

Da Assassin, Hate To See Me Have Shit

(Verse 1)

Nigga I'm from the projects
Now pack my tech
And I demand respect
You plan a place and get checked
And I'll make your t-shirt wet
See I'm that fed up out the AZ nigga
A pro nigga
What you mean that's all you got
Get your ass on the floor nigga
Move faster if you have to
And if you ain't got what I'm knockin
Mutha f**ka I'ma attempt to get me
The convo before I go Joe Blow
I'm robbin niggas for they doe
And hittin the cuts and lay low
I'll spray your whole block up
And everybody's gettin popped up
Nobody got up
Because you bitches all got shot up
Clock up my nina, f**kin supina'd
I'm not goin back to jail
I'm blastin niggas to hell
And if I fail then I'm all in
But at least wit a piece
I can release when I'm s star bitch
'cause I'm a Wikid AJ killa
Stack, still a cap pilla
I got dealers stackin skrilla from jackin niggas

(Chorus)(2x)

Niggas rather see me blasted
I lay dead in the casket
To see me laughin
But I ain't havin it
The gas pedal I be mashin
To escape the Assassin
'cause mutha f**kas hate to see me have shit

(Verse 2)

It's time to smash the gas pedal
Openin off 4-4 barrels
Wit my strap in my lap
'cause these mutha f**kas jealous
'cause I drinkin brews
Wit my man dressed in black
Top notches on my jock
Tryin to choose 'cause I make it move
That's why I'm 4 deep
Drunk off the Olde E
And if you got beef
Lets hate banger's to the goatee

These scandalous ass bitches
Is just as bad as these niggas
And niggas could get riches
So that these bitches could roll in benz's
My business on the hump, on the down low like R
Wit my windows smoke tinted
So you can't see up in my car
Callin shots on niggas life's
Like I'm Jesus Christ and uh
Thou shall not grind without without kickin in mine

'cause time after time they're back
Game scattered like roaches
They be victims of my sickness
'cause I'm vicious when it's slowly
I'm the wikidest bitch
And best believe there's no mistakin
'cause these other niggas fakin
Like they're makin what I'm makin nigga

(Chorus)(2x)

(Verse 3)
Sort of like a psycho
F**k no, a lunatic
I'm ready to do some shit
Because I'm deep up that bullshit, wit 45
Different ways to express
These eleven hollow points
Into yo mutha f**kin chest
Who wanna test
That criminal minded nigga bustin like a savage
All for the love of the cabbage
When I see it, I got to have it
F**k a ho, and milk a bitch
That be the way
'cause they hate to see me lavage
Makin money, gettin paid on the regular
No hesitations for my filla, realla
'cause a nigga illa for the skrilla
Peel yo cap back
And creep like a mutha f**kin menace
And witness as I jack and bounce wit the quickness
Stack the money in the safe
Rendezvous wit the click
Think of Mr. Make-A-Mil
I'm the mutha f**kin shit
It's so drastic
And keep away from niggas who be blastin
And hatin on a nigga
'cause they hate to see me have shit

(Chorus)(2x)