

Yukmouth "Tryna Bubble"

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Yeah, from Benz's, big houses, mansions, big shit huh
Sitting on dubs, ha ha, we bout to bubble
My nigga Ready Wear
Motherfuckin Gamblaz
Nigga 2001, 2001
Here we come, here we come

[Verse 1]

I was ripping on the track from the start of the beat
Grab the microphone and tell you about a part of the
street
Were thugs roam in drug zones just waitin to bubble
If you paper hatin' then you get your face in a puddle
Mumble words to the birds like a bitch
There's so much money to get
But ain't no one around me rich
We work the hood and shit payin' dues makin' hits
Then we ride to the block sellin' tapes and discs
If we don't make dollars it don't make sense
I'm high off the weed smoke so you could say I'm
blitzed
Only a bitch I'll fill a fist from where I spit
But it's all real shit so you either like it or ya pissed
If you don't tell
Then nigga this ain't nottin newer
It's just a nineteen eighty five rumor
I'm in your head like a tumor
Yo, I'm high tech like a computer
Screw you like a tutor
You ain't a pistol shooter on the streets
So why you doing all this actin' on the beat
Heard you want my crew dead cuz we was training on
your freak
Just a nigga know to buckle when the game was only
deep
You's a in-a-house nigga on the street
Once a week

[Chorus]

We bout to bubble
We touch money, we stash jars

Spend a little bit on some trees and fast cars
Like Jaguars
Got the ice to throw on the chain
If you broke then you fucked in the game nigga
We bout to bubble
We bout to bubble big body Benzseses
And haters be like ooh look at those rims of his
Got a love for this rap
But it's easy to touch coke
Any block can supply this dope

[Verse 2]

Open up shop
We drop some chrome pony's on a Stang
I held and took my last breathe progress and hope to
change
Rock the hottest chains
But never cross the game
I pack and load a strap for cats that go against the
grain
We move weight like trains
And stay on all ten toes
We take losses in the game
But thats just how things go
For nigga pimpin want scratch back from all ten hoes
Not just half
I lead this life so I got the right to brag
Never had to run drag the coolest cat on the block
And never had to say a word cuz I was foolish wit
glocks
I didn't panic if I didn't get off at least half of my rocks
I lash at the cops
And never cut in half of my stocks
All the haters pray and hope the floss and flashing will
stop
The magnum or not
You outta line we crashin' your spot
When it comes to rap I do it for the six figures
The Source said I tend to bring it worse than six Jigga's
Divide the players with the stock exchange
Yelling for rocks and chains
Diamond rings
Rather sell them for the petty pocket change
Fucked around and missed out
So got the gats and pits out
Put hits out, he ran cuz we probably just turned his bitch
out

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

We bout to bubble now y'all
When the trouble for tryin to test the Gamblaz
So protect your chest wit the vocal vest
Were nottin' to be fuckin' around wit
We all rally and quick to attack for bit thousands
I want the money now
Fuck a check, show me the bills
That's on the real
Man I'm from the field where they shoot to kill at
You talk noise bitch and you need to kill it
I'm from the home where the killas hold steal at
You need to feel that
I'm on a quest for lavish livin' in greenbucks
In our state show me where the g's that us know love
Hustlin' drugs we got the legal dope
It's a struggle but still we about to bubble

[Chorus]

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