

Dee dee Bridgewater

"Don't Make"

Visit "[Don't Make](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus:

Don't make,(Don't make) Me kill(Me kill)
No muthafuckin' body in hurr,(In hurr)
Imma shoot, (Imma shoot)
Three shots, (Three shots)
Somebody done made me hot,(Me hot)
(Say 2 x's)

MJG:

U got me fucked up we shoot guns and hit targets,
Meat market chop hata's up who start shit,
MJG rippin hoes, and bodyguards, outta line polices,
and boys who think they body hard,
Cause when the party started I thought we was all
chillin,
I figured that e'erybody be leavin hurr all livin',
U standin to close patna' U askin to much baby,
U need to get way from round me before I click on
crazy,

8 Ball:

Yeah mane, these niggas comin round tawkin bout they
hot, but they not,
Fuckin' wit fat boi and MJ,
Nigga we tha truth halla at a playa mane,
Streets or tha booth we poppin at U hata's mane,
Soft ass niggas make they chin hit tha flo,
Off brand niggas take they cheese and they hoe,
Mafio,(Mafio) Niggas know,(Niggas know)
When them real live G'z hit tha doe,(Hit tha doe)

Chrous:

MJG:

I got a 22 not much bigga then my fanga,
A winchester pistol grip pump thats a head banga,
A 2 shot darenga not lil milla-nana,
A big 40 glock jus call me tha gun slanga,
Some Ak's spray ta kill the front line,
130 dead from squeezin off 1 time,
All U muthafuckin niggas thats yappin that fly lip.

Let it rip,don't slip,I'm workin wit 5 clips,

8 Ball:

We 50 deep and e'ery nigga wit me got they ice on,
Lil niggas that'll break ya face like Roy Jones,
Crushin bones, when its on we ain't neva scared,
Dem Memphis boi's B so serious when it's bout dat
bread,
Kidnap family members them niggas don't leave no
witness,
They all love a gangsta,that shit B so addictive,
When we pull up they know who we R by tha car,
We blowin big and U know diddy he gone by the bar,

Chrous:

MJG:

Take ya vest off from blowin yo neck off and eyes out,
High speed chase I follow U to yo hideout,
Shoot yo fuckin' tires out don't try to ride now,
What happened to tha base in yo voice U jus' cryin now,
Thought U was a man U startin' to look fine now,
Tha Grim Reaper been lookin' for U at boi's time now,
To blow tha wrong shit out tha right side of yo head
mane,
Ain't no way 4 retaliation when U 4 dead mane,

8 Ball:

Not a scared mane, We keep it off tha frame,
We stayin' away from lames and runnin' tha whole
game,
I do it like a G, U ain't fuckin' wit me,
8 ball MJG, We reppin 4 Tennessee,
Where murder and homicide and daily niggas ride,
And daily niggas die ain't no need for reason why,
It's money and the power, Tha heat they get devoured,
For boi's that disrespect wit bullets they get showered,

Chrous:

(Till song goes off)
Gunshots.....

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