

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!)