

The Braxtons

"Flaugin Ass Niggas/Bitches"

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(DJ Paul)

It is I my son

The king of the motherfuckin' "M" awakened

by all you hatin ass hoes you bitch you

And its going motherfuckin' down

For all you motherfuckin wannabe Hypnotize Camp

Posse ass niggas

Who we got in this motherfucker count out

(Crunchy Blake)

Crunchy Blake up in this bitch

(Lord Infamous)

Lord soldier

(La Chat)

A real treal bitch

(Frazer Boy)

You got frazy boy in this motherfucker

like to ride on you bitch made niggas

(Lord Infamous)

Nigga get all yo boys, Tell them to bring all there guns

And being y'all some hoes, I got to eat'um when we
come

When I don't tuck it, Yo pressure point with 44 slugs

On this *** I'm feelin this commented by this thug

Head bust put yea, In mudda huh

It's the rip yea for a hour, Leave yea skull fucked up

Plus I'll double bust, to yo nuts, cough'em up SLUT

Drop the needle and then I'm callin Triple Six up

(La Chat)

Who run it, I know you know, Quite playin you hatin hoe

La Chat can't take no mo, We brangin it to the door

I got the tech 9, 45 can't forget the A.K

Fin to take you to the streets, No you bitches clean
away

Man I'm sick'in tired of you talking I'm up and on my
donkin

Is it you that I would be stalking, I'm walkin, bitches
walkin
Hope you niggas payin attention to everything I
mention
Shit I'm up and full of dat shit and I'm going on a
mission

(Juicy J)

Now sippin on some gin and some mo, and some mo
Watchin niggas in the room snotin blow, snotin blow
They got weed, and its already rolled, ready rolled
Quit baby sitting that doe, that doe
Now I'm so fuckin buzzed I'm bout to faint, bout to faint
Sittin back watchin R. Kelly tapes, Kelly tapes
Now everytime you see a player we be high, we be high
So come and get a piece of nigga pie, nigga pie

(Frazer Boy)

I be sycophantic, don't you panic, you can't handle it
So god damn it, you can't stand it, leave you stranded
Push up nigga you been bradin, I been pacin you are
facin
Fuckin killer in your placin, heart is racin, y'all be racin
Both to catch another casin, kill and nigga, drill a nigga
Fell me nigga, I don't give a fuck about what you said
I'm the illest nigga
Pistol bucker, drama lovin, poppa sucka, motherfucker,
like no other
I'm a lethal weapon, like I'm Danny Glover

(Crunchy Blake)

Nigga let me tell you my specialty, my specialty
Its getting you niggas, lock and load with the gun and
pullin the trigger
How the fuck you figure, that a nigga ain't robbin you
nigga
When I'm out here, tryin to get life dicka dicka
Yo body up when I kill ya nigga
shouldn't talked that shit cause I pull the trigger
How the fuck y'all niggas
wanna go to war when y'all ain't bad enough for us boy

(DJ Paul)

See I'm the kings of kings, scare crows the lord of us
And fuckin up in my kindom is something you can't
afford
Tryin to compete with hypnotize man, I wouldn't even
try that
My low keys cost 70 G's nigga can you buy that
You wonder why I had the for sale sign in the yard,
bitch I sold my crib

My new house cost 1 million, and this some king shit,
mtv crib shit
Yo mouth done dropped, you start to drool you need a
bib bitch
Before you dis me nigga turn yo pockets inside out,
clean yo shoes and you
pants bring the starch right out
Cause I'm the K.O.M., you wishin you was down with this
click
But you choose other wise so you a clown to this click
In the streets nigga you get nothing but frowns from
this click
And we done covered all sides of this country you bitch
So if you ever get a chance to get your source out right
You'll be like me nigga Nas all you'll have is one mic

(all together speaking)

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