

# Abk "Foo Dang"

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## "Foo Dang"

(feat. Blaze Ya Dead Homie)

*[Chorus: x2]*

Why you tryin to play me, foo dang? (Foo Dang)  
Just cause I wanna let my nuts hang  
Teeth bang on the streets servin heads all night  
Some of us just ain't livin right

*[Blaze]*

I know this stupid bitch who think she know me  
She even wanna call me Blaze Her Dead Homie  
Bitch keep ya mouth shut cause ya foo dang  
Couldn't hold my balls, couldn't hold my wang  
Stank hoes wanna see me in the grave  
But I'm quick to slap a trick wit a 12 gauge  
You know you was speakin my name, playin games  
And sayin things you know he's actin like something  
changed  
But I know you are reppin your fancy car  
Little money, foo dandin at the tittie bar (Bitch!)  
7 dicks shoved in her box nightly, is she fucking?  
(Is she fuckin?) For the right price she might me  
Stank hoe, I never paid for ass  
So take a stray cat, and shove it in ya flat ass  
Get up out my face wit that foo dang drama  
Where she learn that shit? Man she get it from her  
mama

*[Some guy]*

I say Foo, you say Dang  
Foo (Fuck You!!)  
Dang (Fuck You!!)  
Someone say fa sho, yea I'm in the house  
Yea I'm in the house

*[Chorus]*

*[Anybody Killa]*

I foo dang on the daily, go ahead and call me shady  
Bad boy on the streets, startin static since the '80s  
So why you gotta front? Try and play me like a punk

If you keep talkin shit, you gon' end up in my trunk  
Jackin beats from bustas, we foo dang like that  
Robbin hoes for they gold then trade it in for a sack  
Don't even think for a second that we high class  
40 drinkin freaks with some dank and a nice ass  
? identity with some eastside conflict  
Bitches make me sick if they don't foo dang dick  
Keep it real and I'll try to keep it real back  
Try to trip in over all the bodies that I shot wit the gat  
Hunt you down wit my automobile, roll down the  
window slow  
Then punch you right in the throat  
Type of shit that most people call a little fucked  
But it's simple and plain, we foo dang, so don't front

*[Some guy]*

Yo Killa, this Tadpole  
I got ya number from this bitch I know  
I was the guy followin you home from the signin ??  
Yo man why you ain't pull over?  
I ain't no hounddog or nothin but I just

*[Chorus]*

*[Blaze]*

Foo dang is what I call a hoe without a pistol  
Walkin all alone (There she go) and if I see you it's on  
I'm callin out old janky bitches wit no heart  
Dogs with no bite that wanna bark  
Reppin gold is like a crip wearin red in my hood  
And I'll slap ya wit a bat like a G should (Beeitch!!)  
Bitch, check yourself into the crackhead clinic  
You can't get no ? bringin a bag wit bottles in it

*[Anybody Killa]*

Foo dandin wit a hatchet, come and get ya ass kicked  
If you bring a bottle then I really wanna smash it  
Sellin weed filled wit stems and seeds  
Same shit for \$550 but you askin a G  
Now that's the kinda shit that makes a mind go crazy  
2 packs of 'Ports a day and I just can't take it  
I swear if 1 more hero tries to flex in my face  
I'll go foo dang around the globe and make the whole  
world change

*[Chorus]*

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