

# Paris, Warning

Verse 1:

Now what would you do if I blast  
All up in your shit mother fuck the whole staff  
Niggas non flow nine millimeter ?shit than slug?  
I'm seeing bloody bodies on the motherfucking rug  
6 O'clock be the time if it's on let it be  
You see it in my eyes ?riding boo hella deep sea?  
But you ain't gone do me like you did the lenchmob  
I'm decorated in this game I played too motherfucking long  
Now I ain't gotta name nobody name  
All I'm knowing is the whole fucking roster is complaining  
Talking 'bout these white boys trying to do promotions  
And white bitches trying to get fuck by these soldiers  
Fucking wit that slang like you down but now hold on  
Seen that ass enough to get your devil ass stoled on  
Fucking wit the wrong nigga, playing wit my cash  
I'm known for putting devils on they motherfucking back  
Blast through the front door, what the fuck, I'm 'posed to talk  
Fuck court, I'll be a dead nigga 'fore you walk  
Blaow, now the nine had no motherfuckng mercy  
So who the sexy nigga, bitch, record label murder  
Chorus: (girl sings in background)  
Now we feel free to start some shit  
Motherfucker shoulda quit  
Out for each and every dime, seem like every time  
I turn around, some jacky motherfucker trying to take what's mine  
Got the whole fucking clique  
Now we fit to start some shit  
Got these niggas out the zoo for the job  
Bow down or motherfucker you can die when we start robbing

Verse 2:

So many times I've seen these niggas fucked up out they chips  
'Cause they didn't know the game, only making 10 percent  
Dealing wit these fucking jews, now you losing everytime  
How many platinum niggas standing in the county line  
Make you want to get your brick and snatch his ass up out the car  
Baby renegotiate, fucking wit them scars  
Now you asking who I'm talking 'bout, homie you could pick  
This whole industry got niggas' shit on whitey dick  
And now, since I'm a soldier known to speak my fucking mind  
I'ma put you up on game everytime I start to rhyme  
Fuck that devil, get your own man, learn about some shit  
Or be another broke nigga telling what he did  
And now I think you know that I really gives a fuck  
???? 'cause I'm God that the devil try his luck  
Last man standing up for the truth, say you heard it  
These players getting played homie, record label murder  
Chorus