Bring It 2' Em

Poohman

Well I'm a fire this shit up like dank
And let the whole town know what's up with me and Ant Banks
Another nigga turned traitor
He wanna be a rapper, fool stick to the crossfader
Get on the radio and bad-mouth Pooh
But you know damn well you can't fuck with my crew
Fuck you nigga, your tape gets the eject
The pranksta gangsta, I can't relate
Yeah you Sittin' on Somethin' Phat, it's your head
They wanted real shit, so they bought my tape instead
Bootsy-ass busta, motherfucker
So what's up with the kid from the gutter
Fuck around and make Dangerous a sacred place
Producing them fake-ass tapes
And you wanna call me deadweight?
Fuck around and have the whole Dangerous Crew at your wake
Nah, I'm a catch you on the late night
And jack you for your folk, at a stop light
Or rub up on your ass at Denny's
And have them Mac-10 shells dropping good and plenty
Now you can keep your punk ass shit
But how did you go out? You went out like a bitch
Now I'm gonna smoke your ass like buddha
And all you motherfuckers, I'm a bring it to yaFake ass, busta-ass nigga, goddamn I'm glad y'all set it off
Now the shit's like a war
Them mark-ass niggas don't want trouble (Repeat 2x)Goddamn, it's the second verse
And it seems that shit done got worse
Now I gotta get bad on a trick
Not you Banks, but that other bitch
Now you should stop and listen
While I'm bouts to go on a motherfucking mission
Yeah punk, I heard your tape
And as far as I'm concerned, the shit was fake
Damn you's a borderline bitch
As far as getting pussy, fool, you getting dick
Now tell me how that sound
Sounds like another nigga from Dangerous getting beat down
Now you wanna fuck with me, right?
Toe to toe in the alley in the middle of the night

And watch me mop that ass
And have 'em draw a chalk line around your bitch ass
But you know you ain't careful, trick
Remember on true when you got the burning dick?
But that's how I'm gon' do ya
Fire up the dank, nigga, cause I'm a bring it to yaFake ass, busta-ass nigga, goddamn I'm glad y'all set it off
Now the shit's like a war
Them mark-ass niggas don't want trouble (Repeat 2x)Niggas say "Pooh-Man, why you clowning?"
Cause I'm tired of my motherfucking surroundings
Fools tried to tame but they can't
See I'm from the gutter, and straight fucking with dank
So I got tried of niggas picking my cash
So I got smart, and I left they punk ass
See all of that's real, I got my fill
And all my motherfucking dollar bills
So fuck everything they say
And the shiesty games those punk motherfuckers play
Fat mad at me cause I got a hit
Stop running your mouth, you sorry son of a bitch
And I might wanna use your mom for a Late Night Fuck
But I'm only out to get my dick sucked
So fuck what you're stressing
When I left the Dangerous Crew, it was a blessing
And oh brother wait, who the fuck is Banks?
Nobody knew ya til "Fucking With Dank"
So for all you niggas, screw ya
Fuck you motherfuckers, cause I'm a bring it to yaFake ass, busta-ass nigga, goddamn I'm glad y'all set it off
Now the shit's like a war
Them mark-ass niggas don't want trouble (Repeat til fade)

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