

## Y&T

### "My Territory"

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[Verse 1:]

You niggas square like a doorway  
My fan base stretch from CA to Norway  
I got it all, cars, hoes, and I got change  
Livin like a king, same age as LeBron James  
Breakin these hoes wasn't enough so I copped haze  
You other guys just mad cuz you not paid  
Who wanna rap? Believe I got word play  
Ya Boy got more bars than a bird cage  
And I'm stapped like a seatbelt, see  
You want beef? I creep like TLC  
Put a couple in they head, make sure they sleep  
Cuz most of these dudes hoes, like females be  
But I never get caught up in they bitch ways  
For the quick pay believe, I flip like a switchblade  
There's no hope for ya  
When I put the scope on ya  
Take ya lid off like a fuckin can opener  
Gangsta gangsta, Ya Boy so hood  
Prince of the Bay cuz my flow so good  
You a tough dude hangin on the yard with me  
Got somethin on my waist Ray Charles could see

[Chorus:]

That's right this is my territory  
Watch where you step or get shot while ya tourin  
Aint no battle raps, pull the strap on cats while they  
talkin

Yea boy you could be the next dead man walkin

[X2]

You can run up nigga test ya luck  
Them hollow tips gun' mess you up  
Vest on my chest, keep a hammer by my nuts  
Trust me boy I don't give a fuck

[X2]

[Verse 2:]

All these labels know Imma blow like a landmine  
Show the whole globe fa sho it's SanFran time  
They though we was all tye-die shirts  
Got the wrong idea boy, try my turf

I seen drugs get sold  
Slugs get thrown  
Still in the mix like coolaid in punch bowls  
I'm rich at all times I don't blow my cake  
Boy ya money fluxuate, like Oprah weight  
Hold it straight  
It's a fact while holdin pape  
Nine times outta ten friends known to hate  
So I roll alone, I'm a rollin stone  
Somebody call the police, Ya Boy stole the show  
And I'm not givin it back, Imma hold it ransom  
Gangsta raps grandson, hoes say I'm handsome  
Yes yes it's the prince of the fuckin Bay boy  
Got my own website in the Escalade boy

[Chorus:]

That's right this is my territory  
Watch where you step or get shot while ya tourin  
Aint no battle raps, pull the strap on cats while they  
talkin  
Yea boy you could be the next dead man walkin  
[X2]  
You can run up nigga test ya luck  
Them hollow tips gun' mess you up  
Vest on my chest, keep a hammer by my nuts  
Trust me boy I don't give a fuck  
[X2]

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