

Webb Wilder

"Retarded"

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[Verse 1]

I'm stackin, rappin but if I just so happen was itl
probably would be posted up thugin, sellin crack are
somethin
I had 2 leave it alone cause the rats r something
Look kike my return won't be long
The streets keep asking 4 me
Young savage on the mound game ova now
I'm in Houston and A Town wheres the muthafuckin
crown
I don't have no fuckin friends
I'm solo now
Put my trust and my mack 10 bitch don't let me down
Coloaborate
Just fuck wit them that's makin me sick
Sbroil bitches don't want share
So I'm taking dis shit
I'm a 110 street cat and had my back against tha hope
No money, no love, just tears, weed, blood, and hoes
I'm like slim these niggas don't feel my pain
A ninty-nine problems and but a bitch ain't one
Ghetto stories, gangsta musik, thank big labels ain't
come
Shitd we just trying see which one

[Chorus:]

I'm so retarded
And I'm gon all hard and
My game mutheafuckin bitch brains up
And I just getting started
They hate 2 see a nigga ballin
They rather see a nigga coughin
But rap money, street money I'm gon see money
Bitch nigga ragarded

[Verse 2]

If the shit ain't funny den I can't grin And if it don't
make money it don't make sense If you really

Ain't bout nothing You better zip your lips cause around
here stuntin nigga emp yo clip
My grand so ridickulless You can call me da clips
Cause I slap all my bitches u can call me a pimp I'm like
the hood candy lady
I got them chips
I got hoes wit J.Lo faces and Beyonce hips
2 home boys doin 7 can't wait till da touch
So many people up in heaven dat I miss so much
Vest up up wit my chest and stomach not be'cause I'm
scared
But no they coming i hope they don't shoot 4 my head

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

18 riding lacks nigga
How you hate dat?
Do it big bad bitch give me dat shake back nigga
Yall ain't got do shit
Just leave it 2 me Push record 4 yo boyand lay back and
kick up yo beat
Turn up da beat
A pen paper give me one sheet Put a barcode on it
Disrepute dis heat
I got tha biggest fuckin bug buzzin in dis streets
I know you heard a young savage Trill E-N-T
But you forgot bout me
Thought i was gone where i'm gone go
I run dis mutha fucker
I'm the spice in da gumbo
I'm bout my fuckin paper man dats all I fuckin want
more
U gone gets wats mine
Oh no, u a dumb hoe
Still good, still can get u rite on da down low
It never snow in Baton Rouge
I'm da nigga wit da snow
2 let yall niggas do yall thang so I hope yall been gettin
it
Wat up playa
I'm da new mayor of da city nigga

[Chorus]

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