Lil' Secret

Twiztid

Here go a message to you hoe. To many thugs spittin that so called game but that aint G shit. You dont suposed that everybody aint a G but we just gone keep that our lil secret. Here go a message to you hoe. To many thugs spittin that so called game but that aint G shit. You dont suposed that everybody aint a G but we just gone keep that our lil secret.
You dont need to know the hydro i grow. Many trips back and forth to the liquor store i cant cope im an old ass pimp come to punch your ass back bend your back like shrimp I'ma juggla eventhough I cant juggle shit I blow blunt in airplanes while you smuggle shit the secrets out I live life like a ruler yet still quick to stab your ass like Abdula
To some Colton Grundy. G from the flo up ask anybody I battle they got tore up. I show up dressed to impress boe tie with a watermelon blunt back to the matt for shut eye why must i chase the cat cause when it come to the hoodrats I been in and up and outta that dead ass G comin from the D-E-T and all you hoes aint down with me
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We like a secret to the game. In a circle if you aint down with us its so hard to remember your name I got respect for the game and all the people we drop its gone be songs like this hear that keep shit alive I'm like an addict to bustin beats in half with this rap flow I'm junkie in every way people call me fatso so let go all of you hoes claimin the game let me get my foot in the door it aint never gone be the same
If you talk you get your neck slit you better walk to the back before I go for the axe and let my tack sick your dead bitch givin out my transcript tellin all your homies how the hatchet wasnt playin shit. Abondon ship theres a hole in your boat talkin never floats nah theres a hole in your throat now your speakin alone cause I deminished your moan if I see you I'ma finish the job you lil bitch
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Just gone keep that our lil secret. Just gone keep that our lil secret.

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