

Bile

"Hoody"

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[Verse 1: Dona]

The clock is tickin, niggaz lookin for a bitch they can
drop and strip
Or cock back and dick em
I ain't out here clubbin cousin just to fuck with a nigga
Who straight thuggin and show no lovin
Five seconds on the war, I ain't wit a nigga, say no
more
Keep it real pays to be the boss
Everyday I'm at war with these ma'fuckers
One day I'ma be on top, let me explain somethin
Niggaz ain't givin you shit, but hard dick
Last call for drinks at the bar, we gon' get bent
Anybody got a problem with me they got a problem
with he, and Montana
Ain't gon' be that sweet, niggaz die for me

[Verse 2: Cormega]

Uh...Uh..
I had to step it up a notch the all metal Benny watch
'Meg for real I'm in the ghetto a lot
Yo fuck all that don and king shit
I'm tryin to be a convict who got rich like Don King did
Ya smallminded, I'm a behemoth
Ya stature is like half of what I spent on sneakers
Niggaz gossip like women, but wanna be the man
Who bought a Hummer six months after the BM
You dream of me failin, talkin in ya sleep
People so careless
Either, you don't care or you think I don't hear it
Here's a quote from the late great Christopher Wallace
"I sold more powder than, Johnson and Johnson"
Hitman like Bronson, vigilante
You want to get on son, you need to ask me
I ain't livin on the strength of no man
I'm livin on an acre, don't worry about me
Get ya weight up
Like Brooklyn and J.J. Building
My AK feeling more kids then Bebe, get it?
I twist ya wig back like ShaNayNay did it
You a son like K.J. nigga

I'm the one like Rod Strickland
I quit thuggin my art ???
Wishin I could be like Law Diggas
Who chilled off summer and ?pushed RV's? in harsh
winters
Now most of them all ?rhyme p? a hard sentence
Uh!

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