

Black-Ty f/ David Banner, Lil Scrappy

"U Scared"

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[Intro]

Black-Ty, David Banner, Lil Scrappy

Down South what you scared of, NIGGA WHAT!!

[Black-Ty]

As soon as I walked in the club

I start lookin for a girl who suck dick like she made it up

I know you out there somewhere

Baby don't keep it to yourself, share (share)

To all the freaks let me see ya

Drop it like it's hot and make me a believer

I know, there's a whole lot of freaks in the Dirty Dirty

Muh'fuckers gettin high feelin flirty flirty

Dem Down South boys be the craziest

Dem West Coast boys be scandalous

Dem Midwest niggaz be dangerous

The East Coast boys doin it big (doin it big)

When I leave the club I got my Cadillac on twenty-fo's

Sittin outside, chrome-plated from the West side

To all you bitch-ass haters you ain't gutter

I triple-dare you to cross the line muh'fucker (fucker)

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

You scared, you scared

You scared motherfucker you scared (nigga WHAT!)

Who scared, who scared

Who scared motherfucker who scared (nigga WHAT!)

[David Banner]

(C'mon) You a part-time rapper, full-time fag lover

Should I throw up threes, throw a rock, every
motherfucker

get naked, lay yo' rich bitch ass on the flo'

But you already dropped up but I want some mo'

Cash get it out from yo' ass, laugh with a money bag

And catch a quick toe tag, ho, ass, nigga!

And ain't no rappers gettin acquitted

Shit you scared don't admit it or catch a slug in yo'
fitted

Yea hey, hollow-points like cue balls, bank at

Off yo' forehead, still watch it run through

Man I'm crunk like some white boys sippin Mountain
Dew
Coppin Viag', I like yo' sister, say no
Cause I jump off in a six-fo' and dump on a ho
Bitches get down on the flo' and yell "There that nigga
go!"
And I hunt y'all the truth, I don't give a fuck about yo'
flag
I ain't never gang bang, I just rob you for yo' cash punk,
nigga

[Chorus]

[Lil Scrappy]

Ay, ay, ay, Scrap, ay (c'mon)
Yeah I'm posted in the club, on the Patron
I'm in the corner shawty leave me alone (ohh)
And the security keep trippin, he gon' get a ass whippin
I'ma hit him on up with the chrome
Shawty now it's on, I tried to increase the peace
But these hatin ass niggaz done release the beast
Yeah I'm back (yeah I'm back) couldn't hail a cab
But that don't mean shawty I won't whup yo' ass
Hang him over my head in a torture rack
Make his stomach see the other fuckin side of the bag
But I don't think you want that kind of trouble man
And you don't look like you got a gun in your hand
You average, I hit you up across yo' cabbage
Take yo' girl with me cause she a bad bitch
Scream at me Black-Ty, get it crackin
That what happenin - Zone 3

[Chorus]

[Outro]

C'mon - AHHHH! Black-Ty!
Lil Scrappy, David Banner, YAHH!
Frontline Boyz, makin all that noise!
He ain't playin right, tchh, PAUSE!

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