

Das Efx "Amped Up"

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[Verse 1]

Step in the club with my air force ones
In the back of my bub, I got air force dones
Full of that red, white, and blue I'm amped up
Fake buckin if you want, you gone get stamped up
You gone get these ten in a halves all in yo face
We gone take it outside and you gone be a case
You gettin ya grace won't live another day
I take this time to fault, time to shoot off your way
Aint worried bout the charge cause I got the dream
team
Money, power, respect lil nigga feel me
I'm a soldier 5'11 from magnolia
Look, don't talk I'll show ya
You with yo boys look I'm by myself
You talkin noise look that's bad for your health
Look, that's no good, can't do from the hood
We don't roll like that
Homie out of order, homie get it crackin

[Chorus]

You full of that red, white, and blue and you amped up
Homie buckin if he want, Homie get stamped up
You full of that absolut you amped up
Homie buckin if he want, Homie get stamped up
If you full of that henny and you amped up
Homie buckin if he want, Homie get stamped up
You done had one too many and you amped up
Homie buckin if he want, Homie get stamped up

[Verse 2]

I tote gats, got stacks, stay in all black
Hope that you that I'm quick to bust back
Sell crack, flip that, sometimes I jack
Real niggaz I run with dog bitches I smack
Dog hoes, wear bauds, tee's and ree's
Do shows, blow joe's, weed indeed
Hit dro's, spit flow, represent that three
Break bread, bitch no, gets nothin from me
Fucc with Annie, off Second indeed
Bout my fatty, nicca cheese and cream

Fuck my daddy, he did nothing for me
Just bought a caddy, put it on 23's
I'm a stunna, a repper, look I'm ballin bitch
Secondline hot stepper, shot calling bitch
On fire like pepper just lovin the shit
Out of line, I'ma check ya, straight punish ya bitch
I ain't stuntin out for real, I'm quick to kill
I ain't fuccin on the real, I'm slanging that steal
Nicca trip get flipped, when they fuccin with turk
Spend a ben in the whip, leave ya dick in the dirt

[Repeat Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Look shit don't stop at all, I'm still stuntin
I know you gone let me ball and get money
Long as I got it, I'ma floss, nigga respect
You wanna know how much my diamonds cost, then
forget it
Kenoe, that's my nigga that's my nagga
Drop the load on me, and I'm back shining
Doing it, I'm doing it real big
You thought I was gone let it all go nigga shit
I'm ready for How I'm Living, come pay me a visit
My house half a mill, all my cars kitted
Black bent, black jag, black H2
Black coat, with a 750 suzuke
My life lovely, beautiful, marvelous
Niggaz wishin they was in these 10 and halves but
Nigga get you like I got me
Homie fuck a handout, Homie hustle if you want eat

[Repeat Chorus]

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