Chorus x2 Kill, kill, murder, murder, murder 40-40 cal, watch a nigga hurt a Kill, kill, murder, murder, murder 40 fuckin' cal, watch a nigga hurta (Gangsta Boo) On the other side of town Blake Haven bound Where I'm found Ain't nobody bloody Angels sayin', must be hell bound Everybody on that liqour Bangsta Boo is right up with ya Can't you see your picked a picture perfect Now it's time to get you Come with me So you can see the side Of the dark niggas Claimin' hard Be left with body parts in the yard Bitch I got you scared Unless you prepared to take the test Hope you study hard When this go fly through your fuckin' vest Never be as clever as I I'm on the level come high High till the day that I die Or will you kiss me good bye I'm bout it, whatever bitch You want to get some of this You be the one that get your ass kicked Quick in the dick I'll put your ass inn a trunk In the city of bump I might not lock up the door Blaze a crystal blunt I'm in the studio loot Doin' a race on this track Some with me (??) I got it locked like that Chorus x2 I got this shit locked tight Ain't no keepin' me out You cannot see is So when I tell you somethin' bitch You best believe it I swear you shouldn't battle with me I'm like a pimple I pop up out of no where On your ass so simple I'm laid back on this track I figure you feelin' nigga Throw your setts in the air (throw your setts in the air) Scrip your killas and killas About your dealas on the block Makin' money that's right

About the ladies on the real lookin' for a late night

Don't be surprised when you see me Cause I (??) at the world To all you top notch niggas Or material girls They call me lady maybe baby I gets jiggy with mine I'm feelin' fine on the rise Prophet Posse behind I'm 18 98 flowin' all of my flows So bitch imagine how I sound When I'm 20 years old We so so def like Jermaine But bitch we tearin' it up The number one hit song Of the banned and closed Chorus