

Kilo Rap

Noyd, Big

Yeah Nigga it's that Kilo Rap,
Put another one on top bring a kilo back. Eh!
That way you could see more stack,
It's that real hustle music, nigga kilo rap!
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Put another one on top bring a kilo back. Eh!
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Yo now I got the heart blow, push it by the cargo, Benz with the top low, ya
'll Niggas talk slow
That's why yo money come slow, n' yo funds low
Nigga when the guns blow...
Clik full o gun bustas, flinch any gun toucher
Nigga it's a friday, split tha code five ways
Y'all Niggas violate, then you see tha nine spray
Double up - money back, Double up - hundred stack
Y'all Niggas wanna rap, pure shit comin' back
Mothafuckas talk but they don't want none of that
Nah, they don't want beef, stash in tha car seat
Buck em' down spark heat, Nigga we don't talk cheap
Nuthin' but a "G" thang, shoot'em'up BANG BANG!
Added to tha hustle game, flippin' work, cuttin' cane
You don't see the fuckin' chain hundred on the cupboard rings
If you ain't talking money, Nigga what the fuck you sayin'?

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Ey yo, do it for tha OG's, 36 ozs
1000 grams on the PanAm overseas
Put it in a pan or a pot
Just to make it hot
Nigga when tha Term n' Rock...
Freeze by the double digits, keys turn above the sniffers
Squeeze turn the ugly bitches, fuckin' for tha bubbalicious
Baby mama's here to rock, with tha seed in tha pot
When the pop out the others we gon' see it on tha block
Right in front of rich deals, dipers full of shit still
Mommy got a piss grill, Daddy tryna pinch steel
Trunk full of fishscale, put it on tha big scale
Nigga when tha shit's real...
Now I need another bird, holla at my brother Irv
Cut it up in tha dirt, picture from tha gutta curves
Y'all still sellin' herbs, so you can't fuck with Term
St. gettin' money, Nigga whatta fuck you heard!

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That way you could see more stack, {Yeah reeeeeal, nigga}
It's that real hustle music, nigga kilo rap! {yo}

Yo, in em' streets, where I make my ends meet
In tha belly of tha beast, screamin' fuck tha police!
N' I'm never gon' stop til' I'm the fuckin' boss
Flossin' in that new poss, movin' weight like Ricky Ross, but of course:
You already know tha name, kid, Noyd from tha fuckin' bridge
Steppin' on dope, movin' coke it is what it is
I'm not yo average rappa, known as tha gun clappa
Burnin'-tha-dutch master, twistin' haze all day
I'm gangsta homie, I'm so hood homie, I keep that thing on me, so you know I
'm good on it
Sit back n' let my paper stack, Yo it's that Kilo Rap
I'll be movin' mo base than that Premo track
A couple of grams, two o my mans
Greyhound chink that's down a quart o the plan
Been in town just to lock down
Call my connect
Let'em know I just touched down
Bring me tha Tec
It's on!