

Youngbloodz "Damn Ft Lil John"

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Okay, okay, okay
This Sean Paul, Lil John, J-Bo, Youngbloodz
You already know how we do it, homeboy

It's A-Town
(105 Road for dem hoes)
It's A-Town
(East side for dem hoes)
Attic Crew you already know
Lil John, Eastside Boyz and yo' boy Sean Paul
Let me tell ya like dis here, boy

They callin' me to come back to the streets
Sean P. a.k.a Sharp Crease
Said it was necessary, these sucka niggaz out here
very scary
They come from the hole, they livin' in the month of
February

Okay, then put a sissy nigga on display then
Kick in ya door and have my folk, dem bring dem Ks in
I'm still Attic A double T I C
It ain't a hoe out there fo' real who don't know 'bout me

Bitch, I'm fo' sho' wit it
Don't make me pop that trunk to the 'Lac
Bitch, I will go get it and I ain't selfish
I will let you and your hoe feel it
Won't catch me sippin' on no Cris and got a cold Billy

It's Youngbloodz, A-Town malt liquor sippin'
Comin' straight from the gutter
Toe-tag a motherfucker, leave 'em under a cover
Lil John, he drop the beat that make ya bounce like
rubber
Sean Paul, he tote the heat to make ya mug then slug
ya, yeah

If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck
If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck
If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck
If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck

Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit
Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit
Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit
Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit

I post up, get to it, drink hand in hand
They call me Mr. Herringbone 'coz that's my right hand
man
Old school, straight foolish like no other indeed
With Lil John, it's Youngbloodz, they crunk as can be

Attic Crew 105, that's if you lookin' to rumble
Cock back, bust, aim, now I done got yo' number
In the club, you gon' feel it when it drop this summer
Like rain, we gon' pour and hit you hard like thunder

'Coz in the Dirty, we dem boys that drank you under the
table
Where dem niggaz pimp hoes in fly suits and gators
In my Chevy, so super, I'm the one to call
Just dial 1-800-430 slash alcohol

And dawg, I'm not the one that you really just wanna
clown
I'm cool in my way but shit, still I shut 'em down
And piss on them haters, J-Bo he cuts a fool
In the cut 'bout slizzard somewhere, that's how we do

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Out of town hard heads get Swiss cheesed up
And you gon' need more than stitches to patch that
leak up
Chump like me, up my mouth, TB'd up
With the plush leather, guts steady grippin' the butt

Oh, you fo' sho' with it, then pull yo' pistol
Show a nigga you ain't hoe with it
And I ain't selfish, I will let you and your folk feel it
Talkin' big boy shit
Me muggin' like a motherfucker my hand on my dick

'Coz at a grip, we keep it jumpin' like it ain't nuttin' new
We started off with 'Shake Em Off', so look, padna, oh,
guess who?
It's them boys from the bottom who took you down 85
And hit you with that U Way, so don't be surprised

We buckin', blowin', chillin' and sippin' on something
good
I'm peepin' out the scenery and wishin' a nigga would
In case it just might pop, I'm 'bout ready to lock and
load
To take you through the South to show you how we
throw dem bows

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