

Freda Payne

"20 Bag Shorty"

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[Jay-Z]

No more reason I gotta prove to be da illest MC
Somthing's wrong wit ya motor skills cause y'all ain't
movin me
I'm who you see musically when you want it done hot
Comparin' you to me is a lesson in futility stop
I paint pictures beautifully but niggaz is near sighted
Don't worry about plagerist it'll take em years to bite it
Which the greatest fears I don't write it
It just appears outta nowhere like the information
contain by the physic
Like it or not I pay dues and expect to be paid back
Why da fuck should I freestyle I'm gettin paid to rap
I sling a track laid back almost till it's a sin
Tell ya god somebody's doin a good job impersonatin'
him
J-Hova spittin game from da range rover
What tha fuck is y'all doin in da third lane get over
Slow ya rode up I got it sewed up like a tella
Relatively easy like jerry hella
Cream is cherry vanilla got chicks in da telli
Belly up soundin like mayhelia tryna tell y'all
Y'all know da style burn da town
Down and change the locale I'm doin da same shit
except its legit

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Got a twenty cart shorty better play that shit
You owe me twenty baby better pay that shit
Got twenty bag son better blaze that shit
They said I wasn't seeing twenty but I made dat shit

[Gotti]

Pimp Gotti get da dues in them double down
Like them kids with tips who tops down
Bricks who get money quick see me
representin bomb city on da bill block rockin' mic's
Before they get a mill I sold pills all night
The illest outta life got my mind on fate
Cause even on tour nigga still ain't safe
I keep a tre eight on my left smoke a L for stress

countin dirt bag lex
I be da X like malcom puff for now dunn east side
represent wit tons of guns
You keep it real where you from
Cause where you at might put da dagger in yo back
Its like livin wit yo homey that be on crack
And fact my niggaz know my styles phat like hoes in da
El Dorado
My mind toatin fuck em duck em
Any thing but da main gun I don't trust em

[Chorus]

[Boo]

Move wit da nigga huh from man chilla
Burge shit word shit I slurge big scrilla
Observe when you work spit bird shit killah
Not to be purterb with...herb shit deala
Can make me feel y'all foreal ya tock ticking
Bust a rapper bust a cap hustler stop flinching
You fresh off the corner calling dog shit brog shit
Soon as you feel that sog shit you be like oh shit
(stooooooooop)
Broke niggaz resort the glass looking
Opposite the track ass whooping
Opposite the black class hooker the fat ass fooker
Triple your cash criple your stash pass shooker
The past ain't never the last to teach lessons
My peeps fucking up in the streets keep guessing
Brew don't becomming a preach I be blessing
Lotta kids commmin out da wrong way like sea sections
Know da bro gone flow even if it cross shorts
Fuck weed cop coke cause da shit cost more
But niggaz say I floss to much
but when I take it off and such they say I lost my touch
Those bitches like the money I wear
What its funny how they stare
Dumb bunnies with they cunnin' little glare
Shorty let me see the tail if its really that shittin
She hit me with a felion a young pair kitten
My boy hit that shit now every body smitten
Even holdin snow balls and I ain't talkin bout mittens
what I talkin bout mittens foreal

[Chorus]

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