

Lloyd

"Strapped"

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Aint no nigga up in here
Betta come fuckin wit me
Cause im a real bad man
Wit a gun in my hand
And unlike you niggas
I am not afraid to squeeze
Ya telephone ringin
Kelly Price on line one
Fat girl singin
I said kelly price on line one
All you get is flatline
Fuckin round where im from
I be on the back nine
Swingin in my bay shorts
Listenin to every line little wayne and drake wrote
I said little wayne wrote
But my nigga never write
Now lets get right tonight
I got my niggas, my bitches, my liquor my weed
My niggas, my bitches, my liquor, my weed
Brand new drop top
Check the shot clock
Better know what time it is
You can get your shot blocked
Like Yao Ming
If you know what i mean
B-M-dub blue
With the seat side green
I be fuckin out in public to let it be seen
And I rock your republic
Like my jeans

I lost my city to Katrina
Can anybody tell me have you seen her
New Orleans uptown to Louisa

Left up in the water no FEMA
Close your eyes nigga
See what i see
People on the streets dyin
From hunger and disease
Politicians no trying

To find the remedy
Since they rather open fire
More guns no jobs for hire
So nothin's left but hustlin
In my community
So im rushin niggas
Just so i can feed my family
No welfare from the government
When love is all we need
Nah love is all you need
Just give me my money

My niggas some bitches some weed
My niggas my bitches my liquor my weed
Brand new drop top
Check da shot clock
Better know what time it is
You can get your shot blocked
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