

Gimme Ah Beat

Anybody Killa

Diiiiirrrrrrrty!!

My gat sounds nice...one
Leave your whole damn neighborhood stunned
You better run
I'm comin' at ya
Duck, bob, and weave as these bullets fly past ya
Man I'm crazy
Puffin' on a green leaf
Pointin' my heat
Straight get off on bein' the street
I'm puttin'
One little
Two little
Three little holes in the back of ya dome
You shoulda stayed home
D-Town born and raised
Drinkin' on a porch
Beatin' down on strays
Broke as fuck, and always hungry
Clothes on my back be dirty laundry

Just give me a fuckin beat
Just give me a fuckin beat
Those who grip a mic are known as teachers
(2x)

I'm dusty like a ashtray
I don't give a shit
Got a clean ass piece though
With a full clip
and a small axe underneath the passenger seat
Ready to swing it
Best believe I'mma bring it
Who you think ya messin' with, don't trip
I'm a warrior
Scalpin' all those who ain't standin on the same side
When its all about to go down
Fightin' with the enemy
Puttin' them in the ground
I bring that old school basement sound
When all I had was a forty-five weighin' me down
Little redskin homey in the hood big pimpin'
Ghetto fabulous in the booth bullshittin'

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ABK - Yeah man, my girl supposed to be comin' through dog and uh
She might just have a little hunny for you
VJ - Hey man
ABK - What?
VJ - Is it always like this in your motherfuckin' neighborhood dogg?
ABK - What, What? Oh, man it get crazier on the weekends dogg
VJ - What the fuck man...

ABK - Let's go down to the party store I know that bitch down there
I need a forty anyway dogg
VJ - Go to the fuckin....whatchu gotta a tan...
What you you gotta tank in the back motherfucker?!
ABK - Oh man, it's just down the street, come on dogg!
VJ - Fuck that, I ain't goin to no motherfuckin', fuck that where the
basement at?
ABK - Oh man....