

Dem Franchise Boyz f/ DJ Unk

"Suckas Come and Try Me"

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Oomp Camp Da Best!!

[Hook]

Suckas come suckas come sucka suckas xome and try
me 4x

Suckas come and try me they gone find yo body 4x

[Verse 1 - Parle']

If a nigga try me, then he goin die
I keep my two cock like Debo's eyes
And when I draw down
Ana tryin to scare you
I make you 1, 2, step like dat name Ciara
Put yo cha vest round yo head
Protect yo face
I been gettin money like collection place
I put yo face on a shirt
and fronted on front page
Try me if you wanna
I got more nines then fourth grade
I re-up on the first then again on the third
I'm in tha hood like a fire hydrogen, sittin on the curb
And I got heart, I got grain, I got pills boy
I'm on the block posted up like a billboard
And I got that torch, so you know that I blast metal
If you went away, we steppin on you like a gas pedal
And I got that linen squeeze so I grip my pipe tight
Most of these niggaz mad cause we shinin like some
bright lights

[Hook]

[Verse 2 - DJ Unk]

I got hoes fo days dro fo days
A choppa that sprays cuz I keep that throwed away
Sucka niggaz wanna try yo ass goin die
6 feet under the dirt, you lie
So duck when I buss I shot yo ass off angle
Dripping blood on my shoes dry yo ass on a hanger
We the truth, Oomp Camp, Franchise lets get it
These niggaz soft than some like snuggles and some

big ass titties
I keep the croon piece nigga and my finas stay flicking
They say I need some Bendadryl cause that bitch stay
itching
It's getting hot in my kitchen I stay cookin, I'm bad
Ah get mad, I have you redder then maxxy pads
Maceo told you niggaz bout fucking wit dreads
I gotta a click of niggaz ready to put one in yo head
Stretch you out on the bed and slap a tag on yo toe
I told you niggaz wit Big Oomp, hoe

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Pimpin]

I stay up in the mall cuz a nigga like to shop a lot
So dey call me bubble yum cuz a nigga like to pop a lot
My diamonds gliss a lot I keep my tool round hot
I got the choppa in the trunk so everybody gettin shot
When I pull up in yo hood wit DJ Unk out the tee-top
If you ain't got no pistol I hope you strapped up yo
reeboks
If niggaz want beef I'ma give him what he askin
Dat choppa clear the block (clear the block) like Pro
Active
I got a big rocket so I take off like a jet man
Call me Wolverine cuz I'm connect with the X man
I got lil money and nigga still ain't change
And I had to step it up sittin on LeBron James
I gave dis shit a break got the camp on the bet
Bitch I never ?? I got dem blocks on the street
Everywhere dat I go I got my nine right beside me
If niggaz try I playin then nigga come and try me

[Hook]

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