of niggas what let's straight wet the party up ESP was in the cut my rootin' black, pull it up  
Is that enough? Y'all niggas still fail to call my bluff?  
And yet I told you, when left back cain't nobody knows you  
I suppose you woulda kept your mouth closed like I told you What y'all in V-A  
Know about this- I told you  
What y'all in Nomo, what  
Know about this, what

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