

Dirty, Gimme Sum Mo

Whooo!!

Okay okay okay

Check this out

That's them Dirty slum boys finna lock it down this time

And when we lock it down it ain't gon' be for a little while

It gon' be for infinity

Nigga that means now and forever

[Pimp]

The Dirty slum got you mad now

We stackin' cash now

Money out the ass now

Pushin' cadillacs now

Finna hit yo stash

With my ski mask

Lick you from the back

Leave yo pockets flat

We all about that bread

I'll bust yo head

Burn yo ass with lead

Leave you where you played

I saw you tryin' to flex

You shoulda fled

If you scared say it

Too late you dead

Now I got yo block

We choppin' rocks

All off in our socks

We got the Gump locked

Now hoes wanna jock

Cause we on top

But when the Dirty drop

It ain't gon' stop

Now you heard we on the grind now

That's all the time now

Skeetin' down for dimes

I gotta get mine

The bud we smoke is ?

Sometimes it's pine

Leave yo girl blind

When this ? shine

[Hook]

And for all my niggas who got that weed

We gon' sack it up

All my niggas got some beef

We gon back it up

And all my niggas who got that cheese

We gon' rack it up

And if you sittin' on some D's

We gon' jack it up

To all my girls bouncin' ass

Won't you drop it low

All my girls spittin' game

Just be bout that dough

All my girls who gon' freak

We can freak on the flo'

And I ain't leavin' out yo house till you gimme sum mo'

[Mr. G]

My niggas is riders

Gon' off purple sky dust

We ain't no hoes nigga so don't try us

We makin' hits while these boys throwin' fists

We still gettin' rich while these dummies talk shit
But they caught the short end of the stick
Oh well
That shit they rap about
Man I'm surprised they can't tell
That's why I'm down with some niggas that's gon' bust
Them niggas ain't with us
Then them niggas we don't trust
??? he quick to turn somethin'
And Mr. Blue
He stay true
And Fat Mack keep 12-Mack
??? be down for the brawl
That nigga pimpin' small
Got some fire off the wall
V-Dog you know he boss hard
??? playa you know that nigga down to stack mail
But Big Pimp boy you shoulda been first
That nigga quick to leave a bitch nigga off in the dirt

[Hook]

[Pimp]

We got that thang crunk now
Up in the Gump now
Let that thang thump now
All up out yo trunk now
We goin' double plat
Right off the back
Got yo girl layin' flat
All off in her kat
We got them refer sacks
Oooh they so fat
Get ya high like crack
Put ya on yo back
Forever I be slurred
Off thunderbird
Got that caddy swurved
All up on the curb

[Mr. G]

Now we crackin' skulls
Just for the love
You claim you was a thug
But you gets drug
Plus we got them slugs
They for yo chest
Now you never shoulda flexed
Now you may rest
We flipped out on the scene
Dirty boys clean
Y'all know what I mean
All about that green
Central Squad rule
And now y'all through
When them 6 flew
Droppin' 3 plus 2

[Hook x2]