

# 40 Glocc, Fuck Yall

(feat. Locie Loc)

(... it's because they was bitches)

I'm loved by many, hated by most

But respected by all, 'cause the Loc stares at young whore

I done chop niggas up like a bag of rock

With Mac 90's and AK's and shut down blocks

You don't want to get to stay with extenders on 9 glocks

And for a little dough I have your ass up in a pine box

My niggas is grimy, they smoke wet and pack techs

Try me I'll beat on your chest like a drum set

You will me in traffic, we keep burners on the wide

I got a full fifth on my hip, with 40 on my side (yeah)

With a 40 to sip while I get high

So don't start no shit 'cause you'll fuck around and die

From that hollow tip when that hammer collide with this

Big bullet inside this .45 and the

Slugs fly hittin' your chest, neck and your thigh

And I leave a nigga leakin' and that's no lie

(... I intimidate these niggas)

They claim to be West but they not like me

Their music ain't worth shit so they give it for free

Me I throw crossovers over the beat

Hit you with a jumpshots, it's the play from the streets

And I don't mean B-ball, I play with the Heat

Make 'em pay homage if you disagree

Light his ass up like a christmas tree

Wrap him in plastic in the middle of the street

I spit Jurassic, I'm a motherfuckin' beast

I'm compatible with both Mac and PC

From locked up, mouth shut, never P.C.

I'm high as fuck on PCP

In the club with a hand gun, VIP

Any nigga that feel a cop, RIP

All I need is a clip to make me a treat

Make his ass wave a white flag, ask for peace