

Yung Redd & Lil' Ron f/ Grit Boys**"7-1-3"**

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(*talking*)

Yeah 7-1-3 new South, Sucka Free
In the trunk, we on your heels mayn
Holla back, come on come on

[Yung Redd]

Only if you knew, I'm playing by my own rules
Keep a new pair of 22's, for the old school
Neck full of rose gold, hoes spreading the news
Even them days I was broke, I was paying dues
A hundred miles and running, you couldn't fill my shoes
I break bread with my niggaz, yeah that's what niggaz do
These clowns plotting on me, got me looking in my rear
Nothing but blood and shedding tears, through most of my years
But anyway I showed and proved, to most of my peers
Sooner or later, recognized me as a pioneer
Who would of thought, that I'd be playing the right cards
And more grain than a lawn, in your front yard

Now you can tell, we all about them dollar bills y'all
Plus I got 24 inches, on my wheels y'all
Them niggaz playing mayn, I gotta keep it real y'all
I'm on the grind, so I get it how I live y'all - 2x

[Lil' Ron]

I'm money getting, while niggaz slipping they really tripping
I'm on a mission, peep how I'm living them chicks is flipping
Now pay attention and listen, the game ain't switching
Did I mention if it's tension, then your lil' ass missing
Stop depending on niggaz, and get your own cash
I love spending that money quick, so I make it fast
And it seems, some of these rap niggaz flow is trash
But me, I'm leaving the bank with big money bags
Don't try to snatch my shit, nigga I will blast
Them hollow tips, got your ass stuck to the grass

The spinners on the drop, look like they doing cart-wheels
My money long, like I discovered the arch build

[Hook - 3x]

I represent, that 7-1-3 nigga

[Scooby]

It's them hustler stacking, ghetto reality live from the H
And the truth is, we got it on fire in the H
So no problem, we don't mind taking your place
We ain't come for the chump change, we came for the safe
And hey, thrown in the field
If you ain't never been in the real car, that wasn't going very far
Or you just a stupid nigga, let them other dummies move with ya
Cause y'all, ain't taking down Scoob' nigga

[Unique]

I'm Grit-tastic, these hoes adore this
I'm on point with my bucks, like TJ Ford g'eah
You niggaz is worthless, got no purpose
Might as well be a sideshow, and work for a circus ay
I'm bout my fast money, ask around
And if you ask bout my money, hit your ass with pounds
clowns
7-1-3, you ain't noticed
Unique that bastard boy, I'm so focused

[Poppy]

Guess who's back in the mix, from the land where they package and ship
Crack on the strips, we added to get the cabbage and split
And for the cabbage, automatics'll rip
Baggies to bits, by any means when we after the chips
Fuck being average ships, you need power to play
Whether you work a nine to five, or turn powder to yay
Get out the way, that's how he put it down in the H
We ride chrome, a inch for every hour of the day ay

[Hook - 3x]

Yeah-yeah, holla at me

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