

Now...

Now who be the top OG from the W? (Who?)  
Gangbang with heat, that's what I'm telling you (You)  
If you feel defeat within'll dwell on you  
And you aint got enough chip of what I'm sellin you (Ch-ching)  
Now get up out them bandanas, try denim (Hm)  
Cus if you keep 'em on you gon die in 'em Pop in that, in that and that hood  
Hell I even call a little funkin in the back woods  
I give props to St Louis, props to Memphis  
Buck the dirt weed, homie lets hit this  
Props to Minneapolis, props to Mejico  
Or where ever we go the CPT flows  
Four deep in the Lexo (Lexo!)  
Rollin chrome and all wood (Mhmm)  
All up in the wrong hood  
Where bitches is no good but pussy be so good  
Now that's your wife but that my trick (Yup)  
And if you taste rubber then that's my ooh  
Don't panic, I didn't bareback her  
I manage to fight feelin, She was givin none  
Now you got her in bandages  
And walkin through the complex, cussin out managers  
They let us in, playa we got advantages  
Truth is she had homies, I was horny  
so we laid on the bed and made sandwiches

Ev'ryday I gotta watch these suckas roll by, keep an eye on they  
Started spotted (?) I don't know why  
Turned my back on an awesome party, I'ma stay well guarded  
And if you wanna bring me up back the fuck up off mine  
then we can get it started

Crawf Dog come through, slap meat in ya mouth  
Beatin it out, yeah we freaked it out  
You sure know how to get a brother off off ya good when ya skeetin it out  
So we seepin out, creepin out  
Hittin hotels and eatin out  
She got dropped off at the corner of the block  
cus the man got heat in the house  
I seen the nigga peepin out  
What, what you gon shoot?  
You got a deuce-deuce? Aw, that's cute  
Scooter better scoot with his little boot  
Before I put holes in him like a flute  
So do I have to make the call to make you fall  
Shit our shit come through the walls  
You better not duck with ya ass in the air, cus I'ma knock off ya balls!

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I aint givin no respect to you bustas  
that aint givin none to me (Why should I?)  
And when shit get kicked up on the asphalt don't come run to me

Cus I'ma be up all in the S class doin doughnuts  
Lookin for the best ass to fit on nuts  
He said, she said, you talk a lot  
Peel a niggas eardrums back in the parkin lot (Ya need to shut up)  
Lyin and you puttin too much on it  
Tellin that story with a touch on it (Damn)  
Cus pimpin takes care of the playboy that let it take care of the P  
You too! If you wasn't so concerned of another niggas business  
How many cars he got, how many kids  
And how many stars he knocked  
How many years you done did that couldn't been spent on you  
So get on out and get it crackin (G'on)  
And send me a broad that's packin (yeah)  
I need a little yellow real mellow playin Cello in the twelve grade  
Lookin for a selve made G  
One that comes from the CPT  
The DJ Q-U-I-K with no C  
Not to gangbang, sucka let my nuts hang  
Getting down Crawl and JD

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