

Lil' O

"Seven"

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(*talking*)

This it nigga, this that one lick nigga now look
We finna go, up in this motherfucking house
And we gon come out rich, or we ain't coming out at all
Y'all niggaz with this mayn, what's up mayn
Y'all niggaz ready to ball mayn, (hell yeah nigga)
Well come on let's do this shit, let's get this
motherfucker
On the count of three nigga, one...two...three
Everybo- get the get the fuck on the flo', shut up bitch

[Lil' O]

My battle plan kicks down do's, like battle rams
Release slugs to fake thugs, dismantle man
Attitude nothing to lose, the result a lack of ends
We did them Puerto Ricans real rough, they house in
ten
We having thangs to pass, and wet panties now hold
the hundreds
No dreaming all them balling, the definition of hustling
No Robitussin, straight bar Promethazyne
No more fucked up Cutlass, bubble Lexus sitting on
19's
Clutching Italian weapons, rapid fire on em I guess
Can't be no half stepping, everybody got brand new
less
Got me a new connection, when I hit him he call right
back
Sort out the Southside session, bust necks and talons
gon fly at em
Man we scoring thirty, don't judge the way that we
came up nigga the game's dirty
And plus my morals are fucked up, and then my
mouth's hungry
And then nobody gave a fuck, when I dressed bummy
Now they all on me, they all on me

[Hook]

Will I win, I'm stacking mail but will it end
My life revolves, around the seven sins
The jealousy is envy, ain't no motherfucking friends

The lust and the greed, be the pussy and them ends
Just look at blood me, will it finally do me in
And fucking with my pride, you'll feel the wrath I'll get
revenge
Will I win-will I win, will I win-will I win-will I win
For them ends-for them ends, for them ends

[Lil' O]

The Devil's penetrated, to this game I'm dedicated
And I never hesitated, pay the bills I'm obligated
But my life's still complicated, the only way I'll make it
is staying high and intoxicated
Till my body's, devastated
My own niggaz hate it, cause I got them O's G's
And like I did they pride, to get my O-Z's cheddar and
my ki's
They tried to set me up, wet me up on South Main
Niggaz started running up, I felt it coming like a nut
So I grab my gat and start to bust, like nigga what
Lil' O peeled like Versacci, you hoes got me fucked up
I'm blasting, I ducked my head I hit the gas I'm
mashing
Then grabbed the cellular, started calling Miles Hanson
Imagine we been cool, since High School hallways
Now these same fools, aiming slugs at my bald fade
But the seven sins, turn friends to foes
Like ladies into hoes, the Devil's got our soul
And we done lost control, an who would ever know
That I would aim for foes, and boys I call my bros
Until they eyes were closed, but nigga love don't live
here no mo'
If you niggaz wanna war, I'll take your ass to war

[Hook]

[Lil' O]

I guess there can only be one Don, like horns and
unicorns
The killers that smoke wet, with mask and uniforms
Kick down your do' at night, watching you fucking your
baby's mom
And chop you up lovely, for thinking that you the bomb
We was wrong, more of that money split up friends
My heart strong, we've got to stay family till the end
Now it's gone, but I still I keep my money and fame
But still I mourn, cause wasn't worth this heartache and
pain
It left a strain on my brain, for several days I cried
Cause when I said the love was gone, deep in my heart
I lied
But I still did it, only the strong survive

I gotta deal with it, when you war you kill or you die
I hit the freeway high, thinking when we jacked them
Ricans
And thanked the Lord for their ki's, and they Benjamin
Franklin's
But it was really saying, a master plan under cover
We jack to keep our family strong, and ended up killing
eachother

[Hook]

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