

Automator "Wiling"

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Forget your crew nigga there's no contest
The Hoodie Men we con fresh and never less
I guess, if you want to test and try, oh why?
Now, this nigga gotta die

Smoke, light L's engage in sex
Shorties with big breasts and round fat juicy asses
From the ghetto classes, you with them kicking niggas
asses
We'll be in there with swim wear, who in there

The Hoodie Men we rock the spot
Who are you? You silly 'cause we rocked your knot
So bo bo bo, cry nigga thought you knew
That the sucka MC's get the D from my crew

I'm wiling, the ism got me wiling
My shorty got me wiling, trapped up in the AL insane
asylum
I'm wiling, jiggy got me wiling
The forties got me wiling, trapped up in the AL insane
asylum

I'm wiling, 'cause niggies got me wiling
The ghetto got me wiling, trapped up in the AL insane
asylum
I'm wiling, but Jackie got me wiling,
Drama got me wiling, trapped up in the AL insane
asylum

I gotta take the pain away, so I sit back relax
And smoke the ism every day
Well men don't care, mad bills to pay
And a bunch of more ho's, brothers drinking alizay
Damn, I'm high again, yo my girl drives me crazy

Insane pain in my brain it don't amaze me
Hated by her parents, feeling transparent
Dammit, and in two weeks we'll have a baby
Why? I cry and hope to die
Stick a needle in my eye filled with chocolate

Now I'm high, mama kicked me out, not fair
Niggas everywhere and other niggas just stare
Screw me, some might want to do me the Uzi
Cocked, till the next man front and you'll get rocked

'Cause I got a daughter now plus I'm homeless
So shit is out of order how? Do you do, here comes the
man of two
Fucked up but I hope I'm getting through to you

Life is a bitch, so we just stay high
Hoodie Men don't die we just multiply

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Land and the area, damn we slam scarier I'm darin' ya
You can bring your crew the more the merrier
America, do you know who we are? Hoodie Men we be
are
Nasty nab be sent to be far, Allah, you better call that
nigga right now

I'm ghost, and elephants around you on the ground
Who is he I don't know, just another John Doe
On the scene, his wife, oh no, Feds scream
Neph The Madman, yo I know that niggas M.O.

Causing def lyrical slug and a fucked up flow
Now you know, who's the motherfucker in town
You didn't know, your mothers my ho
You fucking glam tally-ho

Shout out to my crew, Hoodie Men
We on niggas better believe I went for you
As soon, brothers on cell block 151
Nigga know that the games have just begun

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