All A's

Goodie Mob

I got to feed the beat, the gat on the seat
Fakin' ain't these girls fake when they see they face in the paint
Mustard and mayonnaise and we smoke always
Passin' by these haters like we got all A's
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Say, say, say, say Crack, what's the word on the street?
Nuttin' but hard times, workin' this concrete
I'm gettin' dirty, looks from niggaz on the next street over
They was in my filthy, fiendin' gettin' closer
I'm in my seventy-nine, flyin'
Mobbed out so they can't see me when I'm ridin'
They slow me down, holla like we buddy buddy
But at the same time I know these motherfuckers wanna mug me
Okay gun play at the one-way one day witcha
But I'll do years if I bust these niggaz
Keep point four-five calibers of chrome
I'm, comin' forth to carry you home
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Yo, well you damn right, dig it they call me Sugar Delight
Uh-ohh hoe, Willie cuttin' virgin broads tonight
Blowin' like a boss, that champion chief in cost
And oh, my dual exhaust will make your shit get lost
There's somethin' 'bout these guns that give these hoes asthma attacks
These are actual facts, I ain't been in no actual car-jacks
But let me tell you this, I'll burn a nigga ass up to a crisp
Ridin' with these two glocks, we gon' bounce on off on the new shocks
My nigga don't hate me 'cause I ain't hated but we related
No one includin' me, should be underestimated
But don't you dare ride through the SWATS without at least 30 shots

'Cause I'm tellin' ya, these Southern boys gon' get all they got
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Pop it in, get to work, brains blow, [unverified]
Off the block before your carcass drop
Can't share nothin' with the niggeroles, stealin' socks
Out your cornbread dream too, if you got those, leavin' deaf hoes
Brown on the outside, pink in the middle
Ain't barrin' none hundred round draw
Nothin' under seventy-five and I get slick [unverified]
Takin' no prisoners cuffed, they die fightin' for they freedom
Every time son, rhymes too pretty'll get your mascara smeared
When they did, my buddy Spanky'll bust out in tears
The world would be a better place to live, if it was less queers
I still see, punk ass bitches, bitches
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Get up off and give me room, activate, motivate
Y'all from the section where the straight shit, straight up off the top
Block for block, yo we got the [unverified], wait for days
Gone up off the Purple Haze, when you see me call me Mr. Gipp
Shoot 'em from the hip, every time I'm in my 84 Sedan Deville
Block me off and watch me peel, Big Boi grill ridin' through the park
On the weekend ain't no stoppin', keep it dippin', that's how we trippin'
Lookin' mean, you too clean behind the glass
Watch yo' ass, keep yo' elbows out the windows
And my hands upon the wood wheel, money in my socks
Lookin' out for the cops and for the haters got a fifty shot
Whatever you wanna call it, nigga what? What?
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Now watch 'em slide like some finger lickin' chicken 'bout to start clickin'
Hoe better know who the true G's are, I'm the star, brand new car
Dope ki lyrical cascade height, SWATS type, mic soldier
Blowin' composer, chief of that Doja, told ya when I was older
I wanted to live the good life, money over that bull, got that pull
Stomach full, posse thick, niggaz wish at a young age
Goodie Mo.B., doin' they thang, I pray for change
And my players in this game, it's insane, how this 'caine
Is bringin' 'em pain, young'un doin' time, dyin' by this grind
ATL, fine this just how it's goin' down
And the sound, watch your mouth in this motherfuckin' Dirty South
Nigga check it out, dirty SWATS got spots
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