

Marion

"All About My Fetti"

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The definition of a playa hata:

A busta

A bitch with a dick

A violator of the Sixth Bar of the Mack Game

"Man, you know that nigga Khayree fuckin Mac Mall on his money, man

You know that nigga Lay ain't gon' get paid

Heard Ray Luv in jail and shit"

Little old bitch-ass muthafuckas

Mac Mall

Young Lay

Ray Luv

I'ma need y'all to come in, man

I need the whole Young Black Brotha Records line-up to come in

And spit some game to these lil' old bitches with dicks

Playa-hatin busta-ass nuthin-ass niggas

Now you nuthin-ass niggas check game

Hey playa, don't it be a point in your life

Where you just wanna smoke a muthafucka, man?

(Fuck yeah!)

Man you get to trippin on some of that wild shit

Hoes and flauntin shit

A nigga tryina kick back, man, you know

Be real about his fetti though

They all in a nigga mix

What's up, Mac Mall, Ray Luv

What's up, playas?

Hey man, that be them inner way-ass niggas, Lay

Cuz it's like this, man:

When my album came out, man

Next thing you know it's a million muthafuckas in my face

Askin me so many questions

Shit...

Young Ray Luv, what's up man?

(Jealous-ass muthafuckas...)

Yo, we tryina come real about the fetti though

(Hell yeah)
That's right

Check this out
You know we all about that money, man
Got no time to be trippin on that stupid shit
Little old biaatch

Ah, it's goin down
(That's right)
But anyway
Who finna serve em some of that old pimp shit, man?
(I think Ray Luv)
Your nigga Young Ray Luv in the house
(I think i'm finna come on first)
Tell em muthafuckas

[Ray Luv]
One mo' time for the streets of Killa Cali
Grew up on the dank and shootin dice up in the alley
Back when niggas had names like Rock Tee, Chin and
Butta
O.G. game from the muthafuckin gutter
I guess it was cool when a nigga had no riches
Cuz niggas didn't p.h. and run they mouths like bitches
Much love for the hood, what up, nigga, where's my
homies?
Show love for these niggas, but they ain't got no love
for me
Jealous as fuck when I got love from the Crest niggas
But all I get is mean mugs from you West niggas
Now that I think these muthafuckas is so funny
'll peel a nigga's cap for a trick-ass nobody
(You better check your heart and your brain, man
I think you niggas need to get up on some game, man)
Picked up on your ho, I'm gettin jocked by your steady
All I want the money though, I'm all about my fetti
Nigga

Money money money's all I know
I gots no time to waste with you trickin punk-hoes
Money money money's all I see
You need to get some game and quit fuckin with me
Moneeey
(I'm all about my fetti)
Money

[Mac Mall]
Now half of these niggas is falsified
The rest is full of mess, so they tend to hide
A lotta them is cowards who be actin hard

Some is tired-ass tricks who will never get far
Some is straight dopefiends tryina grind they lley
But they still pushin pebbles to this muthafuckin day
Some start funk over hoes and blame it on somethin
else
Them niggas need to check theyself
But the sucker that I hate the most
Is the busta full of envy, mad cuz he broke
Every night he be stressin, thinkin that his hoe wanna
get me
I wouldn't fuck her with yo dick, she ain't got nothin to
give me
Cuz your nigga is broke, so hoe, I know you're starvin
So you won't have to worry about Mac Mall harmin
Your boyfriend and girlfriend relationship
I got my money and my cuddies, who needs a bitch?
Mac Mall will never get played
I'ma stay Ses ways
And you know I'm all about that money

That's all I know, nigga
Fuck them hoes and them niggas
That's all I see in the Triple C
Stop fuckin with me
I'm all about my fetti
I'm all about my fetti

Yeah, my nigga Young Lay
Come serve these fools

[Young Lay]
Gettin blimped with a tramp up on ? confusin what's
right
To hide the doubt, so I grab my money and my lle',
high
Why do these youngsters be so nervous,
niggas creepin thru these turfs
Plus these po-po's tryin to serve us ill
But I kick back and just act with my fuckin clan
And kick that gangsta rap and spit about my gangsta
macks
On rap tracks and spit for those that copy free
And givin they dap and tellin me it ain't a day without
drink and weed
G's get stacked, now who's a mack, yeah, the nigga
shook ya
Ki's of crack get cut down, but but not by the cook up
But yo, they crookers, watchin me all the time
But I keep lookin and keep a nine by my spine
Or to my side, cuz when I ride you'll never know
But if it's over some dough, Young Lay is quick to let it

go
And let him know, nigga, that this is loc side
Home of the mack, playa pros, squares run and hide
Cuz tonight we gonna do it just like this
But if your hoe is choosin, nigga, the mic's in my fist
Some of this mixed with a whole lotta that
Old fuelin with new, it made my fetti fat

Money money money's all I know
I gots no time to waste with you trickin punk-hoes
Money money money's all I see
You need to get some game and quit fuckin with me
Moneeey
(I'm all about my fetti)
Money

Ah yeah
Youknowmsayin?
There it is right there
And there you have it, muthafuckas
Straight muthafuckin game
From three pimpin-ass young playin-ass muthafuckas
Ray Luv
Mac Mall
And Young pimpin-ass Lay
Youknowmsayin?
They just touched it on that 6th bar of them 32
muthafuckin bars
You muthafuckin busta-ass niggas with complexes
Broke punk-ass muthafuckas that always got your
muthafuckin nose
Into somebody else shit
Now what you need to be doin
Is gettin your own muthafuckin game tight
You understand me?
And eh - youknowmsayin
Put some fetti in your own muthafuckin pockets
'stead of runnin round here talkin bout what the fuck is
we doin
Youknowmsayin?
Cjz we straight dwellin on the green
Ain't got no time for that in-between
Youknowmsayin?
So all you busta-ass niggas
Fuck y'all, we all about the fetti, man

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