

Trick Daddy, Fuckin' Around

[Chorus]

Yall niggas keep fuckin around
Fuckin' around, fuck round get stuck in the ground
I ain't no busta see, yall niggas better stop fuckin wit me

[Kase 1]

I hit the clown in the dirt
Jump on the top wit a drop that nigga down in the dirt
The first nigga quick to get it first
Call the paramedics cuz the police be stealing from the herse
I aim it at ya hat when I burst
If I don't get a grammy I'm headed at the rat niggas first
And I'm back full of perk strap on the curb
Slap that bitch on the third
Nigga done caught wit a slurr
Cant see shit but a blurr
Crank up that Chevey let her purr
We all from the curve
Bitch niggas runnin up nerve
I aint gone let u die
And I (?) Tag a man
Said u runnin from the hood and I'm packistan
Bitch I'm a mutha fuckin jacka man
And Understand when the mutha fuckin crack is stayin

[Trick Daddy]

Yall mutha fuckers better run cuz we got bombs
Plus we got guns that take off arms
Got 4,4 that shoot the do' and got buck loads of that 84
And like John Doe, hit ya city start killing every nigga who aint feelin' this rhyme
And ain't feelin' this vibe
To many niggas goose neckin my ride
But okay my A.K fully
Yall niggas watch how u step to me
And yall young niggas back the fuck up
And don't make me act the fuck up
Cuz it al' be another war
I'll kill every mutha fucker that yall know
Thats yo' ma,pa, sister in law
Yo' daddy yo dog and yo hoe
Now I ain't claim to be a saint
And no got damn serial killer
I just wanna know my nigga what made u disrespect a nigga
What u thought I was a buster, sucker, a rapper, or actor
Nigga rat to the cracker yep they'll protect ya but one day fuck nigga I'm gone catch ya

[Chorus 2x]

[Young Jeezy]

Been got my B's got my cheese
Fuck nigga u dont play wit a G'
Cock back aim and squeeze
Now ya ass on the ground wit the trees
My ol' boy didnt raise no snitch
My Ol' girl didnt raise no bitch
U outta line I'll kill u bitch
Not put that shit on my chick
Man I pull bout 26 bitches
Gotta perk shit 26 inches
On the concrete nigga
Gotta lace on the concrete nigga
At least when I rap a lot
Break down hoes in the trap a lot
Fuck nigga I got crypt for days

Slip n' Slide wit them bnoys from Dade
305 to the 404, G' shit we'll take ya hoe
Look dawg we'll take ya bricks
Then u gone cop some candy shit
Fuck nigga I hope it's worth it
Spray ya ass like a job from (?)
Came here to suck a dick ATL Dade county and Trick

[Chorus]

[T.I.]

Aye,aye yall suck ass niggas keep playin wit me
Fuck around see me wit a A.K on the streets
Start bussin makin mutha fuckers lay in the streets
All cuz of what a nigga say on the beat
Look, I'm a G' thats sayin the least
From trapin to sprayin the heat to wearin the key
Instead of all that attention u were payin to me
U should of been mindin ya business and keepin it pimpin
But I know most niggas aint built like that
Just know old niggas get killed like that
U dont wanna fuck around wit Tip like that
Look Flip when the body bag zip thats that
Niggas wanna talk shit and cock duce
Wit this fully automatic Mack 10's start shootin
So u can run high and tell lies if u want to
But when i fuck around and run up on u what u gone do

[Chorus]