

Juicy J and Wiz Khalifa, Breaking News

Man there's so many niggas out here still owe me fucking money and shit mane
You know what I'm saying
Shit crazy man
Keep that shit though dawg
We still getting mo
(808 Mafia)

Yo nigga got me hot so I'ma make him hot
Fire his ass up
Make his body rock
Make his body rock
Make his body rock
Breaking news
He pronounced dead on the spot
I know what they say
But know what I say?
I say, fuck them niggas
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I ain't playing bout the money nigga Bang bang
Pull up on your block
Bang bang
No diamonds in my watch
This a plain jane
If you keep punching the clock
You get the same thang
I got a Bent with no top
That bitch nasty
My chain got a 100 rocks
That bitch flashy
How I made it to the top?
Don't even ask me
I just pulled off with your thot
That bitch trashy
I fishtail off the lot
My shit go 200
Pockets full of Papa Smurfs
Nothing but blue money
Nigga hate, probably mad cause I fucked your woman (I fucked her)
Shorty all in your face
She never saw it coming

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I throw two fingers or two hands
That means gang, gang
I make a call to my shooters
That mean gang bang
These niggas tricking on these broads
That's a shame shame
I did it once but won't never do it again, again
I'm smoking KK so we never on the same strain
I'm flying private so we never on the same plane
It's me and YOLO ratchet chick
I got her giving brain
Ran up on'em now the homies like
Don't die kane, mane
My new car insane
I'm in the ghost, getting ghost
Out here switching lanes
And if a nigga act tough
Then my niggas spray
They don't care they hitting everything that's in the way
Taylor Gang

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I don't rock with you niggas like that-aaa
Breako to the head
Come up off them recordaaas
Barrell to the stomach
Chopper blowing out his back-aaa
Pull like [?] moves if the walls to my backaaa
Then I'ma creep at a low speed
Chopper what you gone see
Fire out them AK barrels the last thing you gone see
If I'm masked up then you got a better chance of living
If I'm bird faced then
It's just according to how I'm feeling
You niggas like hoes
You like to argue and fuss
I raise up that fire stick I'ma let it buss
Find your body somewhere [?] like some rock cocaine
Shot him in the head
Brains, hanging like a chain

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