

Fat Amy

"Think About It"

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[1st Verse]

New York

Yeah we G'ed up

Act up

Clap the back of your knees up

Packin' the Mack in the back of the Beemer

Taxin' your cash and you asking to ease up

I want to rock now

Comply or get shot down

I know

You goin hire some cops now

Coca

Sun down to sun up

Kily Cartel use to be a runner

D Boy

Stamp bricks with smiley faces

Show you how to turn that powder to a hundred acres

Let's get it

Thank god for making crack raw

Now how you want it

The window or the chainsaw

Crack

Yeah I'm nice with the knife game

Ice pick change your life with one strife man

Too much rappin and we don't rat

We do it for them trap stars serving them packs

And e'er nigga know from way back to Houston

Joes a go when push comes to shootin'

The four four will loose more then just a tooth man

A hundred shots will rip your top like where the fuck the roof went

[Chorus]

I think he said something

Bring 'em back to me

I let the chopper groove

And let the Mack boogie

You better think about it

Boy you better think about it

You better think about

Boy you better think about it

I got no papers on all them guns
So when I pull 'em out your ass best run
Crack
You better think about
Boy you better think about it
You better think about
Boy you better think about it

[2nd Verse]

This ain't for the niggaz hob nobbing in closets
This is for them niggaz that suppling their projects
Man catch beef say my nigga I got this
Right in broad day twist a nigga then pop shit
I ain't playin'
I got big guns
My niggaz barely speak English
They'll lift son
The strip is mine
Naw, you ain't eatin' here
I run this shit
At least in some recent years
And y'all know who rep the streets most
Terror squad we put the E in East coast
So be easy like T I said
Or them things ull pop up like a Chia pet
Or Chi Ali or any given clapper
Exorcist style get your shit spun backwards
Them pistols ull go your brain go's splatter
A minute ago you said you'd get at us
Now why you have to go talk like that
Get ya body outlined with the chalk like that
I guess he must a thought I'd a fought them cats
The oldest rule in the books
You should have brought them gats

[Chorus]

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