

Lovebugs

"Special Edition"

Visit "[Special Edition](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[G.O.D]

We got hits for years, I got a bitch for every day of the year

We got chips, ice with glocks and clips

Push the hottest whips and shit we came from the bottomless pit

Now we reign on the top of the shit

[GAMBINO]

Foul things in my past that I'll never forget

Would I last, will I die young I never gave up

Now we up

[TY KNITTY]

In the class for delf, the most felt stay to ourself

We playing with the cards that was dealt like

First time I seen a man get killed that shit was mad real

Damn that was my brother

[G.O.D]

And I love him like mine, I promise to this day

everything will be fine

So we foreverly shine, now we vow to divide pie

[TY KNITTY]

What's yours is mine

[GAMBINO]

And for y'all faggot ass niggas we gon' ?hogged?

them blind

[TY KNITTY]

In and out, stick and move, it's just a matter of time

[GAMBINO]

And I stay with a grimy ass pistol on my side

And I name it four-five

[G.O.D]

Yeah die nigga die

[TY KNITTY]

You won't see it coming

[G.O.D]

And you won't know why

[G.O.D Hook]

When you look into my eyes tell me what you see

We be the realest motha fuckas from these New York streets

We gon' lay it down flat, way it supposed to be
Knitty, Gambino, Gotti, Chinky, G.Part Three
Come On (Loud Chanting)

[GAMBINO]

Infamous Special Edition the hoes pay attention

[G.O.D]

When we rock cause friction, get plucked out position

[TY KNITTY]

Platinum plates we be pissing them out

[G.O.D]

Haze with stout

[GAMBINO]

Them joints we pull 'em out, do them things that you
read about

[TY KNITTY]

Stick and move in and out quick never the easy route

[G.O.D]

So fuck what you be about we care less

I'll throw my gun up in your mouth and blow off your
head

Through all the foul shit, the hurt

[TY KNITTY]

The hard work

[GAMBINO]

The dirt, the pain

[TY KNITTY]

Until it stop on top, we remain

[G.O.D]

Simple and plain

[TY KNITTY]

Rock long chains and ice rings

[GAMBINO]

Timb boots, baggy jean suits ready to shoot

[G.O.D]

With pushed out cribs, multiple guns and clips

[GAMBINO]

I got a thousand niggas ready to flip and kill shit

What, niggas don't want it

[G.O.D Hook 2X]

When you look into my eyes tell me what you see

We be the realest motha fuckas from these New York
streets

We gon' lay it down flat, way it supposed to be

Knitty, Gambino, Gotti, Chinky, G.Part Three

Come On

(Loud chanting until end)

