

Craig David & Mark Hill

"Everybody Gone Know"

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[Trae]

Guerilla Maab in the trunk, when I'm whipping the boulevard

Rearrange the block when I swang and bang, I'm gripping grain

Banging Maan when the cd change, and leave stains till a motherfucker

Know my name I'm Lil' Trae, hey nigga what they say
The young gun fin to come, tipping up few quay, blue over gray

AK's on cock I don't play, on the grind full time to ball and parlay

I can flip my tongue, and make a nigga say whoa

If you really want plex, what it do here I go

Niggas don't no hoes, are coming up out of the Maab

Stepping out pimp stripes, laced up with a Dob hat

Grab a gat, nigga where the hatas at

Like that Mr. Fat Pat, we fin to rat-a-tat

To make a nigga blood back, you don't wanna see that

I'm fin to be breaking em off, when I click on wax

Cocking the glock dropping the top, and making em up out the box

And body rocking the lot, and leaving a nigga shot

When I step out, bitch niggas be on the run

Nigga come and get some, you don't really want none

I'm a thug nigga, fucking with me you fin to get sprayed

I'm screwed up and throwed off, and gone in the brain

Representing my click, to the fullest everyday all day

Stepping to us, fifteen coming your way

Shotgun blast, keep a nigga moving it fast

When I set it off, making a nigga feel like trash

Guerilla Maab competitors stand, and hitting yeah

And if a nigga don't know, I'm fin to be breaking yeah

Pretty licking yes a nigga, what you be talking about

I'ma ride for the South, till the house get burned down

Shut down, nigga be coming way too throwed

You know Guerilla Maab made niggas, out of control

[Chorus - 2x]

Everybody gon know, that my click gon set it off

Ballin' out of control, we on the grind representing the South
Everybody gon know, that my niggas ain't no taking no loss
Ballin' out of control, them underdawgs coming out the South

[Lil' B]

We gon hold it down, and represent for the South
Lil' B, diamond cut up in my mouth
And when I shock I rock, I make a hoe crowd jocks
Six feet off the lot, with my trunk in the lot
Bunny hop nigga, you know how we do it
Slow Loud And Bangin', I thought you boys knew it
Guerilla gon shred, and track just like fluid
And take on a nigga, like Nike just do it
Screw it slow it down, and blaze a pound
Southside H-Town, gotta grind get mine
In the heart of the Herm Clark, is where I touch down
For the niggas that's plexing, I live on Grapevine
On the corners I'm turning, Yokohamas be burning
Wood grain be sturning, its the money I'm earning
Up in the kitchen and wishing, Expeditions we flipping
Chrome glocks we gripping, loading with the clip in
The end is not yet, cause I just broke a sweat
Riding now in a jet, I'm fly you could bet
We some throwed ass niggas, that get down for the team
Three gold shining, so fresh and so clean
I mean we shaking em off, and taking em off
To the backyard where the South click, be setting it off
Breaking em off, we can't be soft, because the
Southside Guerilla Maab, and niggas ain't taking no loss

[Chorus - 2x]

[Dougie D]

Here I go like the Mystikal, slapping the shit up out of a
Motherfucker bumping his gums, motherfuckers you
fin to feel us
We ain't tripping with none of you niggas
We be wrecking shop and dropping the bombs
I said that nigga kinda cold and throwed and, gripping
a round
When you hear me in a tape deck you, pushing rewind
Got your head bobbing and jacking
And body rocking and shocking, whenever I spit the
first time
And some of you bitches love that don't you
Throwing the deuce, up to my niggas and my roll dogs

And that be bobbing in the trunk, we fin to mash dog
Literally dropping this heat, all up on ya
I spit rhymes, like a automatic rapper be gone
Checking the mic up at the first, and at all times
Guerilla Maab made motherfuckers gon shine
Call us the Underdawgs my nigga, but we gon climb
Motherfuckers screaming no, we gon go go and slam
do's
And knocking motherfuckers up, acting like its cold
4-4's and smash hoes, and leaving a nigga fold
Constantly keeping my mind, up on my motherfucking
do'
Its me the D-O-U-G-I-E, keeping it crunk
For me, my fucking family could eat
We be the M to the double A-B, ain't nothing but G's
And motherfuckers gon see

[Chorus - 4x]

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