

White Wall Street

"The Guttah Shit"

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[Intro] (DJ Boofkid)

Yo yo yo yo yo, DJ Boofkid, comin' in, the studio
We been on break for awhile but we're back dog, we're
back

(DJ Boofkid)

DJ Boofkid outta the cut
like my nigga Lunchbox i ain't givin a fuck
Grab the sawed off, now ya gettin' the buck
grab the deuce-deuce now ya straight outta luck
Like a Diamond in the rough, kid i'm dangerous
you might wanna blast back but you can't aim at us
I'm born to bust, too much is never enough
Talk shit, end up face down in the fuckin' dust

(Lunchbox)

Now it's to the topic we've all once debated
That's whether or whether or not it's time to get faded
Cops hate it the dealers made it
But it' is today ain't nobody bout to change it
You're not outta range kid
As i'm readin' you the G's the Judge readin' plaintiffs
You ain't shit, I aim this
One blast to ya head now you brainless
Added two blades in, blunts blazin'
I'm laughin' at the name engraved in-
ya tombstone, ya doomed holmes!
I'm at ya funeral, with out a suit on
mackin all the girls who in the group homes
Gettin dome while the gone
But they never alone, uh
You know what i'm sayin to you
I'm not playin the fool
I'm bein laced with the two

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