

## **Punch Miller**

### **"Purple City Byrdgang"**

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Shiest Bub:

Yo it's Shiest Bub, yeah you know I'm a veteran  
10th grade I was a Varsity letterman  
Introduced to crack, now we headed to Maryland  
Fiends knockin' at the door, go ahead nigga let 'em in  
Yeah we poppin', cop 4 keys when the cheddars in  
Niggaz I ain't worryin', send shots an' they scurryin'  
These actions we, hurried 'em, bastards we burried  
'em  
In the belly of the beast it's Shiest the Barbarian

Hook

Jim Jones:

That's us that Purple City Byrdgang (Eastside)  
That's us that Purple City Byrdgang (Woop Woop)  
Dipset that Purple City Byrdgang (We ride the 5)  
Hardbody that Purple City Byrdgang (Eastside)  
That's us that Purple City Byrdgang (Woop Woop)  
That's us that Purple City Byrdgang (Dipset)  
Dipset that Purple City Byrdgang (Eastside)  
Hardbody That Purple City Byrdgang

Verse 2

Un Kasa:

Catch me O.T., Maybach wit' a bitch  
Two Macs strapped to the lips now rapidly spit  
Two bad Brazilian bitches wrappin' my spliffs  
Two birds strapped to they hip  
Purple seats lavender 6  
100 thou just to wrap up the wrist  
Nod your head, cash in your whip  
Got the crack stash in the van  
Yo them Macs I got 'em stashed in the trench  
Empty two clips when I'm havin' a fit  
Two guns I ain't havin' that shit  
Diplomat, Purple City, better honor that shit  
It's on my arm wit' that shit  
For your moms, put a bomb in her whip  
They be wonderin', where the car and her went  
On some arsenal shit  
Jim Jones is the Capo of this

You up next my nigga just let those cartridges spit  
(Bddaaat Bddaaat Bddaaat Bddaaat Bddaaat)  
Yeah nigga you know what's gonna happen  
When I pull up and pull out all your gonna hear is "Word  
to the 5"

Hook

Verse 3

Jim Jones:

You fuckers

Now knock it off, the drama then pop it off (Say word)

I cop shottys, the noses I chop 'em off (Bddaaat)

I'm hardbody, lord knows I got the floss (Blingin')

The big body, you know the top come off (Wow)

Now be advised (yeah)

We be them guys (Uh-oh)

100 Gs on the ride, gun on me when I drive (Purple  
City)

Gun on me when I ride (Who want it)

Cuz that envy jelly the street, niggaz get delt on the  
street

Shout out to Melly and Zeek (Yeah)

Just get ya health and just creep

It ain't tellin' me peace

I'm 'bout to melt 'em with heat (Boom Boom)

That's for them ice cream niggaz (Uh-oh)

Pull up with the AK an light them cream niggaz (Ba-  
bow)

Yeah its word to the Byrd, it's Jones on a roll

It's the chrome to your soul, let 'em blow, there they go  
(There they go)

That's word to the Byrd, that's to the Byrdgang

It's Purple City in this bitch, you heard man

Hook

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