

Big Noyd "Shit That He Said"

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Yo, like a mutha

Shit that he said, shit that he spread
Led to this fuckin' four fifth to his head
Shit that he spread, shit that he said
If he relies on the streets, gon? leave your ass dead

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Ayyo, if you schemin', I hope your team's tight
My dogs bite, never cockin' it twice
Hittin' you up, makin' you sleep tight
You never sleep, dig what I mean, right?
You here, we prepare for machine gun fights

So don't dare to ever cross hours
Or get ready and prepare for the mobsters
Bringin' static with these automatics
Fuck revolvers, there is no team mobber than ours
True thugs, ask around about us

It's MD, reppin' QB, nigga, for life
Check it G, if you don't believe
Go and ask your wife 'cause she trife
Nigga P hit it once and Hav hit it twice
You wanna join the party, Noyd will hit you up right

Dunn, I'll be precise, hit you with that hot shit
I'll have your fagot ass jettin' through the block, little
bitch
I know what time it is, you drop diamonds, it's the feds
So now I gotta go and put one up in your head

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Yo, it's time to drag the phones in the home
It's time to be alone, I'm zonin'
The only thing in the back of my mind, shit is blowin'
Either blowin' on beef, blowin' these cats up in the
street
Or shorty blowin' me while we roll in the jeep

Dunn, that ain't hard to see, it be that true life story
The young arm from QB, picture me being corny
Been hot since I stepped up, God forbid I ever fall
down
I'm just gon? get up, and keep it movin'

I keep it reppin' with fully automatic weapons
Make them bleed for the cheese, no question
Keep steppin', my glock's cock, what? I pop shit, what?
Y'all cowards is butt, fuck around and get stuck

Before you fools make a move, I know you dudes
better think
'Cause I light that ass up fast as you can blink
With one life to live, kid I'm livin' with a 'venge
After dark, when the guns spark, saga begins, begins
what?

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You ready for war, yo, nigga, it's war, say no more
I'll be at your front door with the chrome 44
Squeezin', leavin' your fuckin' whole house bleedin'
And dead ?cause of the shit that you said

And the shit that you spread got you filled up with lead
And leakin' 'cause your monkey ass wasn't thinkin'
You fuckin' with this black half Puerto Rican
Like I said in my last song, nigga, don't get it wrong

I'm a bugged out, thugged out, crimy
Nigga goin' all out, slugged out, and grimy

52 pick up, nigga, check this here, this a stick up
And Tech on your neck, makin' sure you don't get up

Went from rockin' Benetton to bein' a don
Now it's way Kenneth Cole with Timberlands
Stray street don, my moms must have knew it was on
Since the day she gave birth and named me Tahwan
Let's get it on

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