

Clipse, Famlay

[FamLay & (Pharrell)]

It ain't nothin' y'all can teach me

I been locked up more times than Sweet Pea

See I'm from Norfolk here's a coffin if ya slee-py

Turn ya children into orphans tryna sneak me

Or tryna creep me, the realist shit I ever spoke

So I'ma spit it when I finish, I'ma slit my throat

This shit is like 2-11 mixed wit coke

Leave you spinning like the tennis balls in ya spoke, nigga

Dark secrets, man I wont lie

They came to the light a man is gon' die

All hope is lost and FamLay's gon' fry

Cause I did shit the average man just wont try

Like what, war against an army wit a hand gun

I'm FamLay, and when my fucking chance come

I'm running wit it, on e'ry song I'm coming wit

See some you think you can take from me, then come and get it

See I'm from Huntersville, e'ry thang we done is real

My niggas come in here, my niggas come to kill

And I dare y'all to try and diss us

See you in the streets it ain't nothing discuss

Maaan, we gon' stomp yo ass dead in the ground

FEW WEEKS, couple bodies wit no head'll be found, nigga

Cut off ya wrists, and they feet no prints (Gangsta)

Now I'm in the Six, (Gangsta) wit the heat no tints, you see me boy

(Pharrell)

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