

Ying Yang Twins, Brang Yo Azz Outdoz

Aw shit

let that pussy nigga write whats out
ah, that nigga dont know nothin 'bout us soldiers
what, what

(Chorus 1) - repeat 2X

Test that nigga, rush that nigga
get that nigga, man bust that nigga

(Chorus 2)

You wanna front on me in front of them hoes (Fuck you)
you wanna go and try to steal my clothes
Brang yo azz out doz, brang yo azz out doz,
nigga, brang yo azz out doz
You wanna rat a nigga out to the feds (Fuck you)
You wanna flex you gon' bust my azz
Brang yo azz out doz, brang yo azz out doz,
nigga, brang yo azz out doz

(Verse 1)

The same nigga with the same limp, and if you that same ol' bitch
Then I'm the same pimp, you niggas make me so sick
She call us perpatrators, and if them day to day haters
See if we modivators, aint got no love, fuck scrub
She come to move the crew
I'll take niggas oldschool back like some gucci suits
I weigh 'em down like tide, so you can't see the wine
It aint no fear in my eyes, this aint no fall ??
Them niggas holdin my back, see we got hella shit
Now watch my shit get lit - up like a cigarette
I smoke my bud by ounce - at least in downtown
Cant even holla with something, see I done lived it now
These niggas thinkin I owe 'em, when I dont even know 'em
I keep my mind on paper, so I got hella paper
They want me - a heavyweight, and a inovator
I put a hole in yo neighbor, 'bout big as the equator
BITCH, I'll see ya later

(Verse 2)

I remember when a nigga didnt have these clothes
Remember when a nigga didnt have these golds
Remember when a nigga didnt have no ends
But now I'm straight clockin dividends, A-Chick-A Check
It take long time, but now a nigga livin good
Ballin with the thugs in my hood - the woods
If you didnt know TD drop thangs,
put a bullet in yo motherfucking brains
CAN YOU HANG?

(Chorus 1)

You get mad 'cause a nigga jump fresh (Fuck you)
You got anamocity on yo chest
Brang yo azz out doz, Brang yo azz out doz,
nigga, brang yo azz out doz
You wanna front on me in front of them hoes (Fuck you)
You wanna go and try to steal my clothes
Brang yo azz out doz, Brang yo azz out doz,
Brang yo azz out doz

(Verse 3)

Mayhem, double hands on the above
To me I'm putting the Ying on Kaine, putting the Yang to 'em
Murderers, killas, thug niggas
Atl. grave diggers, Inglewood cap pillers,

East Atlanta wig splitters, drug dealers
Cause I'm gon be there wit my True City Thug
Never leave home without that chrome unless I'm thugged out
They will be my drug out, young niggas grilled out
Smokin on some sticky green, stop the car for the gangsta lean
Murder, murder, (murder, murder) kill, kill, (kill, kill)
You talkin shit, that same nigga got his cap pilled (cap pilled)
Kaine got that thang in the aim, ready to get which ya
Aint gon let'cha get away, I think I had a bad day
Smucky bear with it, even though ????? in Adamsville
I dont give a fuck, nigga what if you book
I'm here so you can get me, and there's no way its gotta be
'Cause Roc that thugs keep a motherfuckin latchet

(Verse 4)

Get rapped up with that ying on yo azz when I swing it
Came up with that yang on yo brain with that thang man
Lyric, killin, and drug dealin, riders, and soldiers
comin out of Georgia, slangin wit that water
My other voice said "hi" today, so I gotta get high today
Tell my folks dont cry for me, just ride for me
And scream "free me"
Fuck about some bunkshots, and what knots
And altitudes, my niggas she botilary
For bustas who be talkin shit

(Chorus 1)

You wanna rat a nigga out to the feds (Fuck you)
You wanna flex you gon' bust my azz
Brang yo azz out doz, brang yo azz out doz
nigga, brang yo azz out doz
You get mad cause a nigga jump fresh (Fuck you)
You got anamocity on yo chest
Brang yo azz out doz, brang yo azz out doz
nigga brang yo azz out doz

(Verse 5)

It was this fly guy ? named frosted flakes
You should tramp on the hill, down by each lake
See you ran into this nigga, named suga bow
Suga bow was suga slim, with some long azz hair
Had this brawl on the strip, that was cuttin for chedda
She ?? freaky deaky bitch, met fruity pebbles
Up, another pimp, I hate to say it, green shirt, and blue jeans
Iced out, on the arm, I'm rollin, sayin you niggas gone

(Verse 6)

The mind murderer deep game, to talkin hoes out they clothes
It got me lost, gotta pay the cost, they say I'm off
Cause I'm a dead man walkin, deep dog talkin
Small time scracker, well be a thug trainer
Hangin by yo feet, yo bitch gon be with me
Because I'm known to fuck and gettin my dick sucked
So black yo wanna act up, you betta back up
'fore you get slapped up like biscuits
Sucked on like incense

(Chorus 2)

You wanna front on me in front of them hoes (Fuck you)
You wanna go and try to steal my clothes
Brang yo azz out doz, brang yo azz out doz
nigga, brang yo azz out doz
You wanna rat a nigga out to the feds (Fuck you)
You wanna flex you gon' bust my azz
Brang yo azz out doz, brang yo azz out doz

nigga, brang yo azz out doz

If you hard like you say you is, punk bitch
You aint got no gat, you better use yo fist (repeat 5X)

Test that nigga, rush that nigga,
get that nigga, man bust that nigga (repeat 2X)

I said y'all motherfuckers gon' learn
If ya play with fire nigga ya gon' get burned (repeat 4X)