

ABK, Gimme Ah Beat

Diiiiiiiiirrrrrty!!

My gat sounds nice

One

Leave your whole damn neighborhood stunned

You better run

I'm comin' at ya

Duck, bob, and weave as these bullets fly past ya

Man I'm crazy

Puffin' on a green leaf

Pointin' my heat

Straight get off on bein' the street

I'm puttin'

One little

Two little

Three little holes in the back of ya dome

You shoulda stayed home

D-Town born and raised

Drinkin' on a porch

Beatin' down on strays

Broke as f**k

and always hungry

Clothes on my back be dirty laundry

(Chorus 2x)

Just give me a f**kin beat

Just give me a f**kin beat

Those who grip a mic are known as teachers

I'm dusty like a ashtray

I don't give a shit

Got a clean ass piece though

With a full clip

and a small axe underneath the passenger seat

Ready to swing it

Best believe I'mma bring it

Who you think ya messin' with, don't trip

I'm a warrior

Scalpin' all those who ain't standin on the same side

When its all about to go down

Fightin' with the enemy

Puttin' them in the ground

I bring that old school basement sound

When all I had was a forty-five weighin' me down

Little redskin homey in the hood

Big pimpin'

Ghetto fabulous in the booth bullshittin'

(Chorus 2x)

Just give me a f**kin beat

Just give me a f**kin beat

Those who grip a mic are known as teachers

"Yeah man, my girl supposed to be comin' through dog and uh, she might just have a lit

"Hey man"

"What?"

"Is it always like this in your motherf**kin' neighborhood, dog?"

"What, What? Oh, man it get crazier on the weekends dog."

"What the f**k man....."

"Lets go down to the party store I know that bitch down there. I need a forty anyway dog

"Go to the f**kin....Whatchu gotta a tan....What you you gotta tank in the back mother f**

"Oh man, it's just down the street, come on dog!"

"F**k that, I ain't goin to no mother f**kin, f**k that where the basement at?"

"Oh man....."