

Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Foo-Dang

Foo D-D-D-Dang

Better watch your step, on the streets we bang (On the streets we claim!)

You need to be ashamed (Calling out your name!)

You acting foo dang (You acting foo dang!)

(Blaze)

I fold open the sawed off, with enough shells to blow your motherf**king chest, face, and balls off

I ain't soft, I'm harder than SAT's on LSD, so punk bitch please

You foo dang like ride to the spot on a handle bars of your homie's bike looking for a fight

Where your car? (Go and jack you one!) Where your gat? (Do you pack you one?)

Now is you stepping up low son, stay strapped like a safety belt with more cheese than a mexi mel

My impression is felt, oh it better than bullet holes in the back of the heads of you punk hoes

Matter of fact you so foo dang, if we drop bees on yo chin, you wont swang

Dank hoe, no hard habit, I'm stabbing you bitches before you even know what happen

Foo D-D-D-Dang

Better watch your step, on the streets we bang (On the streets we claim!)

You need to be ashamed (Calling out your name!)

You acting foo dang (You acting foo dang!) x2

(Anybody Killa)

Wah-Da-Da-Dang, watch my crew foo dang

Up and down the streets with a broken ass piece

Rob from the poor, and give it back to the rich

Driving on the sidewalk, f**k the road, bitch! (Look out!)

Jack moves, nice and smooth, put your hands in the air, don't nobody move! (Stick em up!)

I'm in for the jewelry, weed, and cash

I don't care if it's my party, I'ma still bust that ass! (Bitch!)

I love foo danging, Ghetto bangin', 8-ball of soap that I'm cutting' and slangin' Fake ass gold stamp

(Chorus)

Foo D-D-D-Dang

Better watch your step, on the streets we bang (On the streets we claim!) You need to be ashamed

You acting foo dang (You acting foo dang!) (x2)

(Blaze)

Yeah, that's right, to be continued, muthaf**kas! (Foo Dang!)