

Young Chris "Devil In A New Dress"

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[Young Chris]

A memory attached, rest in peace Auntie
Rest in peace to you faggots that ain't standing behind
me
Banana clips for you monkey, n-ggers that try to bomb
me
Ya got a problem, bring Rico, he came to find me
We don't f-ck with Tommy's, only the ones for the
hommies
Got the whole hood on sour diesel and (?), now it's
hard to find me
At Puerto Rico with some mammies heating bags,
reminiscing the L.A. and the Bonnie,
Take it back they gave my n-gger life without parole, he
didn't stay
I can't spend night without the hoes
F-ckers, what the f-ck are we discussing?
Beat them till they puss, you p-ssy tell us repercussion
Hollows to the vest's, thick tips through fleshes
Life shorter than websters, hot heads I wet you
Young heffers, f-ckers had a line making cheddar
While ya'll was out f-cking with double ups, Mason
Betha
It's the latest Hefner
Purple label keep me fresher, way better texture
Bitch out of line, you better check her, boy don't let me
catch ya
She aint been around this thorough sh-t, cause you
ain't gotta question
no guessing who's giving your girl dick
Earl Shank, OG, rode around the World with
media circle f-ck all you bitches on that girl sh-t
While n-ggers look mad and my pac bag

N-ggers better keep up with that block tag
Rest in peace to the young n-ggers that got tagged
Shout to all the mammas that's lost cause we ain't got
dads, fags
Get off that Beanie Sigel Jay beef, mobile vans out n-
gger, this operation safe street
Flawless stones up in the sentence division rapping
Biggest weapons, smallest pistol 357's send them

pricks to heaven
Raise hell all you bitches Nobel,
F-ck it, we go to jail, pay the visit, this is how we live it
Buy the clothes, we by the code, leave them bodies
cold
No discrimination, body hoes, everybody knows
We play that big body rose, black trucks when we lift
the mags up
Adios, can't deny the flows
It been a minute with this rhyming,
I knew this sh-t'll happen, but this rapping sh-t is timing
I'm on my Philly shit, back up the chart you see me
climbing
That boy division one, but n-ggers still throw up the
Diamonds

Shout out Jay Cole, Whattup Hov?
Bleek, Rico, division one n-ggas
Yeah, wattup n-gger?
Hollywood I see, Dame ya talking sh-t n-gger, talking
sh-t boy.

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