

The Wreckshop Family

"Take Dat"

Visit "[Take Dat](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook]

I stay riding through my city, with my pistol grip
So if you run up on me homie, you'll get pistol whipped
Cause when I pull that thang out, the shots rang out
Take (that) take (that), take (that) take (catch that bitch)

[A3]

Ain't a lame never been the type of nigga, that'll fall for
the slick shit
If they catch you at the red light and your rims tight
just might run up and let the thang spit
I keep my motherfucking eyes open especially when
I'm green choking
ain't gon be the shirt soaking
You fucking with somebody that'll bust your head open
I'm tired of these niggaz that's coming around
roaching
That's why a nigga keep a nine cause it's cold on the
outside
one shot everybody gon break wide
Been thugging since a nigga grew knee high
live a life trying to get by ducking homicide
While the niggaz is looting up on my cash
but I could see straight through your mask
You think you finna get a nigga to come and chill with
ya
because you steady hollin' bout you got some fly grass
Don't make a nigga deal with ya cause a hater blood
spill quicker
run and ducking like nigga
And jump in a G ride on the Southside swang wide
send him down the boulevard like Skipper
My niggaz don't play no games, take pride in they aim
to blow out your brain
Lil' drip on the concrete leaving a stain, twenty five
shots how it came
Why these po-po's, keep fucking with me
I'm hustling hard up in these streets, trying to make
ends meet
They wanna see a nigga falling, hate when we be
balling

That's why when I be in my SUV, crawling aaah

[Hook]

[Craig G]

I stay fly through my city, I'm heated like Frank Nitty
Revolver problem solver, bitch nigga desolver
Six shooter or the glock, with the beam and the big
ruger
Magazine with them hollow tips, spit right through ya
I'll do ya you run up, watch you get done up
These hot shells hot as hell, they gon fuck your front up
Niggaz is bitchy, with them bitch ways
See in a physical form you see a man, but within he just
a bitch made
Niggaz is pussy, like Sylvester
This gat'll check your will elector, attitude adjuster
Best to back-back, 'fore I pull your cap back
Clap back black gat, fucking up your back black
That's that bitch, you're fucking with the wrong one
My aim precise, taking your life from the dome son
So I advise you guys, to think wise
Niggaz despise, I can see it all in your eyes

[A3]

So don't you try, none of that bullshit
Run up on me my nigga, and I will pull quick
Unless you wanna be laying, next to the pull pit
This what it do bitch, you better get somewhere
Keep doing it motherfucker, trying to take my stacks
Get back nigga, 'fore I unload this gat
Get back what up kin folk, you think it's a game
I got twenty five blow, you gon feel me mayn

[Craig G]

This for you bitch made niggaz, we ain't playing no
games
One in the chamber full clip, hollow tips bring pain
Accurate aim, taking niggaz out with a slab
That quick shit'll leave you split, peel you back like a
scab

[Hook]

Visit [The Wreckshop Family](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.