

Consequence

"Disperse"

Visit "[Disperse](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Let me hear you say

(Hey)

Get money

(Hey)

Get money

(Hey)

Get money

(Hey)

Get money

(Hey)

Get money

(Hey)

Now let's go

'Cause when worse come to worse, my people's come first

So if you ain't bustin' down, please disperse

(Uh)

Please disperse

(Uh)

Please disperse

I know I never should've bought that tease the purse,
uhh

But homie, that's what happens when your dick in the dirt

And I guess that's what happens when you're with someone first

And you on the East side between 2nd and 1st

And you pull up on the stop, and she dressed as a nurse

And you tell her all the things you mighta hear it in a verse

It's surprisin' to you, man the scribbly works

So she gives you all her numbers plus her name in a chirp

And you made sure it's right when you hit the alert

Then you call her up tomorrow and you scoop her from work

Then you bring her round the way and the crew go
berserk

Now the only question left is really who's goin' first
And if you can't find a condom then you gon' search
And by the time you get back shorty way more than
burp

And she done buttoned up her blouse, and pulled up
her skirt

And now you ask her what's wrong, and what went
wrong

If you can't get at Con' then you really ain't a don

Now she yellin' out, "Cons, you played yourself
I wish the playa that I met woulda stayed hisself"
What made me say to myself, I need to drop this chick
off

'Fore the police at the door and they lockin' me off

'Cause you know she's testifyin' like a Christian in
church

So I ain't have no other choice but tell the chick
disperse

Gin, Coronas in Pamona with Mona
From them shots on quarters, pneumonia
Up there they warned ya, about girl I put it on ya
Let me mack you down in this corner
Look like the type that look good in the mornin'
E'ry time we bonin' you moanin'

Love they way I fuck you, have you tellin' your homies
Tryin' to have shit on lock like the police
Get mad when the other hoe know me
Plus it's 'cause they lovin' my goatee, 'fore we was
drivin' slowly

Went to the West, tryin' to ball like Kobe
In the cold bras, was all our trophies

Peppermint girl in the show piece
Lookin' at that bitch low-key in the oldies
Love the way them lips is perfect, if you ain't tryin' to
show me

Baby, you can start dispersin', this shit ain't workin'

The venue's sold out, know I'm 'bout to snap
Three rows from the front, two seats to the back
Hit her with a pass, courtesy of the man
Kick it with the stars, bring a couple of friends
Let you meet 'Ye, yeah that's the fam
Track 14, that's your favorite jam?

Damn, I'm in town for the night
Take a sip of the potion and let's get right
Into some role play, be wifey
No paper, no charm, I autograph your tee
Spotted you on stage dancin' all freaky
Now you're in the back, actin' shy tweakin'

This ain't, 'Meet The Parents', what the hell you thinkin'?
This ain't the church and I ain't the deacon
Damn, I'm tryin' to get you out them boots
And say the first thing on my mind like Luke
Sit back, and chill with the crew
Instead you got your mind on my money and my loot

Talkin' 'bout "I came back to kick it
Let's exchange digits, fly me in, I'll visit"
Cool out, you gotta be kiddin'
But leave your rich parents on the table, now beat it

Worse comes to worse, my peoples come first
(Hey)
If you ain't bustin' down
(Hey)
Disperse
(Hey)

Disperse
(Hey)
Disperse
(Hey)
Disperse
(Hey)
Disperse
(Hey)

'Cause when worse come to worse, my peoples come
first
(Uh)
So if you ain't bustin' down, please disperse
(Uh)
Please disperse
(Uh)
Please disperse
(Uh)
Please disperse, please disperse

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