It's Attic Crew, know what I'm saying Want our corner back, A-Town, home team rule For real

It's like shake, rattle, roll It all started 105 Creel Road And all y'all niggas hitting licks, who didn't know It's 50 niggas behind these closed doors So don't lose your grip, don't run your lip These niggas pull them thangs And they can't know worth a flip But whos to blame, time done changed Feet off in some grease, slicker than it was man Brand new look, cause its a brand new day Gonna hit a lick, buy a hoe, then you on your way See somewhere down the line, you must have fucked up I was taught not to pay these hoes, to get these hoes legs up See back in the day, you know it for sho' Grandma said she ain't play, and they ain't play a radio So I took up them words, got back on the curb Now I'm bumping like a mug, ain't no getting the 3rd Nothing but dirt, being done Ain't honest work, but it bringing in them funds I said I'm trapped in this thang, plenty years of being slum And highly qualified for hitting niggas for they bum nigga

Hook

Pop, Pop, Pop, your partner got bust, he's a gonner black The A-Town niggas want they corner back *gunfire* Stick em'
We looking for em', don't be wid' em
Cock back and let that thang, thang, hit em', Get em

Now be prepared for when a time come for us to bust As I engage in ways, out as a stray, like craze Deep in this everglaze, took ?taser nuts? Out in the battlefields, now what it is You can't understand as I fulfill the need To take it upon myself, to thrash and bash your ass Now feel the wrath, as we ignite unto the path So is it a ??? for acting like a bitch Youngbloodz, Atlantas own, two strong off in this shit And if with them whips, you trip Ready to fight for what you claim As if its a game of nuts, don't see what this might contain So now you in range to gain the strength off which you feed But as you can see, you headed for trouble, thats you and me And with full speeds, you reapin' and tweetin' on down the line So nigga here it is, cause niggas steady on the grind nigga

hook

I'll get em' back, trying to sack up my last little dope I wonder if these boys got a scope on your fore'
And I know they don't, really don't give a shit
All I know, these niggas puttin' a hand on my profit
Gonna quit, really soon

You losing your motherfucking mind, better realize
You gotta meet up with these country niggas eye to eye
So, don't make no dumb move
You outside your boundary nigga, the home team rule
Remember my nigga, see we done put it down for years
What the hell make you think we just gonna give it up like this
See your dividends, your only friend, gonna get you snatched up
And your back, looking weak, cause money sure can't knuck'
Your casket closed you got stuck in red dirt
And I pray for the family of the victim who got hurt nigga

Got thangs, ??? , right back on the clock and boom and

Now through the dust I seen you coming from a mile away
Now give me three within' this distance and be on your way
Cause nowadays these niggas act as if its all good
To walk around with smiles, as if they know they could
And if they should, I'd be the first to let these niggas know
That I ain't the one to be played, so leave that for them hoes
And to them fake ass niggas who swear they real
Better know what to do before you find yourself revealed

hook