

Kinks

"Low Down & Dirty"

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[Turk]

If y'know me then y'know me from bussen' heads
Kidnappin' hittin' hustles and duckin' feds
A quiet nigga stay saggin' wit' a bush fade
Hot Boy from Cash Money 'bout gettin paid
And if a nigga outta place where he walk is where he
lay
If I miss when I shoot I'll find out where ya stay
Lil' Turk ain't playin' I'm 'bout sprayin' things ain't
nuttin' for me
Ta see a nigga brains hang, know y'know about Baby
So I shouldn't have ta tell ya
Drop change on ya feet left stank niggaz gon' smell ya
We some Low Down & Dirty niggaz
Always hung wit' the souljas not wit' the nerdy niggaz
Stay ya distance lil daddy if you don' t want trouble
I'm talkin' 'bout spinnin' Benz in black and lex bubbles
Wit' shit that a hit 'cha and hurt 'cha
Turn ya green and purple spin ya 'round in circles

[Lil' Derrick aka Bullet Proof]

Young rida 'bout whatevera scrapin' +Trigga Play+
Get out the way when I come nigga
I hate nigga catch fifty out my k' nigga
I don't play nigga earnin' stripes like a boys scout
When I hit 'cha block you buck back or ya ass out
Ears off ya whole click dead dogg that's what I said
This youngsta 'bout bussen' heads that's what I said
I'll paint ya white shirt red that's what I said
You got change on a nigga head you needa bread
Watch how quick the bitch come up dead you gon' get
bruise
You think it's a game dogg watch the 5 O'clock news
I do what I gotta do aint no time for no playin'
You be here ta hit the block so when I'm hittin' I'm
sprayin
Uptown it's t-shirt man you ain't hear my nigga Turk
St. Thomas puttin' in work puttin' faces on shirts
Stupid nigga you dont want beef wit' us
Cuz we do pull ups, drive bys, and walk ups
And dogg the last nigga pled got his head bust

And dogg you'll get the same that's a promise,
promise
I might be young but I ain't scared to spin a bin
I might be skinny but I ain't scared to shoot 50
Juve ridin' wit' me I'll shoot up where ya stay
We 'bout war (?) trigg-a-play
Me and Juve, I gotta K. he gotta uzi
Two man army I come through gettin' stupid
If we beefin' yo block we'll blose it
Me and Juzey 'cho head you'll lose it

[Young Buck]

Killa guerillas on my team hit blocks in broad daylight
Diamonds that blind ya eye site stun'tn flossin' my
motor bike
Paper chasers figgas my pockets stay tight
I get a ki' fa' half-a-price be up from sun to daylight
Gotta make that money mayn, even if it take for me ta
split a wig
It ain't no thing cuz I got choppers and grenades brang
What you wan' brang shoot up a head shot from up
closely

[Soulja Slim]

I hit blocks erasin', paper chasin' is my hobby
You see me comin' up you playa hatin' try'na rob me
I don't think nigga, Smoked Outt be on the real
Kickin' flights all night try'na come up on a mill'
Nigga you-best-a-peep-it cuz my click we takin' over
Do what I told ya or get it knocked off ya shoulders
Bitch I'ma roller, so +Respect my Mind+, get outta line
And I'ma hit ya wit' that iron, nigga I told ya I'm soulja
And thats on the real, Smoked Outt be the shit
Make you bitches feel nigga, feel nigga

[Lil Derrick + (Soulja Slim-n-Turk)]

Ya dig, all the time, you'kham sayn
It's all gravy Baby (yea I hurt the mothafuckin' game)
Respect his mind, its beatiful
Me, heh dawg I been eatin' fettucini and steak
The last five years na'
(Wat'chu know about that) I'm lovin' this life
Knahm'sayn
(Who the fuck in this bitch? Turk)
My nigga Da'shaw just brought a (Viper)
(Dee) Ha its black (Whut?!) its off tha heezy (Darell)
On crome, I know y'all see me passin' through y'all
hood
You haters out there drinkin' the Hatorade huh?
Haheeh it's all gravy Baby
It's a drought too but I got some birds, but I want 30

bitches
Heehhaa y'know 'bout it stall, it's all you
Cash Money in this bitch
K.C., Sha-sha, I ain't forget about 'cha
Baby, Lil' Wayne, Turk, it's all gravy Juve, Suga...Slim,
your busy

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