

Bullets

Skeme

See I don't fuck with sucka nigga's
Cause that shit get on my nerves
Fuck your trap, I'm paid off rap
Might make a million off of words
Hoppin' straight from off the curb
Filling clips and choppin' birds
And I'm still with all the shit, we give a fuck what nigga's heard
Ask around about the dude, they say they know I'm the shit
Keep a four ounce in my soda, keep your ho on my dick
I just might say fuck this rappin, might go hit me a lick
And if my money gettin' low, we might give yo dough a kick
Cause I got partners who pimpin', I got homies who flockin'
I got killers who knockin' on shit, if we got a problem
So you best pick your battles, nigga snakes with no rattles
Tell a bitch I want that tail, as long as mommy no tattle
See, she might be with you, but that bitch likes me
I'm the people's champ ho, I'm on that rocking my beat
First comes the money, then comes the pussy
Then come them haters, but here come them bullets
See I don't fuck with police's, on my
nephews and neices
Drug dealer designer, like all my shit with no creases
I know nigga's be hatin', bout' the money I'm making
Success stressing me out, won't understand til you make it
Fuck her once, no date
She get nothing but the basics
I got thots, all races, I swear to god we not racist
All I need is the fortune, bitch I been street famous
Everybody love me, I feel like I'm Raymond
Everybody know the dude, gotta be a square if you don't
I hear nigga's wanna knock me off, but nigga we know that you won't
I told that bitch to call my Crooked, but she keeps sayin' Daddy
Give that ass a high-five, and tell her throw it back at me
These nigga's pussy, I can sniff it
I can snort it, this beat retarded
Hey, who that nigga be? Question rhetoric
My whip a foreign, You roll imported
I'm hearing voices in my head, let's just record it
Hey I got money, how I got it? ain't important
This shit is nothing, these nigga's frontin'
I'm making hits around this bitch, you nigga's buntin' (I'm out the park)
It's one take and this thing ain't punchin'
Got Boi-1da on the beat, this shit a lunchin'

One take in this bitch and I ain't punchin'
My stacks tall, you nigga's pockets on munchkin

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>