

# Ten Toes Tall

Lil Wyte

bustin with that 45 make them bitches back it up, back it up  
I'm 5 foot 8, from the Bay, white as fuck and do not play  
If you want me, come and get me, Fraiser Drive is where I stay  
Won't you come on down my way, I hope that you ain't afraid  
You won't even need the numbers cause we posted every day  
On the corner or in my front yard where we smoke marijuana  
Sit back, wait on the police to ride by and stare so we can dog 'em  
Know who I'm saying, they can't fade us, so what the fuck you think you gonn  
a do?

We HCP, clicked up with the rest of the world and yes we deep foo  
You don't wanna end up an example of what we would do to haters mayne  
Victims have said that we bring the pain and witnesses that we all the same  
I don't wanna stress on other shit that y'all been constantly questioning  
Shit that I'm preaching come from people teachin  
The shit that I remember so deep within  
And when I get to where I'm gonna be in my successful life  
I'm gonna look down at y'all haters in disgrace cause I done took my flight  
And when I get ready shine in that stage of my life  
I'm gonna make sure all y'all haters remember me and I'm gonna alright

So many haters in this world they wanna see us fall  
We have no love for none of you busters, I said none of y'all  
I know you see me everyday, I'm posted on the wall  
I'm gonna continue to mash and always standing ten toes tall  
So many haters in this world they wanna see us fall  
We have no love for none of you busters, I said none of y'all  
I know you see me everyday, I'm posted on the wall  
We gonna continue to mash and always standing ten toes tall  
BITCH!

Keep 'em breathing, leave 'em bleeding, boy this is not haters season  
This the reason for them beefin, all the rest is just some treason  
I got nina's, I got rifles, I got fully auto's too  
You get one I will get five and everyone will come for you  
This the truth, I got problems in my life and that's a fact  
But that don't give you one right to jump in my shit and holla back  
With a different brain, simple things, keep me on a different plane  
Business mayne, with pleasure to settle by an open flame  
Plenty change will be excepted, but plus I want the fame  
Know my name and disrespect it but it will stay the same  
Down the drain, knowing for me I have to be working things  
Love the game, wanna retire but when I'm 80 mayne  
Mary Jane all in my system but yet I still maintain  
I'm insane, so hard to hide it but still I can't complain  
I got killers taking good care of ya, leaving plenty stains  
With the shovel I'm gonna bury yo mangled up remains

Talk about these hating little boys, carrying they toys but they small dawg  
Put yo 22 under my 5-0 cal and I'm gonna get rawed dawg  
Ain't no need to stall dawg, I'm gonna blow up on all y'all  
Racing across the nation to yo crib, I ??  
Now we about to stop, now the road about 2 blocks  
Reachin yo house with two Glock's, got in yo house with 2 knocks  
Came to the door in Reebok's, joggin pants with no socks  
Run up them steps acting like you won't get caught but break them door locks  
Situations gettin mixed, yo messenger boy got in some shit  
Crossed the wrong one, he found out he didn't know who he was fucking with

Wyte, backed up by Triple Six  
In a nutshell don't fuck with this  
Fraiser, bound, and youngster, \*Hypnotized\* is how I'll leave ya bitch  
Blasting back with competition, staining on y'all fucking hoes  
Leavin incision pushing some pimping right up out the do'  
Hate me now, hate me later, it's all good I got to go  
So many haters up in my world, couldn't count 'em on my hands and toes