

## Prodigy

### "New Yitty"

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KILLA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[Prodigy]

Yeah, look here man  
Every time the ball drop on New Years Eve  
We toast to more money, we smoke to more cheese  
Burn this one for beating my case  
Then pop me another bottle and keep celebrating  
When I'm always waiting for niggas to front  
So I keep me a banger, catch a stunt if you want  
Be like Super Dave, you fucked up  
Flat out on the concrete they peeled you up like the  
cartoons  
But this ain't fake, nah this is gon' hurt  
And you gon' feel pain  
I'm the results of slavery and poverty  
You had the drugs and guns to equal to P  
Watch how every time the drama pop off I'm on top  
The niggas try that wit' me and get shot  
Ayo my donuts, dunn I got dumb out money  
Wild paper, you niggas better run now from me

(Chorus) Prodigy X2

New Yitty, my hand's never gritty  
I'll send the young boy to destroy every living  
Think outside, do inside the place  
I'll just do it my self, can never be too safe out here in

[Prodigy]

Yeah, yeah, every time I'm around my G  
You know P drop that fire, ah I drop heat  
Too hot to handle; too cold to hold  
This two-hundred thousand on my wrist bone  
This is .22 long right by the hipbone  
And I got the bullets with the x's and o's  
On the tips I'll shoot you in the lips  
Speaking on my name just so you could get a spin  
(KILLA!!) Couple spins, this nigga is wack  
You's a ugly dipshit, the black Craig Mack  
I'ma handsome shooter, I'll simple clutch the ruger  
And blow your bumner clout rot face to Bermuda

I'ma mobster, wit' the two B's front to O  
You pull my foul, all you gon' see is gold  
And platinum music, homey go make a hit  
With 15 minutes of fame consider it a gift

(Chorus) Prodigy X2

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