

Baby Bash

"Don't Disrespect My Mind"

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Ghetto soldier, I'm representin' from that Houston
Second ward, that's be the place where I do my dirt
Kick in doors, sellin' dope, only my God knows
I have to do what I have to do, just to stay alive
I lost a friend, but God blessed me with some real
niggaz
Hell is soft, I kept it real from the fuckin' start
I stay strapped, 'cause my neighborhood is so dirty
I kiss my grandma goodbye, but my jefa looks so
worried

Pit bulls from my tierra that I call my home
It ain't much, but it's something I can call my own
I go to war at any times, at any place
Why yo punk twelve gauge, all in your face
I want your jades, your jackets, and your jewelry
What the fuck you on my block, if you ain't cool with me
You crossed the line, ain't no time to press rewind
I caught you slippin' 'cause I heard that you dropped a
dime

On my perro, now he doin' twenty-five to life
Low G, now I got to earn another stripe
Ghetto star, greyhound is my fuckin' car
Ghetto clothes, but I'm feeling like I'm ghetto far

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A maggots gon' be a maggot, fagot's gon' be a fagot
But if they want some static, I got an automatic
This automatic, if I grab it
Sometimes it's tragic, causin' havoc
Bullets blastin', but he had to have it from startin'
racket

Looked at the wounded and all the graphic
The game is graphic, and the classic, in and out of
traffic
Money stackin', by any means keep your gadget

And find a way to keep supporting my weed habit
I get my shit dirt cheap, the way I like it
You disrespect the clip, puto I get excited
My trigga finger get itchy, like I was Lionel Richie
A commodore, when I go to war
So get down so I can touch you quickly
No substitute for these thugs, who love to shoot and
cut the loot
You fuckin' punk, that's why I don't fuck with you

Cock strong, pretty boy but don't get it twisted
A savage with this beat you want it mayne then come
and get it
'Cause every blow has nothing but these bad intentions
So now you know baby bash keeps it gut wrenchin'

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