Get High to This

Lil Wyte

dj paul]
yea-yea chuch ya'khamsayn
once again it's on baby, y'all know what time it is
i know it'sa shame ya'khamsayn,
you gatta actually killa a mothafucka out here
just ta let a nigga now you ain't playin' with him
and you ain't bullshittin' - yea that's some knowledge fa y'all
na'...we gon' get y'all inta this new artist
his new ass - lil' wyte, this boy raw...get high to this shit - i'm high as a mothafucka
alotta rappers rap gangsta shit but they ain't did nothing
dj paul - lord inf'...crunchy blac fa real bussen
we done rolled down on niggaz, we done let them gats burst
we done seen niggaz blood leak clean through they shirt
i ain't lying too ya boys when i said that cha'll get did
man i keep me some hungry niggaz ready ta spit the wig
of a fake solid nigga, hoes lying in they wraps
cuz they never shot guns and they never had ta scraphe wore a vest so we shot him in the neck
made his body cold left from red and wet
body curved up like a cornrow
police on the set, i'm a vet from the north - north
pack a rusty tec in the lex' plus a sawed-off
hard makin' money when you watching for the ro-bbe-rers
narcotics and these hoodrats - nut go-ba-lers
they'd take a shot at 'cha, put you in tha hospita'
leave you left fa dead, and they tell ya i'ma halla at ya
here i go again, try'na keep my mothafuckin' ass thin
niggaz halla friends, but they fake friends
i'ma nigga halla "mothafuck friends"
torn up in my mothafuckin' right hand
i'ma 'bouta go and fuckin' rob a man
just so i can keep my fuckin' family fed
fuck what'cha heard this is what i said
bust out some shots at ya fuckin' headi'ma meet you pockin' bitches, whoppin' niggaz wit' my pistol
in my yard they discovered, dead i'm out here out makin' missles
this is war when you fuckin' wit' lachat - bitch y'aint know
get 'cho posee out becuz we comin' 20 deep hoe
didn't you need ta know that all that talk can get you fucked up
hoe this ain't no game - that you playing you get bucked up
i'ont give a fuck who you is, who you in too
you wont touch a bitch, ha who me bitch - but i'll kill youa crooked as a barrell of snakes
fuck with the real not fake

i represent the bay - so ain't no need ta hate
i'm counting tones and spray
i'll blow your crean away
this hcp don't play - won't see anotha day
y'kno we hyp-notize, can see it in your eyes
this frayser boy - no lie
inhalin' dro - so fine
y'kno we toppin' a poun'
and still we stompin' your smile
no need ta copy our styles
what chain't been popped in a whileno more fuckin' around by now i'm fed up
i see your face has a frown - gatta keep your head up
cuz when you fuck wit' this camp - let's say you messed up
they told you in the beginning - don't try ta test us
the day lil' wyte hooked up with the 6 - the shit was all she wrote
y'kno these lyrics be burnin' - blisters deep in my throat
this shit be hotter than lava laying a hault in yo saga
adding some pippen ta bitches get at me weaker than water
this is the start of a problem thats lackin' a solution
you graduated with honors - ta sell out institution
and this for all the rappers that got kicked up out this camp
i stole your plate when back fa seconds - +how u luvin' that?+
this is my mothafuckin' posee song - wheres jerome?
instead of gettin' up out yo shit - you stayed ya ass at home
potential lurking fa certain - i know you feel it hurt
if they knew bitchin' came wit' ya - you coulda kept ya
bitch doubt me now
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