

## Color Me Bad

### "Down Heya"

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hook

And thats how we keep it crunk, from the club to the streets

To the two door Capri, crunk out with the beat  
We shakin' hoes off, cut em' up like a slab  
Then hit the studio and take it back to the lab

If 5 on 2, shit its all good, we ride through the hood  
In the Delta 88', with that Georgia license plate  
These niggas don't know  
They don't even wanna show no love to a a nigga like me

So I just stay on the grind, stay down for mine  
Trying to get mine in daily  
Holla' at me like you know your fo', chiefing on that green green  
Never snort a lot of coke, stayed down with the home team  
Know what I mean? Some shit have a nigga stressed out  
Make him small fast  
Bout' 175 will quit to open that cannon and whoop your ass  
But ya' wait, get a bat face on the one-time while these hoes  
Choose on the Attic Crew, my girl already been chose  
These stankin' bitches get your boy caught up in that fuck shit  
I know they suckin dick, but they thanking the game I spit  
I put they ass in a rap and ride out on them hoes  
Get wit' my slick partna' then hit the studio

Now see I jumps up, without a doubt  
Not a question being asked as you dash, with no way out  
Through the whirl-wind I spin, intruders, we break em' in.  
Atlanta Georgia, we comin' for ya' with 50 men  
In sets of 10, no sippin' gin, we steppin' in  
Its the Attic Crew, no flaw within

We them Youngbloodz wit' plenty kin  
No ifs, no ands, no buts, no grins  
We after you, so what you do is count to three, then  
click your shoes  
Then out the door, back to your hoe, down on the low,  
straight toe to toe  
Cause J-Bo is who I be, won't fuck with you, don't fuck  
with me  
So can't you see through the enemies  
You'd besta be all you can fucking be  
Stay sucker free, but first get some nuts  
Before you fuck around and bite the dust  
Now nigga what, so what you got now if you ride out on  
them ?cruts'?  
hook

A day late and a dolla' short  
On the cat walk, winding, tryin' to get meat  
22 tryin' to see 23, shawty ?three U double T's?  
What it ain't gonna be, what it is  
Over years I been scratching and scraping  
Still ain't came up with nay-thin', let everybody get they  
time to shine  
Still waitin' on mine, ???  
In the meantime tryin' to find a loophole  
God knows where the next one, for dead  
Got bust in the neck, nigga cryin', but the grind don't  
stop  
Like time don't stop, like a nigga who drop  
??? casket, cover it up and ride out, ain't got nothin' to  
be smiling bout'  
Only bit ?fake chasers? I'm tryin' to waste  
Gotta keep on stackin', gotta keep on packin'  
Slackin' gonna get me hemmed up, posted up in the  
store  
With the blow, don't show no flow  
As long as though, see hit the gas flow  
Gotta play it smart, gotta take it to the heart  
Fuckin' around, gonna get you fucked up  
?4:30, the hill, law gone?

Always underestimated, great don't gives a fuck, don't  
make mistakes  
Shake em' off gonna get it crunk before this thang get  
too late  
Hold up, wait, my homeboys straight, don't make me  
go upside your head  
Drag your ass across the club, heard what I fuckin'  
said?  
We ain't scared, prepared to take this thang to the  
streets

Capric-e and Fleetwood ride good Vouges with the beat  
You might no understand a damn thang that I speak  
I'm slizzard as hell, might stomp your punk ass to sleep  
And when this thang get crunk, I pack it up and take it  
to the lab  
Hit that gentlemens club, and grab a couple of hoes off  
on the ass  
Laugh if you will, thank its funny but it ain't  
What the fuck you gonna do, when they hit you, stick  
you for your bank  
>From the freeze-tag to the Fleetwoods, from the two  
door to the four door  
Who got the leather, who got the cloth, who got the  
Vougues  
With all the hoes, who got the gold, who got that grain  
Who got the green, who got the chains, who got the  
bitch  
I got the Fleetwood, girls most likely to complain  
See somethangs can't be explained, how we really do  
this man  
Hit the lab, make it talk, now you here me once again  
Have you jumpin' and shakin', like you off in that blue  
flame  
Whats really going on holmes, can you really tell me  
man

hook

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