

# 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 wihtout 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 &quot;hi&quot; today, so I gotta get high today  
Tell my folks dont cry for me, just ride for me  
And scream &quot;free me&quot;  
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)