

ABK, Nevehoe

[Repeat 3x]

Neva
Neva
Neva
Neva
Neva
Neva
Neva
Neva

Stay up off it!

[Anybody Killa]

Quit frontin'

Actin' like I don't know what you up to

I see right through you

So what you gonna do?

Never will you step a foot around me again

'Cause hangin' with you I can't win

Some of the people in this world is some straight up hoes

Brown nose, I suppose, that's how it goes

But I sit back watchin', clockin' dollars

With a smirk on my face waitin' for you to holla

So I can say nevehoe, nope, what you thinkin'?

All up in my face, tryna thug, breath stinkin'

You can get the barrel from my homey, Shaggy's shotgun

All up in your face in case ya wanna taste a hot one

I got no love for them marks

Punks, hoes, snitches

Grown ass bitches

So stay away and don't come to close

'Cause you never know who may wanna come and slit ya throat

[Chorus 2x]

Nevehoe

You ain't gettin' shit

Nevehoe

Nevehoe

Stay up off it!

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

I can't stand a muthafucka like you

When my pockets in mind, I don't care what you into

I got too many mouths to feeds from kids to mothers

My wife and brothers and too many others

See I'm being tryin' to speak on

while you sit back and see me as a jar of Grey Poupon

I should'a just stuck my dick in your mouth

Gave your eyes chocolate donuts and bounced the fuck out

I go home and meditate with some sage

Tryna brush off these forked tongues like back in the day

But your new name is vittle fingers

'Cause your a bank account raper tryin' to steal my dinners

Just another undercover crackhead

It comes down to you ain't rapin' me again

Nevehoe, bitch, for now and nevermore

Just get your hands out my cookie jar you fuckin' whore

[Chorus 4x]

Nevehoe

You ain't gettin' shit

Nevehoe

Nevehoe

Stay up off it!

[Anybody Killa]

Nevehoe, not no mo'

'Cause all your true colors are startin' to show

Greedy ass, hand in the cookie jar

Tryna get a fistful but it's just too hard

Let me catch you again, I thought I said never
Tryna take what's mine but you ain't that clever
Runnin' with a hatchet
Psychopathic
We don't stop, so you gets no cream of our crop
[Shaggy 2 Dope]
Twelve years in this game, for what?
So you can a bank teller out my butt, BITCH!
Now fuck that, it's time for some chokin'
Crackin' those legs open, 'cause your drunk and smokin'
Spittin' out babies like your spit your game
Shitloads of money in fifteen minutes of fame
Nevehoe, no, I ain't the one
I don't pack one, but I do got a gun
[Chorus 4x]
Nevehoe
You ain't gettin' shit
Nevehoe
Nevehoe
Stay up off it!
What, what..? Bring that shit in bitch, what?!..
(Stay up off it!)
Man, don't even touch my weed, dog I will bust that lip..(Stay up off it!)
Don't, don't, don't...you ain't gettin' no ride, fuck you, you ain't got no gas money (Stay up off it!)
Naw, hoe don't even fuckin' worry about my bank account bitch!
(Stay up off it!)