

Dj Paul

"Kickin In Doe I Think They Scared"

Visit "[Kickin In Doe I Think They Scared](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* send corrections to the typist

[Hook]

You scared ho

You scared ho

You scared ho

Kickin in the doe I make them bitches hit the floor for
keys

You scared ho

You scared ho

You scared ho

Kickin in the doe I make them bitches hit the floor for
keys

[DJ Paul]

Bustin with that 45 make them bitches back it up

Catch them riding on them thangs make them bitches
jack it up

Hitty got the pot maine make them bitches back it up

Finally got that money maine make them bitches sack it
up

Take it to the spot maine now it's time to crank it up

Don't play tomorrow brand new day I got to pack it up

That means I got to be the first on the block I got to
rack it up

Pocket full of stones so boy I got to track it up

Fuckin with them snitches maine make me want to
hang it up

But looking at a empty plate make want to keep it up

Then that nigga who you with you work make me want
to creep it up

Though my pockets done got deep ain't got deep
enough

Wishing I can rob me a bank but I ain't thief enough

I keep it in the hood to rob a nigga try to steep enough

And it's bout the time I get my bags and then I need it
up

Time to find another boy time to get read it up read it

up

[Hook]

I think I got them scared you scared of it ho

I think you bitches scared you scared of it ho
I think I got them scared you scared of it ho
Kickin in the I doe make them bitches hit the floor for
keys
I think I got them scared you scared of it ho
I think you bitches scared you scared of it ho
I think I got them scared you scared of it ho
Kickin in the doe I make them bitches hit the floor for
keys

[DJ Paul]

Kickin in the doe I make them bitches hit the floor for
keys
Riding crown dick with 23's just because of these
Triple 6 mafia niggas with this units in the back of me
My baller piece snautin dry mouth fucking falcuty
Thinking I'ma get it we went and caused a tragedy
Keeping them niggas with they hands out my B-I-Z-B-A-
T
Niggas got them toys and we gone to play with them
Feeling fuckin cleanse to the top so we gone spray with
them
Fucking them dikes in 2000 maine them bitches better
lay it down
If they stop and stutter maine they gone to make a
nigga clown
Boy you them cheese we these knives and we gone to
get a slice
Fallin across town showing out right here you gone to
pay the price
Use our own nigga how you figga that this wouldn't
come
Had a chance to front me one but now you got face my
gun face my gun
Black a man it's time for you count it out
Nigga said it out lights out bitch time is out ho

[Hook]

Visit [Dj Paul](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.