

Georgia Gibbs

"Fo Sho"

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Fo sho, smoking choppers and helicopters
Zippers and kicking trippers, fo sho

Fo sho, better have the bread
Fo sho, nigga gon end up dead
Fo sho, riding on them chromed out twins
Fo sho, young nigga you best stack your ends
Fo sho, nigga better do your thang
Fo sho, face down in this game
Fo sho, fo sho

[L.T.]

Now let me introduce myself, its Mr. PMG
Nigga your boy L.T., that represent B-O-D
I stay on track and stay on grind, toss it up and shut it
down
Represent for H-Town, pop my trunk and show some
ride
And if they coming with some plex, we breaking backs
and snapping necks
Putting bitch niggas in check, hit your block and
straight wreck
Naw I mean nigga we coming, you and your boys start
to running
Fore' my K start to drumming, have your whole hood
humming
Tear it up don't give a fuck, we keeping lean up in our
cup
Its Southeast nigga what, we got them Caddies on the
bump
With wood grain, swang and bang, make it hot like a
flame
Its four hundred for them thangs, you keep it cool it
might change
And that's for real nigga chill, me and my boys staying
trill
Down in H-Town with them grills, slabbed out and
popping pills

[Mun-E]

Got the game and perfected, I found the shop and then

wreck it
Competition gets corrected, by this lyrical lethal
weapon
Steadily chilling my checking, so bustas keep on
stepping
I'm Phat Money connected, your rank you better protect
it
Expect the unexpected, what you can't see or feel
Or you gone, respect this is kinda like popping a pill
When the pain gets hectic, for when the rain gets
reckless
Its a damn shame they sweat this, my diamond rings
and necklace
Threwed in the game from Texas, and still breaking em
off
And get tossed when I floss, cause I'm representing
the South

[Hook - 2x]

Cause I'm all about my paper, everyday a
Straight heart breaker, guaranteed to spray ya
We are, making a move to make em bounce
Dropping lyrics in these rhymes, popping game from
the South

[SPM]

Its all gravy its all groovy, I smoke em like a doobie
Feed him lead for what he said, put him to bed like
Sleeping Beauty
Stay aware for what's out there, I smell hate all in the
air
Someone asked me what my race was, I told em it was
player
Very rare, my breed is almost extinct, the way I walk
The way I think, the shit I wear, the shit I drink
The way I stink, I smell like fruity hydro ponc
When haters see my car, they turn around and vomit
Mama mia, Versacci clothes from the galleria
I fuck a country singer, and a Houston ballerina
Chef Coy, cooking ice cream on my stove top
As your bitch, lick my dick like a blow pop
From the old spot, when I dance I do the robot
Got hoes across Texas, from Dallas to Beaumont
Still I'm loco, fuck any player hating hotho
You ain't got no love for me, then I ain't got no love
down poco

[Hook]

[Baby Beesh]

Its the return of the grain gripper, main nigga, cocaine

flipper
Drain dripper, its Baby Basherini man a brain ripper
Strange liquor, in the mix like margarita
Keep a heater millimeter, in my vita plus a two liter
Salty latino, throwing bombs like Dan Marino
Pacino, I'm down and dirty when it come to my c-notes
I'm off the chizzle when I sizzle, doing my thug thizzle
On the rizzle, these playas gon blow my duz fizzle
What's really, bullets floating like a yacht
17 motherfuckers dead let em rot, gotta get my
scratch right
So nigga act right, don't make me buck em
And if these fools make a move, well then
my...motherfuck em

[Hook]

[Tommy G]
Well I'm in to potent paper, major dived-ends
Snatching breaking lyrics, fucking bitches best friends
Can painted legendary streets, or wrapping bricks
cooking cheese
Living major bout my paper, keeping hoes bending
knees
Drop it like to ease my stress, puffing on hydro leaves
Rolling only with my team, breaking bread forfilling
needs
Its a way of life, that was destined in my plan
Prices steep when I creep, shipping unloaded from
bands

[Hook - 2x]

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