

The Wreckshop Family

"All Up in my Space"

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[D-Gotti]

I ain't doing it, for no bullshit
But I'm in this bitch strapped if you gon die, you know
I'ma pull quick
Could hit a innocent bystander, but naw
I'm pointing at the motherfucker, with the foul mouth
And y'all, niggaz ain't nothing but hoes
Now just take it like a man, or get chased out the do'
Hit you everywhere but under your toes, under your
clothes
Bleeding like a broad, on her cy-cycle
Beefing with a phsyco, about a soft blood
Outline in chalk, is the only outcome
How come you think, that y'all run sales
Couldn't get them niggaz heaven, so I brought some
hell
Oh well, shouldn't of been up in my space
Wasn't my fault he wasn't ducking, shouldn't up been
up in my face
Misplaced slugs, all up in a playa body
Was like the roof on fire, flames slugs from the shotty
And uh D-Gotti, not the one for those games
But if you wanna make the news, you won't play see I'm
saying nigga

[Hook - 2x]

Get on, 'fore you get shitted on
Stay up in your place, if you wanna live long
Why you all up in my space, why you all up in my space
Nigga better back-back, 'fore I catch another case

[D-Reck]

Thoed in the game, like a pass from Vick
Hustling hard for the cash, got the grip with car tricks
The name D-Reck, but they call me Johnny Street
So in the gutter shuffling butter, is where you find me
At it 2-4-7, for that payday baby
Niggaz think I fell off, cause they ain't seen me lately
Bitch niggaz talk down, then see me forget they hate
me
The glock work daily first, then come congratulate me

Sticks and stones, might break my bones
Bitch lip got zipped, won't hurt me
Cause if your name ain't in they mouth, then you ain't
getting paid
And that's the only type of shit, that gets me worried
But my personal space mayn, belongs to me
And if you don't know my real name, I need three feet
And even if you do, and you ain't my boo
Man to man conversations, I still gotta get too
Invading a nigga space, get your ass erased
I protect my perimeter, with this heat around my waist

[A3]

Don't try to play me for weak, cause homie ain't no
mercy for strangers
Find a clip in your chest, and your best friend strangled
I'm a Dead End G, keep it I-N-C
And what I don't see, is you trying me
Everytime a nigga stomp, I crack the concrete
Niggaz getting mad, cause I jump in the front seat
Look don't mess with me, I ain't scared to show ya
Get leaned on hard, by a nigga that's sober
Hey, you in my space violation from the jump
You a match lit, nigga I'm a loaded fuel pump
So don't get close, I got soldiers at they post
That'll twist you over fire, like a pig getting roast
We warn niggaz fairly, that shots reloaded
Blitz hard on the one, got the ball and sewed it
You had a good chance, but it's clear you blowed it
So that cash that you past nigga, watch me fold it

[Dirty \$]

Man you only as smart, as your last dumb move
You think of fucking with me, could get your body
numb dude
Not too smart, see I'll make you heart
Do the opposite of start, test that S on your chest
Cock back, and make a mess of your flesh yes
Original dickie boy, we the best of the best
So if you suckers hold plex, and you eager to express it
Bring it on get shitted on, we well protected
Dollar well connected, plugged in to these streets
Better get up out my face, or catch a slug from the heat
Ain't nothing sweet, bout how I hold my gun
Wig splitter my nigga, I squeeze triggas for fun
Mr. Dirty \$, still pop the collar
Making hoe ass niggaz holla, breaking em off
some'ing proper
Shots and shots, please spread the news
Got these fools so patient, working with a very short
fuse

Brother excuse me, naw get out the way
I'm a grown ass man, fam scram go play yeah

[Hook - 2x]

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