

Big Ed "My Entourage"

Visit "[My Entourage](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Nigga, and we don't give a fuck
If you don't give a fuck
Then we don't give a fuck
If you don't give a fuck
Then we don't give a fuck
You got a problem with us
We'll shoot this bitch up

Chorus

[big ed, silk]

My entourage be some souldiers
Fool I thought I told ya
Nigga we bust at the rollers
And knock your head up off your shoulders
Cause you don't want to see us
Cause if you do
Glock cocked with ski masks nigga
A bunch of killers with tattoos

[silk]

Ahhhh atten hut
About face to his head
Nigga in charge
Label full of killas and drug dealas
Convicted thug niggas and tank doggs
How you like me now bitch
Got to run it with a whole gang of hard hittas
Ya'll have to check us or respect us like
Motherfuckin guard sentence
Better duck when I bust you
Ya killed numb
I'm in a rush so don't touch me
Sayin fuck y'all feel it
Blowin out the past though
But I be playin you assholes
Startin wars like castro
Enemies casket close ask my foes
Look knock em down like back door to the end
Like I'm ten fold
Never go to war with us niggas
Unless you can last hoe
Look I stay muggin therefore I stay thuggin

Look fuck who you with I lose you bitch
You mean nothing to me like my fuckin play cousins
Now we heartless sleep in the dark
Cause you don't want to start shit
Told you I'm a soldier bitch
I come to get you if I'm mobile like I was cordless
Like a phone let it be known
I'm from the land of the trigga slangers
Nigga bangers
That's why in the morning
I sign nothing with my trigga finger
So don't test me

Chorus x2

[big ed]
Now if you see me
Ski mask glock cocked
17 shots hit your whole block
Oh you're not when your ladies panties drop at the
hotel spot
Lock now load tank doggs explode
See the whites of their eyes unload
For the automatics empty magazines, then reload
Nigga what, nigga wet who them bustas be with
I got a 120 round clip for situations like this
I'm makin gangstas move wearin gangsta shoes
My entourage is bout it bout it makin gangstas groove
Silkk the shock what's that on your stomach
(silk) that's my tru tattoo
Well I'll be God damned nigga
Cause I got that on my stomach too
No limit soldier, military steppin
Cock back your weapons
Glocks, hechler kochs, sig sauers, rugers, and smith &
wessons
Big ed be the captain of this army who pops
Me and another killer fuse here
So you really didn't harm me
Murderous onslaught, my entourage keeps blastin
Nigga the only way you can see me is inside the
outcome
Assassin

Chorus x2

[mystikal]
Fool if I aimin at your motherfuckin head
Bitch I ain't gonna miss you but your people gonna
miss ya
My heart colder than the air conditioner

They breakin and duckin and dodgin to get out the way
From the fuck of my picture
It just a ridiculous
I'm prove it to you
If it's cool, then it's cool
If I say move, then you better move
I done told you we no limit soldiers we ballers we on a
mission
Now can't nobody hold us we outta control on you
bitches
That's what we remainin
Maintainin, y'all ain't hangin
From what we brangin
We put that jock in the knock and it's bangin and
sangin
I know what you thinkin
But before you can do you screamin don't shoot
That's your ass options are limited
Now whatcha gon do
If you're a bitch, you gon cry like a pissy baby
If you're on your shit, get your skinny let em fry like
bacon
If you're scared, say you're scared (I'm scared)
Then know I'm breakin your neck and breakin that leg
As soon as I put this shit down for big ed
This entourages is vicious that's my dog
That's my niggas, that's my fuckin cool edition

Chorus x2

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