

Color Me Bad

"U-Way"

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(Wodie, Shawty, Shawty, Wodie) X4

Now this one there that for them country folk
Them heavy Chevy ridin' players with them hundred
spokes
And when I holla shawty shawt I know ya hear me, hoe
And since you hard like blow, now tell me what you in
for
You and your partner ride a Benz, but your endz low
You shake it, we take it, that's how we get it on the blow
You, you wit, that's how we do it shawty, you ain't
know?
How to get it, willing to risk it with my cashload
We sweepin', really we creepin', I chop you up bro
Me and my nigga dead serious, like facin' death row
'Bout that paper, my nigga serious bout that cashflow
Punk ass, while I be comin' straight up out that Alto
ATL and New Orleans will chop you up, bro

{chorus}

Now where I'm from, we say Wodie
And where I'm from, we say Shawty
ATL and New Orleans
Now how we do it when we do it Wodie, (U-Way)
Now where I'm from, we say Wodie
And where I'm from, we say Shawty
ATL and New Orleans
Now how we do it when we do it Shawty, (U-Way)

'Gon slide them thangs out that attic, time ta polish 'em
down
We about to get it krunk, and let the violence go down
Niggas ducked off in cuts, niggas sittin' on top of
houses
Pull my gun out like "What!", niggas run away like
cowards
Smoke angeldust, be ridin' at night in Jags and stuff
And hit a nigga, prolly turn into a massacre
I'm tellin' ya
Please don't play, cause all day I been inhalin' blunts
And my whole mind is blown away

I feel like killing stuff {Skurt!}
I pull up in a dropped Hummer
And shoot 50 at them cocksuckers
Say biaatch, it don't, Wodie let me get 'em
Just gimme the word, Unless shawty gonna spit 'em
Nigga's blessings be with 'em, cause Lil Wayne burn
niggas
Bet them they gon try up for listenin' flippin' jurn(?)
niggas
Y'all better learn niggas, If ya dumb, she can't chea(?)
Represent Cash Money, for all time, ATL. (Atlanta)

We be them boys, have fro's with them grills
And we be them boys, who gon' show you how it is
From New Orleans, to ATL, my nigga, we let it loose
So watch what you sayin', before we back the tap on
you
I got a, teck, it's on
From the night to the early morn
Young Bloodz, and Hot Boys, see we gon' let this shit
be known
Brother it's on, we gone, see we gon' hit you with some
shit
To make you bop ya head, and cut the food straight on
that bitch
Don't be surprised, in time, cause we gon' show you
how we do it
Cause when we do it, that's how we do it, Snizza off
that fluid
So get to it, my nigga
And don't you fall, my nigga
It's Attic Crew, with Cash Money, on the rise (rise, rise,
rise)

X2

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