

Garfunkel Art

"Watch Yo Azz"

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(Talking)

That's right

20 Deep, 20 deep bout the creep

20 Deep bout the creep big guns and all yeah

Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah

(Mr. Lil One)

20 Deep bout the creep big guns and all

My return mutha fucka screaming fuck you all

Fresh helly wit my niggy bout to do it really

All these haters acting silly talking what the dilly

BK oss in this bitch mutha fucka it's on

Bob your skull to this song baby girl in a thong

Finally... I'm free most definately

About to make it mutha fucka why you speaking on me

About to go and get my nut off

Mobbing with these guns off's

Everywhere I go I'm hearing hoes saying 'What up'

Phenning they be jocking always screaming when I'm talking

They be begging me to hit em I'm not the one to knuck em

I'm a sick indivisual ready for war

Should of told her I'm a solider had her begging for more

Move aside where we ride never blemish my pride

Got my word in my palm when I'm passing you by uh

(Ecay Uno)(Hook)(2x)

I think you better watch your ass and words

I don't really care what'chu said to her

I'm all about my G's bitch give me room

Just mob to the song while I sit and consume

(Mr. Lil One)

Turn it down a notch mutha fucka you be wuffing

Looking for that trouble got that double while you hooking

See that whole in your face bout to get me a case

Count em down all dazed there releashing my date

I remember what'chu did I remember your flaws

Count blues in my draws your refusing my calls
I remember how I waited would have made it for you
So I'ma spit it to the world and dedicate it to you
My nigga Mo much love from your boy uno
Never left the mutha fucka till the death you know
One O'clock at your spot always having him toss
When a mutha fucka writes shit I aint forgot
Lets do it how we planned like we said we would
Superstars in the hood like we Brett and Wood
I said they got us fucked up and they got us mixed up
Now bow to your knees while my mutha fucking dick
suck

(Hook)

(Mr. Lil One)

Cut you loose revenge never with truce
Duce duce in my waist trying to walk in my pace
I'm an incredible type of dude very very rude
Attitude is shitty all the nickles and kitties
Wanna come and give me hugs see they feelin my pity
Put my name on the map and my soul on the city
Lil Uno sicker than you ever came
Try to tell it to the judge but the grudge remains
I put it down for your block if you bump it or not
Switch blade while you played keep your palm on your
glock
Shoot the mutha fucking loud till it domes in the crowd
Making everybody run when they hearing your pow
Make noise with your boys it's the criminal way
We apply by the rules since back in the day
Toss it up live it sick up in the mind
Lil One red rum triple 6-1-9

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