

Frayser Boy, Nan Notha'

(feat. Three 6 Mafia)

[Chorus]

I neva ran from a motherfuckin hoe and neva will
I neva wave a white flag in a boat and neva will
I neva bow down to a fuckin sucka and neva will
I neva snitched or cross a real motherfucker and neva will
Who thank they buckers than these boys here not nan notha
Who thank they buckers than these bitches here not nan notha
Who got more money than these boys here not nan notha
Who got more mobey than these bitches here not nan notha

[Frayser Boy]

I keep my brain on some change
Some change on my brain
Picture its gon mean the same thang
Yea a playa maintain neva go against the grain
Known to bring pain in the Bay where I hang
Haters jumpin on the band wagon better thank twice
We put the Bay on the map thank Me thank Wyte
Boyz see me in the streets and they wanna act hard
Young cowards ain't gon bust a grape gon run backyard
Keep a tone arm reach for these streets that I mob
Not to do a nigga in is a everyday job
Dont stunt get mob talk shit get rob
Smack a hoe yo cross her head for yo dope problem solved
Cant blame us
Cause we famous
And we came up
Neva change up
Keep it gangsta
Doin our thang bro keep rollin on its gone be danger

[Chorus]

[Frayser Boy]

Imma Frayser representative better known as the Bay
Ride wit Paul and Juicy man fuck wit you hoes say
Click tight get right everywhere the Bay go
If you got some problems when we mobbing betta lay low
Believe cause I say so
Grimmin like Play-Do
Hypnotize minds on the grind don't play hoe
Rearrangin the game
But still remainin the same
Plus my money escaladin ain't no changing me man
Now I'm gainin the fame the top I'm aimmin my aim
Lock me up in jail but no restrainin my brain
Beginning to the end
If theres foes theres friends
Yea I started as a rookie turn pro at the end
Keep it goin like trends
Dont be speakin on my name boy you know we ain't friends
Born losers don't win
Cant see it like wind
And I'm posted in the Bay all day toss Ten

[Chorus]

[D.J. Paul]

I rap and crush buildings in the south I'm King Kong
I brought a knife to a gun fight and I still won
I was battling some fags that like to brag and run they mouth quick
But everything he rap about heaint even got the shit

People think they defeat you with washed up hypnotize artists
That they click can become platinum artists
Cut the foolin run clown keep them drugs in yo pocket
Cause if they need some decent work they be still on my block

[Juicy J]

You cowards can't fuck with the juice flow you know juice know
That you boys claiming you hardcore but you all hoes
Braggin bout war stories boy that shit old
Playa times changing everyday bodies left cold
On the grass or the concrete you know I see
Dont you come round claimin tough when you scary
I don't care what kinda game you in wuss or wanna be
Or a maida for Osa Bin it don phase me

[Chorus]

crbt2('Frayser Boy', 'Nan Notha')

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