

## Goodie Mob "All A's"

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I got to feed the beat, the gat on the seat  
Fakin' ain't these girls fake when they see they face in  
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Mustard and mayonnaise and we smoke always  
Passin' by these haters like we got all A's

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Say, say, say, say Crack, what's the word on the street?  
Nuttin' but hard times, workin' this concrete  
I'm gettin' dirty, looks from niggaz on the next street  
over  
They was in my filthy, fiendin' gettin' closer

I'm in my seventy-nine, flyin'  
Mobbed out so they can't see me when I'm ridin'  
They slow me down, holla like we buddy buddy  
But at the same time I know these motherfuckers  
wanna mug me

Okay gun play at the one-way one day witcha  
But I'll do years if I bust these niggaz  
Keep point four-five calibers of chrome  
I'm, comin' forth to carry you home

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Yo, well you damn right, dig it they call me Sugar

Delight

Uh-ohh hoe, Willie cuttin' virgin broads tonight  
Blowin' like a boss, that champion chief in cost  
And oh, my dual exhaust will make your shit get lost

There's somethin' 'bout these guns that give these  
hoes asthma attacks  
These are actual facts, I ain't been in no actual car-  
jacks  
But let me tell you this, I'll burn a nigga ass up to a  
crisp  
Ridin' with these two glocks, we gon' bounce on off on  
the new shocks

My nigga don't hate me 'cause I ain't hated but we  
related  
No one includin' me, should be underestimated  
But don't you dare ride through the SWATs without at  
least 30 shots  
'Cause I'm tellin' ya, these Southern boys gon' get all  
they got

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Pop it in, get to work, brains blow, [unverified]  
Off the block before your carcass drop  
Can't share nothin' with the niggeroles, stealin' socks  
Out your cornbread dream too, if you got those, leavin'  
deaf hoes

Brown on the outside, pink in the middle  
Ain't barrin' none hundred round draw  
Nothin' under seventy-five and I get slick [unverified]  
Takin' no prisoners cuffed, they die fightin' for they  
freedom

Every time son, rhymes too pretty'll get your mascara  
smeared  
When they did, my buddy Spanky'll bust out in tears  
The world would be a better place to live, if it was less  
queers

I still see, punk ass bitches, bitches

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Get up off and give me room, activate, motivate  
Y'all from the section where the straight shit, straight  
up off the top  
Block for block, yo we got the [unverified], wait for  
days  
Gone up off the Purple Haze, when you see me call me  
Mr. Gipp

Shoot 'em from the hip, every time I'm in my 84 Sedan  
Deville  
Block me off and watch me peel, Big Boi grill ridin'  
through the park  
On the weekend ain't no stoppin', keep it dippin', that's  
how we trippin'  
Lookin' mean, you too clean behind the glass

Watch yo' ass, keep yo' elbows out the windows  
And my hands upon the wood wheel, money in my  
socks  
Lookin' out for the cops and for the haters got a fifty  
shot  
Whatever you wanna call it, nigga what? What?

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Now watch 'em slide like some finger lickin' chicken  
'bout to start clickin'

Hoe better know who the true G's are, I'm the star,  
brand new car  
Dope ki lyrical cascade height, SWATS type, mic soldier  
Blowin' composer, chief of that Doja, told ya when I was  
older

I wanted to live the good life, money over that bull, got  
that pull  
Stomach full, posse thick, niggaz wish at a young age  
Goodie Mo.B., doin' they thang, I pray for change  
And my players in this game, it's insane, how this  
'caine

Is bringin' 'em pain, young'un doin' time, dyin' by this  
grind  
ATL, fine this just how it's goin' down  
And the sound, watch your mouth in this motherfuckin'  
Dirty South  
Nigga check it out, dirty SWATS got spots

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