

## Hombres G

### "Waffle House"

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[Proof] Ayo, be quiet, you hear that?  
[Dogmatic] Whatchu talking bout' nigga?  
[Proof] Right.. Right there.. Dogmatic.. Listen, listen  
listen..  
[Dogmatic] Man, What the fuck man, Whatchu talking  
bout?  
[Proof] Don't tell me you don't hear that shit doe  
[Dogmatic] Hell naw man.. You trippin' you trippin' dog

[Verse 1: Proof (Dogmatic)]  
\*Shhhh\*, Don't speak no more  
Damn, Can't feel my heat beat no more  
Who that beatin' the door? Who smack my door?  
(Calm down proof, nobody at your door)  
Is that for sure? Get the gat out dog  
I'm bout to put it in this nigga flat out dog  
(Yo, cool out you high god, you paranoid!)  
\*Shh shh\* you hear that noise?  
Right there somebody moving  
(Ha! ha! this nigga foolish!)  
I wish I could get up and brush your face  
I hope my nuts will get sucked today  
(Whatchu say?)  
I better be high; my head is just dry  
Through the ghetto we ride  
Till my tummy amphetamy slide  
I'm pathetic in trife, look at the red in my eye  
Bearly alive, I'm there with my wife (What?)  
Did I say that? Or think that? Let's think back  
Fuck it, Yo pep show me where the sink at  
I guess I struck out  
Don't trust nobody.. Everybody get the fuck out!  
Give a fuck, stole my mothers lamb  
(Hey Proof my pound is in your other hand!)  
Thinking' I'm fuckin' (yea), you little bitch you  
You see that door? Hit it! Before I hit Yo.

[Chorus: repeat 2X]  
Don't bother me, I'm high right now  
I really don't wanna hear your mouth right now  
I'm on a cloud right now

Lets order Chinese at the Wafflehouse  
What is you talking about?

[Verse 2: Dogmatic (Proof)]

I woke up on the wrong side  
I woke up with a sack of pills under my nutsack  
And they all mine  
I'm still hungover from the last time  
(That was three hours prior to now, nigga you still high)  
You think this shit will make my brain fry?  
(Gimme 5 minutes to go get it and we can sure try)  
Approximately 5 minutes later  
(Yea I'm back with the stash)  
Nigga roll it up, I'm a pro nigga  
Let's hit that bitch an get 4 fitted  
My dad did drugs so I just go wid it  
This what I'm laughing at, everytime my blood is  
spilling  
I guess that I'm my own worst critic  
Start hittin' these trees and never stop quittin'  
Never kind to hit something' life is what you make it  
Puffin the green on any given.

[Chorus]

[Proof] Man I'm tellin' you, somebody knocking my  
mothafuckin.

[Dogmatic] You check the door man?

[Proof] yea there's somebody at my damn door

[Dogmatic] Where these pills come from?

[Proof] What pills?

[JUST] Yea they mine nigga

[Proof] You got purple pills.. You got some purple pills!

Nigga gimme yo goddamn pills, gimme your damn  
pills man

[Dogmatic] There's no-one at the door

[Proof] There is somebody at the damn door

Why don't you listen man, gimme your goddamn pills  
doe

[Verse 3: Just]

Hey hey bring my legs back

(We ain't got your legs)

Well bring me a big Mac

I need to eat something before I smoke this sack

(Man you always eating' JUST that's why you fat)

I'mma try some crack, you got a pipe?

Foo, you got the solids, so who got the stripes?

JUST forget it, its time to get lifted

Pass the tas, disaster to fake mags

Why you talking so loud, we in the same room

Shut up, while I pop this pill  
I can't open my mouth, tryna pull it open  
Hell naw, then I guess we'll keep smoking  
One puff two puff three puff four  
Its all gone now we gone get some more  
Dog I told you somebody was at my door

[Chorus]

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