

Eddy Grant

"Bout Mine"

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(Trick Daddy)

Bitch I'll kill ya, fo' night

(Hook x2)

I'm goin' all way out bout mine

Best dat a bitch get shot bout mine

Hoes get slapped in the mouth bout mine

The prices stay the same and they drop bout mine

(Verse 1, Money Mark)

You fucks with T Double D then you fucks with we

Now you runnin' round duckin' me

Young nigga with a AK better than Ananda Lee

I send them killers where ya mama be

I be Money M to the izzay, R to the kizzay

Come through choppin' ya block I don't plizzay

Got dolo for the low, then hit the 2 Way

Peace to Uncle Lisle I miss him everyday, hey

Love dough and love to hate hoes

Love to pull nigga bout mine lil' nose

Nigga tryna hold me back, I'm throwin' 'bows

I'm a treal ass nigga, that's how shit goes

(Rick Ross)

You can never fuck with me, I'll just flow harder

CL 6 sittin' low on those (?)

I'm a Philly man, but I don't blow garbage

Got sweet dick, most of these hoes got it

Ain't no love, you see how the Feds do us

Wanna eat like rust and some for tear Lucas

Haul that blunt to a nigga share mucas

Body on 'em so what, look up we had shooters

(?) Take all tinted route

Hand guns, razor blades comin' out of the mouth

Borderline rapper, come see me but twin 49 rapper

It's more to mine rapper

Saw that rhyme after, yeah, got the right gat

Eat with the 2 Way they scared to write back

Lay niggas down like this? No like 'dat

No whoever ran, make 'em come back like crack

(Duece Poppi)

You better worry bout you, don't worry bout me
I pop three, out the drop-e
I smoke brocoli, you know we got D
Duece Poppi and T Double D
We got them AK shells and they hot as hell
Crackin' back to the white meat like lobster tails
Poppin shells, quick to crack your breastbone
Tore his head off 'cause he had his vest on
12 gauge, shoot ten times for haters
Niggas curlin' up like activators
Fake ass thugs, stop with them lies
You ain't rapped like that when Tupac was alive

(Hook x2)

(Verse 2, Mystic)

I'm not gonna fuck with you nigga, 'cause I don't know
you my nigga
So don't you fuck with me or my dogs
Nigga I'm for real about mine, and my dogs ready to
kill bout mine
I chill, smoke crip and send orders
Off all those po-po's and armed forces, fuck 'em
They don't wanna see me fly, I don't trust 'em
They probably wanna see me die, that why
Hold the fire, and keep it closed and keep an open eye
For them haters and hoes, 'cause I don't play about
mine
Goin' deep, pray about mine
Know baby had to spray about mine, AK about mine
Fuck that you've been warned too many times
How you feel bout yours, nigga I'm ten times worse
You gettin' revenge but nigga mine will get you cursed
So please don't fuck around with me
'Cause my dogs will bust around at he
Whoever obsessed, me boy, don't test me boy
Touch me, my dog'll wetcha boy

(Trick Daddy)

Most niggas get rich, get goats
I went out and got guns, united my folks (my folks)
Pour it out for the ones we lost, now bitch
Throw it up 'fore I blow it up
You ain't know I was a G muthafucka
You don't really wanna see me muthafucka
I'm a thug nigga, fo' life
Bitch I'll kill ya, fo' night
I'm goin' all way out bout mine
Best in a biscuit shot bout mine
Hoes get slapped in the mouth bout mine

Prices stay the same and they drop bout mine
Runnin' in your grandmami house bout mine
I ain't slippin', I got my nine
Plus Duece got his, you better think twice bitch 'cause
you got kids
Plus, I know what you did, add that to the fact I know
where you live
Thug life and you know how it is
Shit don't stop till a nigga get killed (killed, killed,
killed, get killed)

(Hook x2)

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