

# FamLay Freestyle

## Clipse

It ain't nothin' y'all can teach me  
I been locked up more times than sweet pea  
See I'm from Norfolk here's a coffin if ya sleepy  
Turn ya children into orphans tryna sneak me  
Or tryna creep me, the realist shit I ever spoke  
So I'ma spit it when I finish, I'ma slit my throat  
This shit is like 2-11 mixed wit coke  
Leave you spinning like the tennis balls in ya spoke, nigga  
Dark secrets, man I won't lie  
They came to the light a man is gon' die  
All hope is lost and FamLay's gon' fry  
'Cause I did shit the average man just wont try  
Like what, war against an army wit a hand gun  
I'm FamLay and when my fucking chance come  
I'm running wit it, on e'ry song I'm coming wit  
See some you think you can take from me, then come and get it  
See I'm from Huntersville, e'ry thang we done is  
real  
My niggas come in here, my niggas come to kill  
And I dare y'all to try and diss us  
See you in the streets it ain't nothing discuss  
Man, we gon' stomp yo ass dead in the ground  
Few weeks, couple bodies wit no head'll be found, nigga  
Cut off ya wrists, and they feet no prints  
(Gangsta)  
Now I'm in the Six, wit the heat no tints, you see me boy  
(Gangsta) In Virginia, them guns go, bang, bang  
In Virginia, them guns go, bang, bang  
In Virginia, them guns go, bang, bang  
Niggas, bang, bang, bitches, bang, bang

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