

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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