

Dirty, Ackamonkey

(feat. Lil Burn One)

[Lil Burn One]

I hate's to wake up, another day tryin' to stack that cake up
Lookin' at the time but I ain't lookin at no Jacob
No food in the refrigerator, no toilet paper
Wondering how he made it so that make me a hater
Another rapper with big dreams
I'm on the outside lookin in at this big screen
Like the shit ain't been the same since 'Pac and Biggie died
I'm wishin that the rap game would bring Lil Burn alive
But what the fuck is my opinion when niggaz out here making millions
And I ain't got a god damn dime
A pot to piss in and my raps the only thing I can say mines
So I'm out here on the grind
Just tryin' to get in where I fit, cause on the street I'm the shit
And niggaz waitin' for me to get legit
Cause they know it's all good, when Burn come stuntin' through the hood
like summer and decorate the whole Alabama

[Chorus]

That's why I
Wake up everymorning and lace my shoes up tight
Cause I know I might have to run
From these folks if I'm caught with this gun
But I still, get out on the block
Hustle what I can before my trap get hot
Cause I know my children got to eat
They need chlothes and shoes on they feet
That's why I

[Mr. G-Staka]

Man that's why I, runnin from these folk
Cause I stay strapped, cause got a pocket full of dope
But if they find I'm hustlin this 'dro
Then they gon lock me up so I can't hustle it no mo
But I'm not lyin, that's why I grind
Spending my time, trying to get mine
Cause ain't nothin' free, off in these streets
And everyday I'm runnin from the MPD
So I tie my J's, tight as I can
And tuck my .45 deep off in my pants
Cause the shit get sad, makin' me mad
And I can't stack my G's, with these p's on my ass
Don't wanna stay up alone, but I need me some cash
That's why I hustle hard, just to come up fast
And standing in the yard with a bag full of grag
Servin every junkie' can't let nothing pass

[Chorus]

[Big Pimp]

Man this cold water stank
That's why I put a top on my drank
In the club, I don't know how these niggaz and girls think
One meek would probably have my whole mind erased blank
Late at night hunchin a bow leg dog behind a bank
And I ain't sayin, that I'd fuck a dog in the ass
But how I'm gon know what I'm doin if my mind gone bad
I'm a pimp, so tell me how my fans gon respect that
Everytime my song come on in the club, I get naked
Cabbage patchin with draws on my head
Never know when I might snap wishin all y'all was dead
To prevent that, I stay ping pongin hoes like a rit rat

Every Sunday a pot of turnips mixed with pig fat
The pig feet, the pig ears, and the pig back
That make yo stomach weak, then city boy get back
The Dirty south where country niggaz live to get fat
And rearrange our cocaine is a good crack
You can be thirty five still get ya jaw cracked
Rollin' yo eyes gettin loud trying to talk back
Cause shit mama plus belt equal cross back
I loss a half a block, and still tryin to crawl back
Hoping the good luck fairy make ya fall back
But my children hungry so that kill all that
Just suck it up and try to intercept the ball back
Praying to God my laces don't be tied in all black

[Chorus x2]