

Cornershop

"Year of the Underdaws"

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[Hook: Big T]

Fuck y'all, I'm staying on my job
Its the Big T, putting it down with the Maab
Fuck y'all, I know you gon hate
For the ones who talking down, we keep putting it in
your face
Fuck y'all, you boppers and gold diggers
We some million dolla niggas, you never gon get us
Fuck y'all, I know you boys heard
The year of the underdawg, and we repping the Dirty
Third

[Z-Ro]

Lately I've been losing my composure, the soldier in
me is raging
I got a fucked up attitude, and I punish a punk if he
misbehaving
Like I'm taking names, when it get a little more deeper
Z-Ro the Crooked taking aim, point blank range, hit a
nigga in the brain
Is it ever gon stop hell naw, shouldn't even have to tell
y'all, but if
One of y'all run up on anybody, Guerilla Maab and
people gon smell y'all
Cause I don't give a fuck about you, when I bust I'm
trying
To knock a chunk up out ya, hit a motherfucker in the
middle of the ring
Left right combos, pre punk up out you, ahh bitch all
cats
Don't want no beef, fucking with me, and the Guerilla M
double A-B
Haters sprinkle S-L-A-T, but we steady stack E-N-D's
Out on the block or up in the sto', raw like salt that's up
in your nose
A gangsta I suppose, and until my eyes close fuck y'all

[Hook]

[Dougie D]

Fuck y'all fuck you, and everything that you stand fo'

I'm a motherfucking P-I-M-P, Dougie D all I want is the
cash flow
From the front to the back do', I'll straight up slide a
hoe all up out my pesos
Sparkle weaving all these fake hoes, leaving hatas so
shit I'll shake those
Feel that man they can get back wanna rip that, four
five killing all chit chat
Man I live a life long straight do' flat, come roll with me
so its like that
Everyday all day, representing for the dirty third, fuck
what a
Motherfucker heard, swift flyer than a bird, a nigga
swang and a nigga swerve
Indeed I love to smoke my weed, stimulate my M-I-N-D
But these hatas always up on my meat, so I gotta stay
up on my P's
Put it down with my partna Big T, representing hard in
the Southside streets
We gon continue to smash for the trash, and the white
folks what y'all thinking

[Hook]

[Trae]

Repping the Dirty Third, we in the four do' Coupe
coming up on the curb
And fin to fly to the South like a heard of birds, and
anybody talking down
Better watch they words, 'fore I touch a nigga nerve
And if another one of you motherfuckers wanna get
stoled on
Better hold on 'fore I roll on, with a right hand that'll do
a nigga so wrong
It'll be known for some of y'all to move on, we still
always and forever
Guerillas that mob and I'm the lieutenant, stand down
back down
And get a nigga smacked down, into the ground you
feel me now
Thinking I don't know that y'all hating on us, while your
other
Motherfuckers be waiting on us, and changing on us
Debating on us, and all of that hate only made a nigga
tough, fuck being down
We ain't going back broke I'ma cope anyone that
Trae'd never smoke
Any one of these hoes going against the Maab, on the
mic you better
Get a day job, we ain't having it motherfucker better
know we talented

Any way I'ma damage it, savage it, when we come
Through the do', we ramming it

[Hook - 2x]

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