

# Nevehoe

## Anybody Killa

Neva Neva  
Neva Neva  
Neva Neva  
Neva Neva  
Stay up off it!

Quit frontin', actin' like I don't know what you up to  
I see right through you, so what you gonna do?  
Never will you step a foot around me again  
Cause hangin' with you, I can't win  
Some of the people in this world is some straight up hoes  
Brown nose, I suppose, that's how it goes  
But I sit back watchin', clockin' dollars  
With a smirk on my face waitin' for you to holla  
So I can say nevehoe, nope, what you thinkin'?  
All up in my face, tryin' to thug, breath stinkin'  
You can get the barrel from my homie Shaggy's shotgun  
All up in your face in case ya wanna taste a hot one  
I got no love for them marks, punks, hoes, snitches  
Grown ass bitches  
So stay away and don't come too close  
Cause you may never fuckin' know who wants to slit ya throat

Nevehoe, you ain't gettin' shit  
Nevehoe nevehoe, stay up off it!  
Nevehoe, you ain't gettin' shit  
Nevehoe nevehoe, stay up off it!

I can't stand a motherfucker like you  
When my pockets in mind, I don't care what you into  
I got too many mouths to feed, from kids to mothers  
My wife and brothers, and too many others  
See I'm being tryin' to speak on  
while you sit back and see me as a jar of Grey Poupon  
I should've just stuck my dick in your mouth  
Gave your eyes chocolate donuts and bounced the fuck out  
I go home and meditate with some sage  
Tryin' to brush off these forked tongues like back in the day  
But your new name is fittle fingers  
Cause you're a bank account raper tryin' to steal my dinners  
Just another undercover crackhead  
It comes down to you ain't rapin' me again  
Nevehoe, bitch, for now and nevermore  
Just get your hands out my cookie jar you fuckin' whore

Nevehoe, you ain't gettin' shit  
Nevehoe nevehoe, stay up off it!  
Nevehoe, you ain't gettin' shit  
Nevehoe nevehoe, stay up off it!  
(2x)

Nevehoe, not no mo'  
Cause all your true colors is startin' to show  
Greedy ass, hand in the cookie jar  
Tryin' to get a fistful but it's just too hard  
Let me catch you again, I thought I said never  
Tryin' to take what's mine but you ain't that clever

Runnin' with a hatchet, Psychopathic, we don't stop  
So you gets no cream of our crop

Twelve years in this game, for what?  
So you can a bank teller out my butt, BITCH!  
Naw fuck that, it's time for some chokin'  
Crackin' those legs open, cause your drunk and smokin'  
Spittin' out babies like your spit your game  
Shit loads of money in fifteen minutes of fame  
Well nevehoe, no, I ain't the one  
I don't pack one, but I do got a gun

Nevehoe, you ain't gettin' shit  
Nevehoe nevehoe, stay up off it!  
Nevehoe, you ain't gettin' shit  
Nevehoe nevehoe, stay up off it!  
(2x)

What, what? Bring that shit in bitch, what?! (Stay up off it!)  
Man, don't even touch my weed dogg I will bust yo ass (Stay up off it!)  
Nope nope nope, you ain't gettin' no ride  
Fuck you, you ain't got no gas money (Stay up off it!)  
Naw, hoe don't even worry about my motherfuckin' bank account bitch!  
(Stay up off it!)