

Pop, Pop, Pop

YoungBloodz

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

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

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