

Breez

"Steal or Get Stolen"

Visit "[Steal or Get Stolen](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Lil Derrick Talking)

Wussup, wussup its all gravy baby
Sheit nigga wussup, Josaphene Brian?
What you working wit Baby? (I'm working with six
figures top of the line nigga)
Oh sheit I'm like Jigga nigga 8 figures baby
Shit i done smoked you outt
My nigga chuck in this bitch and Day-Shawn, Darrel,
Buck
Ya nah i'm saying its all gravy my nigga Brian and Kifa
with the bubble

(Verse 1: Lil Derrick)

Head Bussa young thugga houndred percent ryda
Need a bag of that green to act a donkey with that
chopper
Come through like a earthquake
Masked up in all black bustin' fiftay
I dont play, everything in my way become a targot
Fuck talkin' I'ma let my chopper do my talkin'
Dog, in all black thats how you find me
If i got beef I cant let no nigga steal me, I'm valuable
So i ride with a Cali-co
Everywhere i go, you know New Orleans cut throat
As it is keep your vest out to keep it real,
get it how you live choppers, SK's tote 'em when ya ride
Benz and spit 'em random 50 shots will split ya
Aint no need for that vest dawg
Fuck ya chest a nigga tryna knock ya head off
They want ya brains up out ya head
So they know ya dead
We want ya face on a shirt
And ya mama hurt
I aint with gettin' stole thats why i ride first, ride first

{Chorus}

Its steal or get stole
Ride or get rode on
Its steal or get killed nigga bust or get bust on (BLOAW)
Its steal or get stole
Ride or get rode on

Its kill or get killed nigga bust or get bust on (BLOW)
Its steal or get stole
Ride or get rode on
Its kill or get kill nigga bust or get bust on

{Verse 2: Day-Shawn}

Cap peeler, head bussa, innocent wig splitta
Paper hit for 6 figures, want him gone? Get his picture
And even when I see him, I'ma blast his bitch ass
Walking light but i put ski mask bustin' at ??
Hurry up and get from round the scene with me nigga
No witnesses no suspects when you see'n me nigga
Me, lil Derrick a.k.a B.G. who beez me nigga
Ridin' side of the chopper, score some beef with me
nigga
Ride fly 'till I'm stunt'n,
I'm fucking gettin' my shine on
Send smoked out price to the realm of Day-shawn
I was born a hellraiser
Pussy forgettin' paper chaser
Fuck with my fetti, coming with me to Jamaica
Now, blucka-blucka non-stoper
fifty from out the chopper
Empty the magazine release my anger when i pop ya
I'ma straight ride nigga
Tot'n that iron nigga
For 35 I'll leave him on the ground dyin nigga
I'ma straight ride nigga
Tot'n that iron nigga
For 35 I'll leave him on the ground dyin nigga
I'ma leave him wet-flat on his back
And then finish him
Bullets he feelin' 'em
Up lil Derrick aint hearin' 'em
Because i creep silently
The glock on the side of me
Derrick ride passenger
Will he ride or die with me?

{Chorus}

(Verse 3: Lil Derrick)

You's beefin' dont hesitate to ride my nigga
Slide fifty off in the chopper and open fire my nigga
My clique 'bout drama, Smoked Outt we a mob
You beefin? scared to freeze it? 5 G's and we ride
I hit blocks in broad day, fuck waitin' 'till night come
I'll be in black at 12 noon with 100 in my drum
Its steal or get stole ya betta play how it go
if ya know like i know freeze ya beef nigga
Dont sleep 'till your target rest in peace nigga

If ya scared go to church and pray to the man
Cause dog I aint playin'
When i spin the bin sprayin'
I'm tryin to leave ya brains layin'
Spin the bin in a Rover with the TV's playin'
Me score, Chuck and I'm JB
Young ryders, real niggaz who dont play
Who'll kill you, and shoot up where ya moms stay
Come to your funeral and walk with ya partners all day,
all day

{Chorus}

(Verse 4)

I'll leave ya spot dimenished
Call me the demolitioner
I'm coming like in a wet dream with 50 flesh rippers
Pack the chrome now I creep, spray ya block like mace
Cover ya face aiming for anything above the waist
All they gon' hear is bang, bang
And all they gon' see is bloody bodies, bloody bodies
Who seen what? 'Cause they get hit too
Put a eye on your lips and watch what you saying
'Cause me and my niggaz we with the spraying
Blood play, thats all i know
Look where I was raised up, Wild Willow
Runnin' with a bunch of killers, if ya cross me they'll
spank ya
Run ya down and spray ya, drop ya down like a acher
meanwhile, i seep like carbon dioxide right in ya eye
You cant see me I'm camouflaged
Ya screetchin' ya spot your house, I'll clean ya
Bust like a blood clot, sneak up on you like bird shit
And left a F-I-F-T-Y attack like paranas in packs
And leave you the opposite of dry, WET

{talking}

Fuck I'll burn a nigga block like Raid
?? wha, wha, wha

{Chorus}

Visit [Breez](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.