

Da Backwudz, You Gonna Luv Me

Wussup sho nuff boy

I'm comin down with the key to Decator
east Atlanta slash writer
heavy grinda for paper
city slicker heavy weight in the game
froze wish they ear lobes
heavy weight in my chain
hittin the game
where you niggas be slackin
got the dro for the lo
that's what my niggas be sackin
my shell toes
peddle chevys and boles
white leathers on the cutlass
with mahogany flos
I'm ridin through oakhurst
coated like starburst
candy paint glisten
lookin greasy like bratwurst
the dude on my jersey
is greatly deceased
you rested in peace
for snitchin to decator police
servin niggas with a ghetto subpoena
got that A town stomp
???

I'm passin hoes like collection plates
and keep a broad on my squad
who on section 8
oh

yeah okay
they gon love me after this one
all my trap niggas
and dro smokers
keep the strippers
stay focus
pussy poppin and rollin
cuz all I wear is hats wit As
shoppin that ??
white tees, Cartiers
jeans creased up
straight out the cleaners
plus my George Jefferson strut
and my southern demeanor
when they see me when I speak my slang
everybody wanna know my name
sho nuff
I was born in Atlanta
raised in decator
where we pushin le sabres
and blow like inhalers
say he kinda skinny
wit a full size jimmy
ay man I got broads in different cities
like gimme gimme
they used to treat me like urkel the need
now they flock when the see my lebrons on the curb
see my upholstery
it got women approachin me
some look like they too old for me
t.vs hangin appropriately

when you see me in the 6 tre drop
and I tell you that the price of the worth just dropped
I let the thing go pop
I caught buddy round there snitchin off to the cops
and the game don't stop
you tried to see my dough
you better see this 4
get it
I'm 31 and my rappin is done
I gotta million dollar company to run

cuz I smoke like you
??????
I buy em like em split em
rolla em just like you
in XXL murda the source
the vibes ?? I'm rollin stones
and let model rides

I'm grand hustlin
disturbin the peace
I'm so def
puttin organized noise in the street
I'm smokin earth tones
chong and cheech
you beat you meat at home
while I bone your freak
I told ya you gone love me

its the back woods
slabbin through your back hood
we got them thangs that'll make Shaq back good
known to put the shiny things on the lac hoods
known to do a little dance if the yak good