

By 2 Da Bad Guy

Lil Wyte

When dem boys hit the corna I'm a gonea
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Like (skerrrrrrrr) fuck that sat goodbye to the bad guy
(skerrrrrrrr) fuck that say goodbye to the bad guys

Commin out like hold up aw shit there go them 4's
DJ Paul where you at been tryin to hit you on the phone
to let you know that it's hot as cole
all around the globe
tippi toes what I'm flickin on
passin by these hoe like (skerrrrrrrr)
fuck that say goodbye to them bad guys
I smoke weed till' I die
I'm gon stay high
come touch this engin pimpin
I been crusin a buck
got to get away from this cops they finally cross me out of luck
the same story
every day only of guts glory
It's part of yo struggle if it you ain't got shit for me
I gon' hold it down
get my crown and keep only truckin
civilize this industry fuck up yo truck and keep on bumpin
this is some shit that you didn't think you would ever see
but since we hear turn to the back of the pack and let us be
you think we'll give up purple suryp and pimp cups
now motherfucker this the life we like in Memphis

yeah now they got me in this cell
cuz this crack man I sell
In the haven boy this crack sell well
I was in the zone 8:30 in the morn'
them po's hit the con
I got gone I had a tone
with a big bag of crack
them boy don't like that
so I had to get down like a lack
with 4 flats
I'm a grayhound
I just put the tre down
I can't be on my way down
so I'm gon have to put down
ditch the rocks I had them in a machbox
ditch the glock behind the bushes round the block
and just like the spinners I will never stop
like bukus and money we don made on the spot
I make the hood hot along with the faculty and ganegreen P.A.C
every thang we gain is green
to the bay
where my boy Lil Wyte stay
Is where I damn there ran but they caught me anyway fuck