

# 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/>