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Avias Seay "Call Em Out"

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Chorus: call em out call em out let them niggaz see what you about

Bring no guns to the match cause these hands up to

No calling you on phones cause we know where you stay

You rookie you a lame talking shit nigga get that ass

Call em out call em out let them niggaz see what you about

Verse1: they say yo ass real soft so you gone talk shit Um through with the drama now bring on it You bout to get one so you better run home You about to get two shots thrown to ya dome

Lets thump... lets fight... um ready to give it all my might

Niggaz I knew you was soft when you grab your girl I got 50 hoes to that will knock out her world You bullshit I'm real, put this fight on a bet what's the deal

Cause ima win, you gone lose, both eyes black with a chip tooth

Wassup nigga what's really you already know the fucking deally

You silly... you dumb... care yo ass home go suck yo thumb

My squad posted up at the midnight spot I have you checking out of here as soon as I get hot No need to call 911 on the scene

Cause you gone be leaking to the chevy I'm gone beam No need to say sorry cause you in too late My anger seek vengeance so it's time that you pay Tell yo girl I want to lay after fucking she can't stay Cause I'm real classy nigga check my profile around You can bring yo whole army one punch then they down Cause what it do... what it is... nigga mind yo own

motherfucking biz

Cause I'm two - steps- away- from- whooping- yo- ass

Chorus: call em out call em out let them niggaz see what you about

Bring no guns to the match cause these hands up to date

No calling you on phones cause we know where you stay

You rookie you a lame talking shit nigga get that ass tame

Call em out call em out let them niggaz see what you about

Verse2

Now you off in the zone on a pill and shit
Nigga wake yo ass up cause this fade you can get
It's too late for crew now they out to leave town
Nigga give me this fade I want sixty five rounds
But you cant- cause you you- nigga buck out do what
you do

Dis I-town putting down we need no freon
You a maggot you a roach you a lame ass peon
I'm about to hit the block no need to get speeding
All that shit up in the club now you boyz got you leaving
You- flaw- you fake- you type of nigga I brawl

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