

# 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  
deebees

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.