

## Craven Beverly

### "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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