

Soulja Boy "Great Seal"

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Poured up in the asphalt
Fuck these niggers talking about?
Many abide, a large amount
More we serve them, offer our houses
It's time that we show our district we been spent in
It's time that we go in and show them we went in
Twenty twelve, we smashing
Ocean Gang, we splashing
All of this money
Make it like it's magic
Fuck what you heard cause you can't check my pockets
When I drive this here, it's a topic
It's a pocket
It's a profit
Pretty Boy gangster
Yeah Pretty Boy goblin
Pretty Boy moving
Yeah Pretty boy mobbing
Nigger won't be then
You know it's no squashing
Fuck is he talking?
Yeah I'm on they're jet
Yeah I'm over seas
Yeah she give me neck
Yeah in bathroom I swaged her with tattoos
You talk shit, huh
Nigger we will bless you
Blast do
Yeah he ain't even worth it
Nigger talking but he can't check that we're fit
When I'm south side
Riding, you see me
When I'm on the west side
Post it on their TV
Niggers want to be me
I'm moving in 3D
I'm so swaged up
These niggers can't see me
Fuck what you heard bitch
If Soulja on swag doe
Fifty thirteen KP raw bro what's happening?
Tell her we smashing the city on b small

I pulled up in Maseratti
Don't hold looking like he's on
Goddamn, she's throw
Hoe hitting my phone
But wish funk a soldier
I ride around with three phones
Dope boy swag
Swag out the asphalt
Don't nigger keep on asking
I'm a give them what they ask for
Pulled up in a tour bus
Followed by an armored truck
Followed by that Bentley
In the back of that old armored truck
Goddamn you the Little Dre
Check on one hundred K
Fuck what you heard
I'm his son, the wing man
Nigger know I'm dead nigger
I fuck around with John Doe

Jane popped up
And make your click take her swim doe

Clearing out the lobby
Death warts a young low
I don't move sloppy
Killers in Toronto
Niggers hit my phone once they're going to be a
mission
Mission accomplished
Bitch that's a ticket
Soulja Boy tell them
You know I'm on cloud nine
On the west cost
They looking for us now
Nine on my hip, I don't slip
I'm a blast it
You talking there fuck shit
Your body ain't casket
Soulja Boy tell them
Fifty thirteen
Now fuck off with KP
We get green in-between
These fucking niggers can't see me
Cause I'm so outer space
Bitch I'm on Mars
All night fuck around catch that case
I'm flying in on my jet though
I'm flying in on my flown car
Goddamn this Little Dre

So I'm like a movie star
My life is a film dog
Goddamn I'm in though
Soulja Boy tell them
Where is the killers
Call up my niggers
They'll kill you first thriller
We dump your damn body
Off up in that river
I came out the ocean
My third eye is open
Really is nothing
My whole click is stunning
Ocean Gang nigger
You know we get cash homes
Hoped out that water
Then I turn my splash on
Goddamn you little Dre
Double cut my starter foam
Everybody getting high
Dirty spiting no patron
Fuck what you heard bitch
My mansion's a ball it
Fuck what you heard bitch
Don't girl keep on them calling
Fuck what you heard
Louie V on my wallet
Niggers that's rat's racks
MCM bad pat
And I take off
Shout's out they jay clean
We get so much money
For what don't nigger think
Hit my phone line
They up on my phone line
You know that I do shine
You know that I do grind
That I do time
We take a note

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