

Inspiral Carpets

"We Dem Boyz"

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Ha ha
Young Merc, D.O., Let's go!

[Chorus]
Take a ride wit us (We dem boyz)
Benz's and them trucks (You ain't gotta hate)
Who wanna fight wit us? (Show love)
Show love cuz it's...Murrrrddddeeeerrrr
(Repeat once)

[Verse 1]
Yo who wanna lay these here (Murder)
They start comin in bunches
Knowin we gettin it crunk
Whenever we on some clumb shit
When we leave, ho's follow the whip
Niggaz to, they be on some hatin shit
But I ain't stupid
You know I keep that thing in the whip
One in the head and eight in the clip
See I'm a gangsta
And I'm still young and I got paper
So it ain't really nothin you can tell me playa
I'm trying to ball out
In the club pop one of them things
Get on route, get a chick and be out
But she gotta have a cute ass face
Thighs that poke out, slim waist
Ass like Trina and like to smoke out
But I don't love ya, you think I trust ya?
Your just my down ass bitch don't get it fucked up
You just got lucked up and caught jewel winter
But don't think that your boy trickin, listen

[Chorus]
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(Repeat once)

[Verse 2]

Get out your seat girl, and shake ya ass
How we do it in the club man puff and pass
Dogs grab your guns gang state your names
I'm a pimp in your hood and I'm changin the game
Well excuse me miss, I got a bottle of Chris'
No dat respect, bitches bobbin dick
Man we hot and shit, you 'bout to get
What you call it when you can't get up (let's ride)
Man these nerds be blowin my (high)
You be frontin but you be gettin it (right)
Back that thing up girl, I don't pay for fur
Hold up, ma roll up, chill, we 'bout to blow up
Get up, stand up, girl, move that ass
Get on the dance floor girl, get that cash
Niggaz gunnin for fendi come get it baby, I'm ready
But Henney and heady will have me swirvin in the 850

[Chorus]

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Who wanna fight wit us? (Show love)
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(Repeat once)

[Verse 3]

It's a new year, new day what's up cous'?
You done be here for a minute make room for us
Come through dawnin ho's, blowin that wood
Jumpin out the 'Lac truck, holla back what's good?
Ain't nothin that same shit playa, Tryna get rich
So we could, push hotter cars and cop bigger cribs
Take trips down ta L.A. with no lugage
Man we 'bout that money, y'all dudes is frontin', B
Who young Merc, man these dudes is nothin
We the bakers in the town we hot like ovens
I'm the dealer at the table man you dudes is bluffin
When I'm walking out the club man I'm leavin wit
something
(So c'mon) and take a ride wit us
I got two bottles of Chris' and a O of dro, Just get in the
truck
See I ain't tryna hurt ya I'm just tryna cut
And if you ain't on the same route, the don't holla

[Chorus]

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Who wanna fight wit us? (Show love)
Show love cuz it's...Murrrrddddeeeerrrr
(Repeat 3x)

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