

Lil' Wyte "Good Dope"

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(Sniff sniff)

Don't be fuckin' wit these killers on that good dope

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This is a lyrical indention, rollin' wit some big guns

Mystical attention, sudden comprehension

Rollin' wit a fine ho, don't hate 'cuz she mine ho

All you cheesy chicken heads can catch up wit yo kind
ho

I can make a hit yo, do you really want it no

I'm gonna be up in yo head till I make you sick whoa

I represent in the bay, could give a fuck what you say

All the minors wishin' to be made 'cuz they to young to
play

I can break yo bone oww, I can pull a [unverified] bloaw
I can have you screamin' telling me when you gonna
come now

This will make your heart stop, have you reaching for
your glock

This series continues as I got plenty mo in my stock

I'm crunker than the club how? 5th of palmason? Wow

Catch me at the hotel smoked out stealin' all the towels

Y'all bitches ain't fading me when you act disgracefully

I can't help it you're a discruntful employee hatin' me

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Now put this in yo mind, keep it close behind

All the fatal memorys you've been counting in yo head
for time

I like to get high I get drunk and I might let it slide

Catch me on a zanax different atmosphere, its do or
die

Walkin' in the club fucked up, mission to take yo bitch

Hopin' you gonna speak of one word, when I approach
yo bitch

Tracy don't suck dick but I bet I can deep throat the
bitch

Just fuckin' wit ya, got my own, I really don't want yo
bitch

Nothin' but mumblin', and I'm stumbling, but I'ma keep
on the bumpin'

And I bet this gotcha Caprice Classic trunk a fuckin'
rumblin'

Fuckin' wit' me getcha trampled Lemon Lime is an
example

He got beat down by these dogs, and all he got was
just a sample

But now I'm on my way to better things

No more runnin' about the cove wit' the glock cocked

And slangin' Mary Jane

I got a well focused head and well educated brain

And plus my vision see clearer than X-ray glasses main

So fuck you mean?

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Last time I'm tellin' ya lyrically beat ya

Standin' ovation, I'm comin' to seat ya

I would drive the full 40 hours to California to defeat ya

Creature-feature but I ain't scared, rippin' out a patch

of hair

Tryin' to convince me that you crazy, verbally this isn't

fair

Ask me if I fuckin' care, shut the fuck up breathe the air

Didn't ask you to open yo mouth, don't make me come

over there

Platinum products get dropped daily up out this facility

I'll drop my shit on ya thinking everywhere ya feelin' me

Watch me come up out the grave and capture yo

security

Beat ya down like you stole something man that's for

fuckin' wit' me

Make ya shit yo pants so bad that you can plead

insanity

Have you strapped in a straight jacket yackin' 'bout yo

family

Really cause and effect is what gets us in these

crooked binds

Plus the lack of respect or neglect towards these

simple minds

Keep the system tickin', itchin', for corruption on the

rise

I'm getting tired of sittin' here, and you can see it in my

eyes

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