

## Dirty "Ackamonkey"

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F/ Lil Burn One

[Lil Burn One]

I hate's to wake up, another day tryin' to stack that cake  
up

Lookin' at the time but I ain't lookin at no Jacob

No food in the refrigerator, no toilet paper

Wondering how he made it so that make me a hater

Another rapper with big dreams

I'm on the outside lookin in at this big screen

Like the shit ain't been the same since 'Pac and Biggie  
died

I'm wishin that the rap game would bring Lil Burn alive

But what the fuck is my opinion when niggaz out here  
making millions

And I ain't got a god damn dime

A pot to piss in and my raps the only thing I can say  
mines

So I'm out here on the grind

Just tryin' to get in where I fit, cause on the street I'm  
the shit

And niggaz waitin' for me to get legit

Cause they know it's all good, when Burn come stuntin'  
through the hood

Like summer and decorate the whole Alabama

[Chorus]

That's why I

Wake up everymorning and lace my shoes up tight

Cause I know I might have to run

From these folks if I'm caught with this gun

But I still, get out on the block

Hustle what I can before my trap get hot

Cause I know my children got to eat

They need chlothes and shoes on they feet

That's why I

[Mr. G-Staka]

Man that's why I, runnin from these folk

Cause I stay strapped, cause got a pocket full of dope

But if they find I'm hustlin this 'dro

Then they gon lock me up so I can't hustle it no mo

But I'm not lyin, that's why I grind  
Spending my time, trying to get mine  
Cause ain't nothin' free, off in these streets  
And everyday I'm runnin from the MPD  
So I tie my J's, tight as I can  
And tuck my .45 deep off in my pants  
Cause the shit get sad, makin' me mad  
And I can't stack my G's, with these p's on my ass  
Don't wanna stay up alone, but I need me some cash  
That's why I hustle hard, just to come up fast  
And standing in the yard with a bag full of brag  
Servin every junkie' can't let nothing pass

[Chorus]

[Big Pimp]

Man this cold water stank  
That's why I put a top on my drank  
In the club, I don't know how these niggaz and girls  
think  
One meek would probably have my whole mind erased  
blank  
Late at night hunchin a bow leg dog behind a bank  
And I ain't sayin, that I'd fuck a dog in the ass  
But how I'm gon know what I'm doin if my mind gone  
bad  
I'm a pimp, so tell me how my fans gon respect that  
Everytime my song come on in the club, I get naked  
Cabbage patchin with draws on my head  
Never know when I might snap wishin all y'all was dead  
To prevent that, I stay ping pongin hoes like a rit rat  
Every Sunday a pot of turnips mixed with pig fat  
The pig feet, the pig ears, and the pig back  
That make yo stomach weak, then city boy get back  
The Dirty south where country niggaz live to get fat  
And rearrange our cocaine is a good crack  
You can be thirty five still get ya jaw cracked  
Rollin' yo eyes gettin loud trying to talk back  
Cause shit mama plus belt equal cross back  
I loss a half a block, and still tryin to crawl back  
Hoping the good luck fairy make ya fall back  
But my children hungry so that kill all that  
Just suck it up and try to intercept the ball back  
Praying to God my laces don't be tied in all black

[Chorus] x2

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