They my enemies
Dressed in my friends clothes
Dick ridin thinkin I don't know
They my enemies
Dressed in my friends clothes
Smile in my face but pop shit behind door

I wake up, knowin' I'm bout to see em' all in my face Like what up, these mutha fuckers all over the place I'm fed up, Homie I'm angry and I need me my space And good luck, wit all that thinkin' you goin take my place

It's alot of niggas in this club popin' bub thats foney Actin like they got nothing but love for the homie Straight 2 faced like them niggas at Sony (now ain't you the mayor) I'm the one and only For the longest me and my niggas Been hittin this town like a storm And now you gotta see me and Penny arm to arm One day you'll get it Keep tryin nigga Yeah right you ballin, keep tryin nigga I know alot of ballers Half of em' hate me Bankrupt, bitch you must ain't see my moms lately Be damned if you like me Give a fuck what you rate me I only know 2 words And nigga thats pay me Now we finna stop talkin shit about J.D Cuz he been doin' this shit since yall was babies How you goin' try to degrade me Yall aint my friends nigga I ain't crazy

Now I'm what can chill Till the moment I lose mine And when I lose mines Gun stores gone lose nines I thought you knew Kwon keep 8 on the waist line I'm from the Lou Kwon flip H to waist time I spit it, for niggas who don't fee my shit She a whore I don't like her You can get on my bitch She want a war, what for I'll peel this bitch Body lifted gun wit it I don't need this shit You my enemie Dressed in my friends clothes But when I shoot I do better Than Shaq doin free throws A bunch of niggas trippin That got the game wrong A bunch of niggas fealin like me who bumpin' the same song I'm evil, why you think you goin take my spot Waitin till my album drop quit thinkin you pop And you rappin hard core

When oyu knowin you pop
And you sayin you a realla when you knowin you not