

A Plus F/ MJG, What You Weigh Me

A Plus F/ MJG

Miscellaneous

What You Weigh Me

(he is here again)

(what you weigh me)

(There are many this time)

(what you weigh me)

Suave House East Coast

(We must go)

West Coast

(Hurry)

(Follow me)

(A+)

Seal em off the one who doubts the A+ now where yo nuts at

Let em fall the basketball i'm asking y'all

Naw fuck it i'm telling right at the door

We gone meet in the park for the six million pimps march

We spark brain sticky (I'm controllin the top nines)

Connected wit real pimping my niggas done popped wine

Tell ya broad to stop look at me close

Cause I ain't saving

The way a chick could come wit that shit can be amazing

(act bad) fuckin wit your mind

(A million ways for me to act bad) Only need one to get the job done

False niggas step in my path what i'ma do

I'ma cut the sheepskin off of the wolf reveal the truth

Ain't no use in helping no good niggas cause they betray you

Frost eyes strapped with a sword ready to slay you

I'ma lay you down busta you can't replace me

I got your daddy feeling like a woman now what you weigh me

[Chorus]

They say life is a bitch shit

So is death

Until die and then came to life again ask yourself

Is you frontin for your manhood from the go

Or are you fronting for a certain section or a certain ho

I intend to take no mo

No blows

Knock em out opposite of No-Doze

Say plus never can us never can say we

Love ho's go to pay me now what you weigh me

(MJG)

Who in the fuck is this? (MJG)I'm in yo shit

Leave yo door locked down (my fault) I'm in yo bitch

See you told me in the beginning she had a large heart

Hell but I didn't know she had large lips and down the part

And good throat too (deep as the ocean) now I can see how she provoke you

Man she can swallow some shit any other bitch would choke to

She got you outta yo mind from flattery took yo paycheck

Promised to be down and you ain't never seen that day yet

You fuckin wit niggas that who coast ho's

Pointin fingers and slick tricks and broke ho's

I dispose of those

We broke toes they can't stand on they own ten

We don't fold the competition gets blown in

Im known in and out of state

Bitches come a dime a dozen no niggas get outta place

I relate to all the true ass sistas who truly play me

Ho's you passed you gone in yo heart now what you weigh me

Chorus

(A+)

You can't stop a young entre-pre-nuer doer
Bitch as soon as you can take the tour
She's easy dawg wanna make it wit me splurge life
The chick would kill for me
Just to be my third wife in my third life
She's a passed around phony hand me down ass ho
And when niggas think they know everything you don't know
Jack sh (nah) two cent trick you need a fix
You got the Jones
Call that broad and pay to keep the lights on
The good life living like you was raised
You coming wit that check well pimpin' gets paid
And ain't no minuses
It only be pluses when I'm involved
And any funny business go down it get resolved
Cause I ain't got to be taking a chance
Playing my life just like a lottery
Shaking my hand
But still you wanna put a stop to me
Say you wanna get on down
Well ok we stumble and fumble now what you weigh me

Chorus 2x

Scratches
(Be careful)
(Be careful)