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"That's Y"

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Little Natey, what up Natey?
Little Natey Bear!
GET HIM!

[Verse1]

Now why you think dames like me?
Cuz I bring pain nightly, trust me
Only royalty checks sluts see are King James' Nikes
Anyone, but me claim King, they liars
I think they hires at BK to clean they friers
That's a cardboard crown clown, it ain't like ours
I play like cowards can get it to this flame mind powers
Un-fuck-witable, it'll do more then just riddle you
It'll shit on you, shuttle you to the spittle and spit on you
Like, {hock}, cuz I'm a Charles Bronson double
Double 9 double M's, starting constant trouble
So any motherfucker thinking he's better, he's right
He's only thinking he's better, he knows he ain't better
then Write
I'm too, evil to go emo C.O's hero, below zero freeze
And I reload squeeze, and I mean so, below demons
I see no reason to be so thieving to beat hoes at least
for even
No swoosh, Write won't sport it
Rock Michael Jordan's like I signed a Nike endorsement
Like I'd sign a Nike endorsement
I say one of Lyson's torches, endorse it, mic's I'm
scorching
Flew over the road to the riches, went right to the
fortune
Make Sean Combs look like Sean Prince when I'm
flossing
Maybe that's why they hate first and ride dick right to
the foreskin
Once the promoter brings the kid out like an abortion

[chorus]

For the first and last time
When you see me or interview me don't ask why
I am that guy, mad high, blazing something
Smoked out, saying nothing (nothing) when I pass by

That's me, that's us
O-Dot, you bitches, we some bastards
Six grams per every session, ahemm, I got the dro
I'll answer all ya questions but then ya'll got to go

[Verse 2]

If I got a kid with you and I got a spliff
Bitch you get not a hit, get you not, not a sniff with you
When you hot as grits, lot of kids diss you
Get mad at me is Jet magazine, not a big issue
I'll probably be the third white rapper to get bills
But I'll probably be the first white rapper to get killed
Walking fire hazard lighting matches, any hotter in the
booth
And the sprinklers shooting water from the roof
Atomic dog hogging up all of ya chronic
Walking thru women vomitting, hollering monosyllabic
Fuck fresh to death, I'm so fresh my whole flesh
Just ressurects, so in no less then the best I'm dressed
Clothes unpresed, like I, just woke up
On stuff, like I don't give one fifth of a whole fuck
Nike airs, nah they wrinkle
And diamonds are forever in my ear like I hear Kanye's
single
Your young ho is a fiend for promytheszine, she gung
ho
So I showed her lean like Young Dro
Then she showed to me this tongue roll
Brain that'd make a genius dumb slow
Made her clean the cum though
What I mean is I'm so, mean it's un-b
Lieveable, even no witnesses seen the gun smoke
Young Yosemite Sam with cannons
Can't no enemies stand for the hand
Demand 'em, entire jammed em

[chorus]

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