

Youngbloodz "Pop, Pop, Pop"

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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 who's to blame, time done changed

Feet off in some grease, slicker than it was man
Brand new look, 'cause it's a brand new day
Gonna hit a lick, buy a hoe, then you on your way
See somewhere down the line, you must have fucked
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

Pop, pop, pop, your partner got bust, he's a gonner
black
The A-Town niggas want they corner back
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 everglades, took [unverified]
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 [unverified] for acting like a bitch

Youngbloodz, Atlanta's own, two strong off in this shit
And if with them whips, you trip
Ready to fight for what you claim
As if it's 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, that's 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

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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, [unverified], right back on the clock and
boom and
You losing your motherfucking 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 it's 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

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