

Evita

"535%"

Visit "[535%](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Mac Mall)

I be that five hundred thirty-fiv
Type of nigga that's quick to snatch yo bitch
In my Cadillac drop her at the first strip
Stay loaded off her but don't call Griff
All my hollows in backwoods just for lips
We can kick it in the S with thousand dolla kicks
Young ridaz from the 5, don't care trick
Suckaz call us Crestside most scandalous
Yeaah, my crew rollin' with you know who
Can't a nigga from the strip leave ya blue
Hoes cruisin' and Cuddies goin back and forth
You want dick in your life, bitch come to the North
You might find me on the Sawyer S-T
I get jankie off the A-V-E
Under the tree with the cuddie Dubee
Sleep Dank and Telly I see L-O-V-E
W-G, Young Von and Looney
Hoovie, Lil' J, Tic Toc and Mainey
Mannish, eat a pea get cabbage
Much love to Pug and all the niggas from the club
Double R, G-B's and Looies
What's up, What's up
Yeah Mackin Ass Mall ya know
Rollin with the five thirty fiv Beeyatch

(Sleep Dank)

Yeah, so Crack the heem, blaze the hollow and get lit
Cuz we five hundred and thirty five percent

(Dubee)

Now how many ways can a playa represent
These Westside residents, five thirty-five percent
We pimp for Luciano, lead never follow
With hollows up in my rallow, me be quick to swallow
So carrots to figures, niggas perpetratin game
????????????????????
Niggas with big thangs
I bangs, bring the heat
Dirty Dub to the East
Game controlla', Fetti folda'

As I release these pieces that give you squeezas
the reasons to be served
Niggaz all across the nation my game status be worthy
I'm hurtin hookers, ?ghetto jokers? in every aspect
Ain't nothin' to it, we move units down to the last deck
We definitely shy, mobbin out the gates, hoggin is a
trait
And we fly state to state
Holla' 53 fifths
To the hookers in ?jiffs?
Life's fo sheezy
I'm with my five three feezy

(chorus)

We down to five hundred thirty-five percent
Universally representin' soft shit
So crack the heem, blaze the hollow and get lit
Representin' five hundred thirty-five percent (2x)

Yeah uh, guess who's back in the mothafuckin' house
Game stackin', Sleep Dank the "Total Package"
We hit the scenery blazin' hollow gettin' lit
Representin' five hundred thirty-five percent
My niggas airtight, poppin' at the clubs so now it's on
Wit my niggas Lil' Dangerous and Mr. Cardo
So baby round up your crew, drinks is on me
We can heavy conversate, tanqueray, hennessey
I heard your click was bomb shit
It's all good cuz the niggas that I talk with
For surely soft shit
My cuddie Sugawolf Pimp bangin' at yo' spot
My nigga Young Short, he got the dance floor locked
Forever doin' this universally, after parties being
thrown
Tramps hit the spot like national emergencies
What's your status, hide your bread, oh you ain't able?
Oh you ain't stable?
You gotsta bounce on my nigga's table
Cuz it's all about the bill ya'll
Cuz it's all about the dolla' dolla' bill ya'll

(chorus 2x)

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