

Woo

"357"

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What up on my Harlem niggas, my BK niggas
Back uptown baby
Lennox Ave
My Oyas on Broadway all day

Aye yo, you love the way I rep black, step the F back
'Fore I bring out the guns and chest check, respect that
Any girl I met that, hit that, love the way I spit that
I don't kit kat, push your wig back, get you shit
snatched

Get your ribs cracked, got a friend have me kick that
Get that, sit back school shit, skip that
Learn how to flip pack for the big stacks and the big act
Now, I got the big gats, click, clack, uhh

Since day one, been in a ditch, came with a snitch
Now, I'm in the pen in the mix, friends sendin' me flicks
Girls sendin' me kicks
Been in some shit had to tap a chin with a fist

When the [Incomprehensible], begin with a stich
End wit a kiss, so yo, so I blend in the mix
Now a day don't go by, I ain't been in a chick
8 an' a half when the dope ask Dominican Rich

Winnin' and rich, eatin' on cinnamon grits
Grinnin' and shit, how a nigga spin in 6
See they all see the 12 but you see me in it
TV's in it BBs kinted, ask who it is, you see me tinted

I did drive-bys, now, I take you on top of a high rise
See if you can sky dive
I'll bring it to you at your local gymnasium
How 'bout the Palladium, fuck it, Yankees stadium

Played people, jumped up and sprayed people
I got dudes that'll jiggle with the A's legal
You not a threat, you want it, you got it bet
I'll leave your momma and your poppa wet, nigga wait
now I'm set

I'll go another route, kidnap your family
Make you brother eat your mother out, after I done dug
her out
Needles to jug her out, pillows to smother out
You don't give a fuck about or wouldn't talk about

I'm through wit' it, your crew ain't even true wit' it
I see your man he's like, nothin' to do with it
I know you pack like that but Cam why you act like that?
Shut up nigga clack-clack-clack, pat-pat-pat, rat-tat-tat

Put fear 'fore envy, nigga, I'm not in fear of any
I'll leave a nigga black and blue like a pair of pennys
While me and Betha, throw fiestas
By alma queta Chicqueta, Monero Nieta

Don't ever fuck around with the Don's cheddar
See Jimmy Jones frontin' in the Jon Cletta
Or the black boots, jumpin' out to act cool
Cars never lease 'em, girls tease 'em

My man and his wifey want me down with the
threesome
Niggas tease 'em, bitches please 'em
When I'm out of town yo, my pants got a crease 'em
All calls valid, never hard mallet

Dallas been up in you, favorite star's stylus coward
Bite on my hoes like Marv Albert
But you should thank Un, though, coulda made you run
though
Been at your front door, gun hold for fun though

Yo, yo, yo, yo
What's up?
What the fuck is wrong with you?
Fuck that it's not a game
Yo, you ain't gotta be rythmin' for niggas like that

Man fuck them niggas B
Yo, you know what you do
What?
Tell these niggas the real deal
Aight check it

Aiyyo, I'm quicker than that, cook up the crack
Every time you look up a gat, got you shook up attack
huh
Look in the back, nah, the guns I had put in the back
I want the hook up in check, on this work of the rap

Now, I'm not sayin' what I like or what I dislike
But get the fuck out my face 'til your shit's right
See baby boy I carry guns, you know the big type
The kind that might give you, a 10 year fear of life

And I was just like y'all, flippin' hundred pack
But nowadays I'm the only, you a runnin' back
You got to understand baby, I'm done with the crack
I get pure white coke from Columbian cats

Or the cocaine plane, leave your whole brain dead
Light this herb, don't mean to disturb
Never been to Sesame Street but I flip a big bird
And I know stealers and they not from Pittsburgh

No kids rappin' or ostriches
Just kidnapings and hostages
So, y'all better obey, we shoot the pro way
Mess with us no way, now, go 'head, go play

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