

Dem Franchize Boyz, Black Tee

Chorus

I rob in my black tee
Get licks in my black tee
All in ur house searchin for bricks in my black tee

Verse 1

I hit the scene, black scene in an all black shirt
Black mask on my face
Leave all yall murk
2 bricks, 20 stacks, and 30 pounds of the perk
and a nigga stash house straight
I'm a lick-hit nigga
All i do is do dirt
Leave a red blood stain on ur all white shirt
Gucci man so gutter, I steal money from ur purse
Lay out in your yard, robbin while u go to church

Verse 2

Ak-47 to 11 in my black tee
I'm riddin in my chevy
Police heavy, they can't catch me
I rob in my black tee
I mob in my black tee
Switch up and change cloths
A fter my job in my black tee
Niggas don't even kno me
When i have in my black tee
Murder we a nigga
Catch a cab on a back street
I ain't sellin dope
I'm in the lab in my white tee
I always pack a pistol
for them crabs tryin to jack me

chorus

Verse 3

Yes, see that, i'm peepin the scene
In my black tee
With a black fitted cap
And air max
To match my black tee
**** a white tee
I look shady in my black tee
Getting licks and sending niggaz to Grady
In my black tee
Black joggin pants,
But ain't no runnin in my black tee
I'm in all black
So i get more shine off my gold teeth
Ain't no hatin
Cuz real niggaz wear what they wanna wear
The eastside never kill niggaz
And we never kill

Verse 4

I look mean in my black tee
Stacks in my black tee
Cadillac on black
We tote gats in our black tee
Chevy on them 23's
Dependin on how u live
On the Block**** my eenemies
***hoes in my black tee

Shawty says she like me
Cuz i move early
The feds try indite me
I heared it from amigo
Escalades and condo
Black tees and weed
Talkin **** to ur stank hoes
Shine on my black tee
shread in my gold teeth
teepees and
deebies

chorus

Verse 5

Be dressed off in my black tee
Fitted hat, black gat
And some accesseries
Black rag, black mask
And a gold grill
Sometimes them pants come down
Do it all for the thrill
A nigga might get shout
A nigga might get killed
In my black tee
In your house, yeah nigga
And I'm lookin for those keys
I hope i find a rubberband
Stacked with that cheese
If we fire too much
*** it, nigga, let him bleed
Never again
Let a nigga live that squealed on me
Let him kno that I'm a hard head
Nigga from the east
With that anger
Inflict pain in my black tee
Take him to the concrete
Count 123

Verse 6

send me the apology
This is our philosophy
Got to floss my black tee
Problems i don't have
Scatterd to the last penny
Damage in that cash register
so my hustle
I'm thirsty for the next level
With my feins
Bless the world in like 60 secounds.