

Youngbloodz F/ Cutty

"No Matter What"

Visit "[No Matter What](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Intro - Whispered)

It's that type of thing right here

Yeah

Vacant Lot dumb niggas!

Make it hot dumb niggas!

Made Men dumb niggas!

No matter what what!

Vacant Lot dumb niggas!

We make it hot dumb niggas!

Made Men dumb niggas!

No matter what don't shoot

(Hook)

Talk shit but no matter what

Y'all know that y'all won't win

Go for your gun nigga what

Y'all can't fuck with Made Men

Talk shit but no matter what

Y'all know that y'all won't win

Go for your gun nigga what(Benzino)

Y'all can't fuck with Made Men

(Benzino)

No matter who you are you heard of the name

Let me introduce(nigga what)

Clear the way let these macks let loose

If we can't say this shit right now

We should leave

Or get it on right here

See who's first to bleed

There's nothin' you can do

That ain't been done

Like bein' stabbed with a knife or maybe shot with a
gun

My mission in life to make you move

Not stoppin' you

It's very possible my Made Men are hot

(Mr.Gzus)

Yo, yo,
Gzus of Made Men feel the tantrum
See any man come
Whipped out the biscuit see many man run
When the gun feel the slug spit(Blow!)
You in the Devil's hands
When we on some murder shit
You don't stand a chance
Under the mug shit
Thug shit
Never sleep strapped on the low with the .38 snub heat
Playing some music on the .44
These MC niggas screaming battles my platoon want
war

(Antonio Twice Thou)
I comes Hell or high water
Nine double and Luger
Premium Triton lick shots in my coop, uh
Twin shooter
Feel my vein's runnin' cold but
Save my life
I look in your eyes and show no love
No judge
I realease verdicts through my clip
Hot gun powder burns on my wrist and hip
Body bags and homi' tags
The deaf tone look retro
Is payback my tech blow
Fatal through Your chest, yo

(Hook)
Talk shit but no matter what
Y'all know that y'all won't win
Go for your gun nigga what
Y'all can't fuck with Made Men
Talk shit but no matter what
Y'all know that y'all won't win
Go for your gun nigga what
Y'all can't fuck with Made Men

(Antonio Twice Thou)
Squeeze keep it rough on a drug dealer budget
Slugs peel your nugget
Fuck around and feel this rough shit
Snub shit
With hot rocks to penetrate y'all
Lake all the squads brawl
nigga this ain't paintball
Ain't y'all them killers that were screamin' bloody
murder?

You heard of Twice Thou and his work with a lovely
burner
I blast for the i-con
Black python
Blowin' barrel
Waiting in the shadow to spit at you

(Benzino)
As my world turns
One life to live let my heat burn
Not concerned with those who oppose me
Demand respect from all those who know me
Pose a threat
You ain't seen nothin' yet
We certified coneseuirs
At this war shit
Flesh eating carnivours
Squeeze four fifths
Smokin' on a pound of raw
With a bad bitch
Fuck around with Benzino and get blasted

(Mr.Gzus)
Look in his eyes he scared to die
(Fuck him let him fry)
I never seen a man cry
Till his life is flashin' by
Satanic niggas pullin' gigantic triggers
Broke with no hope of ever seein' dollar figures
I know the real killers
The real thugs
The real niggas gettin' cheese
True G's and you ain't none of these
I rep five sets to the fullest with a live tech
And stay grimy like I'm always in the projects

(Hook)
Talk shit but no matter what
Y'all know that y'all won't win
Go for your gun nigga what
Y'all can't fuck with Made Men
Talk shit but no matter what
Y'all know that y'all won't win
Go for your gun nigga what
Y'all can't fuck with Made Men

Visit [Youngbloodz F/ Cutty](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.