

Dee dee Bridgewater

"360 Degrees"

Visit "[360 Degrees](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Weeblelations

Weeblelations, testin', testin', testin', testin'
Hey, turn my mic up, this a bitch, I got my dudes up in
this mutha fucka
That boy 8ball, 4-Tay, Speeze-weeze, Spice-weeze, ya
smell me?
It's E-feeze, mutha fuckaz ain't understandin' the signs
of this
I cuss a mutha fucka out

Niggaz gon' be feelin' what I'm revealin'
Tryin' to do some healin' an' at the same time make a
million
Vibrate love an' happiness in this ghetto maze
Hate us playaz, got this ryhme stayin' in a rage

Kill wit a pill, broke game like Nintendo
Three hours an' fourty-four minutes straight to Frisco
Bumpin' the rappin', 4-Tayzee baby
Me an' 40 Water in the big body Mercedes

Four hundred, five hundred V-12 black Coupe
None of my weebles wake that Barkley comin' out the
roof
Choppin' major game on the strength
Man, we goes back juss like them splinters an' 'em
temps, uh

Met this bitch that was in Houston, said she was from
Houston though
Said her profession just was stackin' major paper roll
First at times it seems, gold credit cards, we kiss that
ass
Went from Bennies to Bossalini's, collectin' cash

They whistlin', I'm glistin' like Sammy Davis
Born an' raised in the Bay, them hataz can't fade us
I am the rapper that they call 4-Tay
360 degrees, they can't fade the Yay, fool

Fuckin' off in the Bay wit some crazy niggaz
Gettin' drunk, gettin' high, so they saved ya nigga
From the bottom of the stream to the top of the
mountain
In the 'O' straight clownin', talkin' 'bout what's goin'
down

An' these niggaz feelin' me, soakin' up the love I give
Nigga, all of us got kids, an' only got one life to live
But sometimes that shit don't matta
Animosity can lead we to ratta-tatta, splatta

All over shit leavin' tricks motionless
Drinkin' blood like I been spittin' fire like kiss
The only nigga sick as this behind me
Is the gangsta, S P I C E
(Yeah, smell me, yo)

Five albums in the game, 500 Benzo in my name
Five niggaz in a bucket, five zig-zags to the brain
To the greedy lil' paper, I'm on the MTV news
I'm havin' slugs fo shistey niggaz, tryin' ta give me the
blues

I ain't a mutha fuckin' Italian but my crew run like the
Mafia
8ball, 4-Tay, Banks an' 40 Water
An' me Bossalini, Freddy Chico, Chanelle shit
Met a couple of incidents where some niggaz tried to
kill me

Just a part of the game, jealous niggaz out fo' fame
When steady bustin' at me is to give no name
But when they runnin' up on this muthafuckin' Don
They catchin' pieces of hell, hot slugs from a nigga
That's fresh out on bail

Long time comin', baby, somewhere off in the hills
Me an' 40 Waters choppin' it up, keep or kill
On the real about this underground lifestyle
Intoxicated an' always heavily sedated

Bank's rocks the beat, I grab the mic an' bust
Turn into a monster, eatin' weak MC's up
Smokin' trees up, pinnin' hoes knees up
Feds wouldn't ease up, had to put the keys up

Findin' Jesus prayin' fo the weak
Hopin' somebody's on they knees prayin' fo' me
In the midnight hour, somewhere on them drugs
In a room full 'o thugs, 40' tell 'em how it was

They shot my mama's house up, back in 1992
I keep goin' back an' play possum like I don't know who
If I knew who? What? When? Where an' how?
If I knew back then, would I know now?

The rap game ain't never gon' be decreasin'
The only thing the rap game gon' keep on doin' is
increasin'
And there will be no over night sensations them 40,
8ball, MJG
Only drip we been layin' it down since Trout season

Now, all of a sudden I look good as Toni Braxton
In a white house wit toys of traction
Up-percussion, ya may wanna take a second look
You can find me in the Florida designs book

The hall of game, is a 420 wit chrome rims all day
Parked up on [Incomprehehsible]
Nigga, this ain't none of that only reason I'm doin' a
song wit dude
An 'em is 'cuz I want they region, recognize game
Game recognize game

360 degrees of game, talkin' 'bout game, talkin' 'bout
game
360 degrees of game wit hella bomb on the brain
360 degrees of game, talkin' 'bout game, talkin' 'bout
game
360 degrees of game wit hella bomb on the brain

A-la, la, la
A-la, la, la

Visit [Dee dee Bridgewater](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.