

Dave Berry**"What They Hittin' Foe?"**

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Fucking around in a crap game
Niggas think I'm soft cause now I'm in the rap game
And I don't hang out as much
Bang out dope cuts
Standing on stage and I'm grabbing my nuts
But when it comes to getting in a circle
I'm hitting sevens turning broke niggas purple
Looking for Little Joe and the dumb nigga scream and
choke
When deuce-deuce hit the floor yo
Now which of ya wanna fade the twenty?
I'm turnin your fat pockets skinny
Ah yeah I'm shaking the ivory
And boom it's like they die for me
Fool you can get loud, get mad, hit the joint
But don't forget my point
There it is yo
I put my Nike on the bet so it won't slide
Money gone cause I'm never hitting deuce-five
I'm never hitting four-trey no way
You wanna leave but come on hoe stay
Nigga see but that'll work
Poppa needs brand-new shoes and a sweatshirt
Fool you can't even fuck with that
And now that I'm winning I gots to get my gat
Cause I see your homies starting to look
And broke motherfuckers they make the best crooks
And I'm feeling like a baller
Bucking fools now the circles getting smaller
Now you wanna go and scheme
Punk niggas like you just love to triple-team
So I pick up my money and start walking
Cause now I let the gat start talking
Now since ya'll lost you wanna go out like a sucker
Take that motherfucker

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