

Suckas Come And Try Me

Dem Franchise Boyz

Suckas come and try me
They goin find yo body

If a nigga try me, then he goin die
I keep my tool cock like Debo's eyes
And when I draw down
Ana tryin to scare you
I make you 1,2,step like ya name Ciara
Put yo cha vest round yo head
Protect yo face
I been gettin money like collection plates
I put yo face on a shirt
and fronted on front page
Try me if you wanna
I got more nines then fourth grade
I re-up on the first then again on the third
I'm in tha hood like a fire hydrogen, sittin on the curb
And I got heart, I got grain, I got pills boy
I'm on da block posted up like a billboard
And I got that torch, so you know that I blast metal
If you went away, we steppin on you like a gas pedal
And I got that linen squeeze so I grip my pipe tight
Most of these niggas mad cause we shinin like some bright lights

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I got hoes fo days
Dro fo days
A choppa that sprays
I keep that thrown away
Sucka nigga wanna try
yo ass goin die
6 feet under the dirt, you lie
So duck when I buss
I shot yo ass off angle
Dripping blood on my shoes
Dry yo ass on a hanger
We da true, who care, Franchise lets get it
These niggas soft then snuggles
and big ass titties
I keep da croon piece nigga
And my fingas stay flicking
They say I need some Bendaryl
cause that bitch stay itching
It's getting hot in my kitchen
I stay cookin, I'm bad
Ah get mad, I have you redder then maxxxy pads
Maceo told u niggas bout fucking wit Drez
I gotta a click of niggas ready to put one in yo head
Stretch you out on the bed and slap a tag on yo toe
I told u niggas wit big Omp, Hoe.

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