

## Fight

## Dem Franchise Boyz

Bust his head! (TO THE WHITE MEAT!)  
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I'm a bust it wide open

Boy I've been drinking and my system that hen in,  
I gotta bust his head before I knock his chin in,  
I might just punch his ass, we might just jump his ass,  
Or we'll get em rock til he fall n we might just stomp his ass

Come on and gamble (bet) fuck nigga try your luck  
Bitch they call me pimpin I slap hoes and leave em short,  
N you run and get ya pistol cause you feel you been fucked,  
I come around niggas even when they try to gut

So get ya head bust open, like ya just get cocked,  
By them head got track, hit you with a gallon bottle  
Treat like a virgin that wanna hit ya Victoria model,  
I prefer tha white meat cause tha dark is too swallow

Ball up, come back, stomp that nigga,  
He tried to lock em ball, so I snuck that nigga,  
No time to rush, two more jabs got his eyes cut  
His staggern vision blurry, HE HURT HE GOT HIS HEAD BUST  
[Hook x3]

Get jacked lik Jess, fuck nigga I bring them thangs,  
Let ya move be ya best, fuck nigga this ain't no game,  
Disrespect you can bet, I throw them thangs,  
Ain't no time in tha club nigga that I don't slang

And you know my will,  
Do em out the muscle, I ain't from Trillville  
But I'm a headbussa I'll knock a nigga out and soon as my move clique,  
Bust his head to da white meat with pool balls and pool sticks

Boy Billy done bad, my laugh is played out,  
No job in tha club, done buck ya layed out,  
You a disrespect partner so tha love his gone,  
Bet I'll knock ya ass out, go slide ya girls own

I put niggas on tha back, you can call me Lak Suagar,  
They think that's it's a dream, cause I scare like Freddy Kruger,  
Two hits make em shake like a fucking drug abuser,  
Nigga try to buck like a pimp but they a loser

I'm a a slim cashin, I really don't do fightin,  
But niggas be ain't cause they hoes always bitin,  
Niggas talkin shit that's tha shit I don't be likin,  
Give me a little credit for tha shit I be recyclin

You rockin cock diesel, when I know you don't wanna fight,  
Like shot it left, but broad would I throw it right,  
These niggas don't wanna see me, hand and guns,  
I ain't quick to grab tha tool, but I'll fraig ya gun

I'm slangin hard yea, and I'm serving em fast,  
While throw like sugga shane, knockin you on ya ass,  
Now I got ya head bust open what, knock ya brain in a chevy,  
My hand move way, so ya know my blow with it

Now it's on in this bitch, yea it's on in this bitch,  
You don't wanna knuckle up, so watch ya tone in this bitch,  
I ain't Martin Larence, we can't get along in this bitch,  
My niggas ready to fight if you get wrong in this bitch