

Four Preps

"Me and My Nigga"

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[Verse 1: MGD]

Now just because I drops my shit slow and then sink
with the beat
These niggas think I'm coming incomplete
But when I put that shit in Flipmode, they start running
from the squad
You a busta, not Busta Rhymes so how you hard
I got that rabbit in a hat trick
That make 'em step back shit
That game to make your girl turn into a track bitch
Plus, I can run it like a freaky do
And get nasty with just like a freaky hoe
And put every motherfucker on the flo'
And have them go like he a nigga what
I'm a make y'all bounce with it
Hit the green, then blow on an ounce with it
Hit the flo, with the folks on Georgia Bows, nigga while
y'all bounce with it
No doubt, I just wanna turn it out
Keep bringin that shit from the dirty south
You don't know me boy, better watch your mouth
I'm MGD, hell you talkin 'bout
Nigga please, you better freeze, hit your knees
Cause you don't want damn near none of these
I know about, then on a lot of ki's
With more rhyme than smokes on a hundred D's
Nigga, me and my folk gone stick together
When we come to a hole we gone hit together
We gone talk that same bullshit together
Then jump down on the same hill together, nigga what

[Chorus 4x]

Nigga, me and my folk gone stick together
When we come to a hole we gone hit together
We gone talk that same bullshit together
Then jump down on the same hill together

[Verse 1: Thug Dogg]

My nigga Mike called me and told me what was going
on
Y'all actin like some hoes with the beatin, fucking sin

hoes
C'mon and get it while I wanna give it to you
Before I hit the block with the ?? sendin the hundred
tips to you
I knew y'all niggas was cowards
Ain't got no heart till you gets the power
But cocaine won't stop you bitches from feeling pain
Say my name, Thug Dogg
Don't you feel a little bit sober
Make you wanna stop pickin up busta's
Nigga wanna get on ya hustle
Y'all know nothing about stars (waking up)
Boy get your front niggas (breaking up)
In halves, in the streets (shaking up)
Y'all bitch niggas just ain't take enough
Y'all makin us wanna ride on this mari- now slide over
Find out where the lab you stayin, with the fucking
straps on you
I'm in it by myself, don't need no help, now dig on we'll
be there
Heard you got them ki's ??? now you got tied to the
chair
Where they at? Where they at? Over there? Over there?
Okay we outta here
I've been waiting on the motherfucking lick
like this right here for a couple of years

[Chorus 4x]

[Verse 2: MGD]

Let's get on a fifth of page
Comin bigger than the hips on a glove range
Hittin harder than a motherfucking twelve gauge
Now they want some of that dirty sawed off
But fuck y'all niggas ain't had enough
By yourself, y'all look ready to bust
Now whatcha did we ain't trip, nothing to discuss
Which one of y'all hoes wanna fuck with us
But you a soulsin nigga, opposin nigga
When the time due on the murder, on the hold nigga
Come straight out the junk on the boating nigga
Ain't damn y'all hoes holdin what

[Verse 2: Thug Dogg]

I either be fucked with, fucked up, or even fucked
around with
If you lookin for a steady go at it ass whupping, you
found it
All that mean reppin, all that fake thuggin, that don't
mean shit
Nigga see me bust your ass, my nigga, you ain't seen

shit

And y'all be running around this motherfucker

talkin bout y'all wrong and y'all right

Flexing all that bling bling, knowing y'all ain't got it

Fuck that dark shit, you can come with, that's all we

waiting for

So when you see my dog, nigga you know it's the best

hoe

[Verse 3: MGD]

Whoa now, Godby Road, Simpson Road, Adamville

If you ain't from where I'm from, then you don't know

how I feel

[Chorus repeat till fade]

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