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 dat
Wah-kump dat dat dat dat
Wah-kump, wah-kump dat dat dat datdat dat
Wah-kump come onOne 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 fearThe 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 frontedToo 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 flipAli 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-knissued bandaged up like a snitch
'Cuz I ain't fuckin' with you straight up, we bringin' itWhat 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 Hoviay know about this
Check it outI'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 rocksI 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 fabulousThe 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 enoughI 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 boySee 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 goBut 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 chillAnd 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 upESP 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 youWhat y'all in V-A
Know about this- I told you
What y'all in Nomo, what
Know about this, what

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/