

# Youngbloodz, Pop, Pop, Pop / Cutting Tonight Int

It's Attic Crew, know what I'm saying  
Want our corner back, A-Town, home team rule  
For real

It's like shake, rattle, roll  
It all started 105 Creel Road  
And all y'all niggas hitting licks, who didn't know  
It's 50 niggas behind these closed doors  
So don't lose your grip, don't run your lip  
These niggas pull them thangs  
And they can't know worth a flip  
But whos to blame, time done changed  
Feet off in some grease, slicker than it was man  
Brand new look, cause its a brand new day  
Gonna hit a lick, buy a hoe, then you on your way  
See somewhere down the line, you must have f\*\*ked up  
I was taught not to pay these hoes, to get these hoes legs up  
See back in the day, you know it for sho'  
Grandma said she ain't play, and they ain't play a radio  
So I took up them words, got back on the curb  
Now I'm bumping like a mug, ain't no getting the 3rd  
Nothing but dirt, being done  
Ain't honest work, but it bringing in them funds  
I said I'm trapped in this thang, plenty years of being slum  
And highly qualified for hitting niggas for they bum nigga

(Hook)

Pop, Pop, Pop, your partner got bust, he's a gonner black  
The A-Town niggas want they corner back  
(gunfire) Stick em'  
We looking for em', don't be wid' em  
Cock back and let that thang, thang, hit em', Get em

Now be prepared for when a time come for us to bust  
As I engage in ways, out as a stray, like craze  
Deep in this everglaze, took ?taser nuts?  
Out in the battlefields, now what it is  
You can't understand as I fulfill the need  
To take it upon myself, to thrash and bash your ass  
Now feel the wrath, as we ignite unto the path

So is it a ?? for acting like a bitch  
Youngbloodz, Atlantas own, two strong off in this shit  
And if with them whips, you trip  
Ready to fight for what you claim  
As if its a game of nuts, don't see what this might contain  
So now you in range to gain the strength off which you feed  
But as you can see, you headed for trouble, thats you and me  
And with full speeds, you reapin' and tweetin' on down the line  
So nigga here it is, cause niggas steady on the grind nigga

(hook)

I'll get em' back, trying to sack up my last little dope  
I wonder if these boys got a scope on your fore'  
And I know they don't, really don't give a shit  
All I know, these niggas puttin' a hand on my profit  
Gonna quit, really soon  
Got thangs, ?? , right back on the clock and boom and  
You losing your motherf\*\*king mind, better realize  
You gotta meet up with these country niggas eye to eye  
So, don't make no dumb move  
You outside your boundary nigga, the home team rule

Remember my nigga, see we done put it down for years  
What the hell make you think we just gonna give it up like this  
See your dividends, your only friend, gonna get you snatched up  
And your back, looking weak, cause money sure can't knuck'  
Your casket closed you got stuck in red dirt  
And I pray for the family of the victim who got hurt nigga

Now through the dust I seen you coming from a mile away  
Now give me three within' this distance and be on your way  
Cause nowadays these niggas act as if its all good  
To walk around with smiles, as if they know they could  
And if they should, I'd be the first to let these niggas know  
That I ain't the one to be played, so leave that for them hoes  
And to them fake ass niggas who swear they real  
Better know what to do before you find yourself revealed

(hook)