Double R What

Eve

What up what up what up, yeah!
Eve, let's do it again!
Yeah, it's the ghost Jada and Eve
I squeeze my shit, I don't wave it and leave
Y'all motherfuckin' extra lame
Here's the game, when I shoot seeds, your man can catch your brain
He looked a hero when he drove the taxi in the hallway
Shootin' niggas down if they clothes is tacky
Get an 18 or brick and my clothes is khaki
And the Porsche got a glass roof
The blunt got a live purple haze in it, little bit of hash too
See me when I pass through, fuck around and I'ma blast you
Do what I have to, tryin' to get my math too
I leave a message, ain't a phone I use
I call my niggas, bat 'em down, they bones I bruise
Leave 50 niggas dead, niggas know my groove
Another 20 more engine niggas know my tools
I got a gun, you need to stand fo'
Fuck you bring yo' man fo'?
S be the ghost, Double R What
First come the hawk, then next come the toast
K to the R Double R what
Send mad cowards on they way to Allah
E V E, Double R What
First lady, I just point, they squeeze
Ryde or Die, Double R What
Better keep your hammer right by your side
I gave you the best flows
On top of that, I even made niggas set goals
I wanna know how many bullets can your flesh hold
Thirty-two, or whatever the tech holes
My dirty crew rather hawk you to death rather than talk you to death
'Cause listenin' is like livin' when yo' talkin' is death
So y'all better start readin' before you start bleedin'
And the odds was against us before we got EVE-n
Niggas in the hood don't give a fuck if you rich
Or drunk with the Prince C.D. own, bumpin' a kiss
Nigga frontin' I get my you in the pump kinda hot out
Hit the button put the roof in the trunk

Play the block with the Royal Blue 45 and make your mouth leak
Can't fuck with NY, get my diesel from South Beach
You ain't got a ride, getchu a cab
Ya' bitches is mad, Eve got the shit and smash, uh
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I'm a savage bitch
Ain't nobody gettin' close to this
And ain't nobody flipped and wrote the shit
And can't nobody sit and coach this shit
You feelin' lucky? then aproach me, shit
I'm like the glass, you just the coaster bitch, under me!
You wanna make it ugly, can't do nothin' 'bout it
Angry at the public, buggin' me
Rat bitch, pot bitch, hungover hot bitch
Wantin' all that money, fuckin' gettin' in that rock, shit
Scared of who? Huh, we goin' get rid of you
Climbin' the walls wit' gimmicks, that shit is pitiful
Dawgs close by me, so why try me
They wan' cop me but they too sloppy
Damn, I gotchu stuck in a box
You feelin' trapped, got your stomach in knots
'Cause I ain't lettin' go, I keepin' it locked
I know you gettin' mad 'cause your luck's up
Plus I'm a purebread, baby, I don't fuck with mutts
Come on!
S be the ghost, Double R What
First come the hawk, then next come the toast
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First lady, I just point, they squeeze
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