

## Billy Jo Spears

### "Lost & Sherm'ed Out"

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Lost & Sherm'ed out, triple gold Dan's on the Coupe  
Lost & Sherm'ed out, Tec-9 on my lap in a khaki suit  
Lost & Sherm'ed out, if life was a drug I'd pay the loot  
Lost & Sherm'ed out, and when the C's kicks off I'm the  
first to shoot

[MAC-11]

I seem Lost & Sherm'ed out without a motherfucking  
doubt  
But in the right state of the mind to take the  
motherfucking trash out  
The trash in my enemy  
See I don't give no ?? I don't care if you cants me  
Cuz this rap is your warning  
I creep when you're yawning  
Or when you're fucking your bitch at 3 o'clock in the  
morning  
Squeeze a Sherman and then I squeeze the trigger  
Break out a handcuff  
And take the life from a nigger  
Climb up to the top of the roof  
Sit on the edge and talk shit and jump  
Cause my heart is pumping sherm juice  
I thought they knew that I was hazardous  
Watching me move like Steve Austin  
And talk slower than a bastard  
It's getting kinda hot  
I'm coming outta all my clothes  
It's kinda fuck all the hoes  
And no matter how high I get  
Don't try to play me cause you get played like the  
O'Jays when I'm fuckin' your bitch

Lost & Sherm'ed out, bet to have that bitch so damned  
smooth  
Lost & Sherm'ed out, I treat hoes like cats and kick 'em  
on the roof  
Lost & Sherm'ed out, roll up the bud and dip it in the  
juice  
Lost & Sherm'ed out, and when you had it you'd swear  
you were bulletproof

Lost & Sherm'ed out

I baptize motherfuckers in gasoline  
Let 'em fly the loop  
And blow they wig like Don King  
Then peel they motherfucking skin back  
Bury they asses so  
And have'em burning like a hoodrat  
Nigger - next is his hyna  
See it's the quiet to murderer  
Shoot 'em up fuck a Tec-9  
I tie your ass through a glass house  
Let the ass down  
And drag your ass to your baby moma house  
Somebody's who be found chopped in pieces  
Kill up - brothers and sisters, cousins, friends and  
nieces  
Grandpops, moms, uncles they asses gotta go  
So when I say: fuck it, put it the blunt gotta advise to hit  
the floor  
We ain't tripping on dime  
Cause we already dead  
Fool every soul that you see  
Take up out of they forehead  
And make 'em one of us don't no lie, get spared  
Niggas is braggin' to hit to the wack  
But fool I don't care

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first to shoot  
I was Lost & Sherm'ed out

Now I'm in the county  
Looking at the walls  
Playing with my balls  
Washing out my drawers  
Thinking about this damn situation that I'm in  
Never did a nigga think he'll make it to the pen  
Hoes they left me  
Got a nigga sad  
Times got me stressin' on reminiscing about the hoes I  
had  
But I ain't tripping cause I'm shorter than a coffee table  
I gotta break up some change, let's ???? to find ????  
able  
Thinking anothers from the O.G's  
Nigga straight ballers selling chicken, birds and ki's  
Gangstas on lock down

With the hour of rat  
And the cops treat a nigga with no kind of respect  
No phone cars, I wish I can leave  
They kicking me to the side like a hard piece of cheese  
I'm kinda fucked up in my head  
And freeway ??? out of my room with my last piece of  
bread

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