

Frank's Enemy

"Family Ties"

Visit "[Family Ties](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The Foxxx...

[Freddie Foxxx]

Yeah, that's right

When I die, remember me baby!

And when you livin' large, remember me baby!

Cause what you don't give me, I'm gon' take it!

Yaknawhatlmean

It's the Missin' Linx baby

[Al'Tariq/Fashion]

Yo, I can't give a fuck about your cake

you go for hoe mackin'

while we get this moneys movin'

like Cali car jackin'

does this feel like some jackin

what, when the money get robbed

we hit the hood make it good

cause we proshin' em up, touchin' em up

grandma got it

then you got it

when I'm not across the block, and I shot it

then you shot it

cause you batter to the full ain't no ballin' this

nigga we share the prez to the lastest

[Freddie Foxxx]

Aiyo Black ha, uh, hail

[Black Attack]

That shit that really make sense

don't you need y'all niggas

don't you need your fucking fam

when it's time to squeeze triggers

I understand it though

money make the world twist

you mad at me king

see don't a click

go out and ice a girl wrist

yo that's that bullshit

you fucking jerk

you ain't wanna hit us with cash
you could've hit us with berk
it's all good though
I'ma sit back, light up the choke
cause with your family
I'ma laugh when your niggas go broke

[Freddie Foxxx]

Turn it uup

[Chorus (2x)]

Y'all don't know how to
get this up, come on
split this up!
get your cake and shittn it up! uhu
Together we gon' scramble for pies
let's make your family rise
It's all about your Family Ties!
come on

[Problemz]

Aiyo these hater dedicated to them corns
you niggas that got dough, but don't wanna put a
nigga on
you niggas that shitted on proms, to get shitted on
shawn
well it's peace like ya niggas to fuck up like the throngs
memory a few, and you, and all that bullshit you put me
through
at your way ticket to uligy(?), slick came over the
jewelry
like Rick the Ruler, cocked back them platinum
magnum
and the moment he feared, when he sees them lookin'
back at em

[Al'Tariq/Fashion]

Yo, blackin' em
stackin' chips the fuck up son
we tappin' em, we clappin' em
wish you had ties cause now we blacken 'em
large as ever, stay tight like close together
you foul wheater, I hate you, you stay mo leather
you never know, who your friends who your foes
but you better know, the close fam forever go
forever, go all out, blow all out
despise get up with the clan man
Family Ties

[Chorus]

[Black Attack]

Yeah, yo, aiyo family ties
split cake scramble for pies
if everybody holdin', watch your family rise
I never put it together, I was lovin' and holdin'
my rich nigga turned bids
cause she the only one rollin' in
I got Scotch, you 'bout to get jack for your shit
not us, turn around and get smacked for your shit
you can get clapped at, shit
I really wantin' mine
matter of fact I really hope you get merced from
behind

[Problemz]

It's close line
like a nigga doin' seventy on an eleven
and a hundred niggas run upon you
to collect funds like the rever hand
I will never land automatic God's delivery
will be prevailin'
when time comes to calculate each presidency
it's irrelevant
do will you blow in your cheeks
got niggas knowin' your steez
but stil withholdin' on fees
got money growin' on trees
in your backyard, so we B.B
Q'in and do time you won't see peace

[Chorus]

[Freddie Foxxx]

that's right
you want it
yeah come on
turn it up
it's Bumpy Knuckles baby
the Missin' Linx baby
we punish those that don't belong in the underground
real niggas never die
come on, that's right
the thugs dead or alive, can you feel me
huh, what, Family Ties
got the two nines by the tighs
hahaha

Visit [Frank's Enemy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.