

Weakest Link

Lil' Scrappy

As far as I can see you're a bitch to me You the weakest link goodbye As far
as I can see you're a bitch to me You the weakest link goodbye
They always askin me why I say yaa
Cause I mean what I say and I agree with myself
And imma keep it real, and you should keep believing
Cause if you don't you the weakest link and you should be leavin
Twerk that shit in the lane and my name they be screamin
Like Michael Vick im talking shit, playin this field
So I aint need no reason to knock you out the projects
Juzt take your fukin wallet, im makin a fukin profit
And you niggas can't stop me, like you tryn 2 catch my ass
Im ready to shot a nigga when all you do is fukin pass
The last day of class, soo aint no need to ask
Cause I aint the teacher, I wont let you pass
Im Don AKA, slash Corleone
Whoo started his own shit, who put us all on
And the bows been thrown, and the guns been cocked up
Now the only thing left 2 get rid of you fukin talkers

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Purple tray and niggas always like to talk that bullshit
Ima let you feel it when these bullets start to talking spit
Rite out the barrel of my rueger at you lame hoes
This is how it goes when my gun done put a hole
Rite threw your dome, 'cause my chrome is my only friend
Niggas don't pretend to be down when you wasn't in
You smiling in my face imma stab you in the fukin back
Dressed in all black, with the tech ready to attack
Nigga you aint hard imma take yo ass up off the map
Peelin niggas cap talking shit runnin at their trap
Im realest nigga that you niggas eva seen before
Imma let you know, I aint never been a scary hoe
Not your average joe, left your spleen on your fukin top
Nigga pop pop as I cock back the fukin glock
Niggas need to start, tryn to talk down on my game
Imma do the same, to their ass as I buss their brain

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As far as I can see man you a bitch
You the weakest link outcha mothafukin cliq
Jump up if you down to get hit
And quit talking all that monkey ass shit
Im cutting out the middle, you getting paid a lil
This some real shit this aint no nursery ryme riddle
Imma let him get you, rite there hit you
They gonna hav to stich you, and the nigga ridin with you
That's why I toss bricks, I seen da bigga picture
Aint don't nobody miss you, you bitch can't even kiss you
So she about to ditch you, or betta yet quit you
Imma real nigga, but she act like she don't give a shit
So pass me the switch, im gone off the liquor
As far as I can see man you a bitch ass nigga
Its time to fire up, your time expired up
And when I pull it out, you get shot up
My nigga

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Hey, hey, hey [fades to end]