

Ying Yang Twins

"F* The Ying Yang Twins"**

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Hey, I went to school with them pussy ass niggas
They ain't worth shit
Man I remember when that nigga used to be ridin'
In that fucked up ass Pontiac

And that shit was goddamn sittin' outside
He had it posted up like that motherfucker was hard
That nigga ain't hard, that no hand ass nigga who he
be runnin' with
That nigga aint shit neither, he was up at South Side

Big Boi poppin' 'cause he made that Bankhead Bounce
shit
I almost slapped his punk ass one day in the lunch
room
Then, goddamn I seen goddamn Eric's crippled ass
Walking down the street

Talkin' 'bout he need a ride, what kinda nigga need a
ride?
They made whistle while you twurk and that's
functionin'
Ain't these some hatin' ass niggas?
Now look at this shit

I asked that nigga to run me up the street
When he got that goddamn Impala
He said, "Nah", now that was some fucked up ass shit
Them ol' pussy ass niggas can suck my dick

A cold back motherfucker from the 6 zone
The same crippled motherfucker got picked on
Now I ain't never even really have shit, holmes
But a hard time and coal in my spit, holmes

Now I started rockin' shit that I wasn't with, holmes
Made some niggas label me a bitch, holmes
The only plan is im bout to get rich, holmes
If u don't like what I'm sayin', suck my dick, holmes

Poppin' pills 'til niggas droppin' and fallin' off the
fuckin' block

Some niggas doin' good and some niggas on crack
rocks
Some of these niggas make a betta livin' in the game
Some of these niggas may even try but it seems they
can't

'Cause when they come down, they see this shit get
hard
I know you try to be a man but that shit get hard
If you got it on your chest nigga speak your mind
In your ass get it wrong, you gonna meet by nine, nah

I remember when that nigga D-roc's mama used to be
candy lady
That nigga had to go come strait home from school
And could never go outside and play that lil' punk ass
boy
I always told him he wasn't never gon' blow up in this
shit

But he still wanna be in this shit
And he start runnin' with goddamn Kain
Like they were really gon' blow up bein' the Ying Yang
Twins
Them ol' punk ass niggas

Bustas hustlas, nothin' else but bustas
Clustlas on a nigga pinky make 'em mug us
Grills, my squad conceal upon here
Klips, they gats conceal upon here

Off the river deep down with crip then be quiet
Known from the east to the fuckin' west side
Nigga down to ride 'cause I'm soldierfied
Never swallow my pride if you be chappin' my hide

Look nigga I'm gon' run your bone and try to get with
To put this shit in, now he shaken like a bitch
Fuck that shit, a nigga say he tryin' to sound like me
So I'm gon' bust you in the lip and then we stoppin' the
freak

Now you're at a low of words 'cause the cat
Got your tongue with the gat, got your mouth wide
open
So who wanna, "Oh you think your The Don?"
That ain't so, now this real nigga done stepped in to let
you fuckin' know

Hey, you remember that nigga Eric used to be walkin'
tall

He walkin' tall, god he got 'em beat, he got them golds
He think his pockets swole
Them niggas still ain't got it goin' on

He walkin' around Capital Homes like a lil' punk ass boy
I used to give him his way all the time, he just loved
talkin' shit
Now he think he walkin' tall
'Cause he goddamn made, 'Whistle While You Twurk'

Middle of the road ah, watch out for them rollas
Pimpin Glock, totas, thick like soldiers
If ya'll aint ready, ya'll gon' get it
You bitch ass niggas can't really fuck with it

Better watch out for them boys, steady creaping up on
the map
Wherever I stop and rest, best believe I'm gon' to snap
We c'mon up with nothin' but hits now them niggas
wanna hate us
We already on the top of that shit so them niggas can't
break us

Drop you like a tree, sting you like a bee
You make me mad now I'm knockin' out your fuckin'
teeth
We can take it to the streets, if you ready then its on
Beat you like your daddy then send your ass on

A dead man walkin', a deaf nigga listenin'
A blind nigga lookin', a crippled nigga flippin'
No leg nigga runnin', a no hand nigga slap ya
That's some fucked up shit if no hand nigga slap ya

That nigga must be tellin' the truth 'cause he a no hand
ass motherfucker
Tried to slap me with that motherfucker but he missed
I already knew that motherfucker wasn't shit when he
first said that shit
That ol' punk ass boy

And then when that goddamn car Eric had broke down
Comin' down the street
That mother fucker just fell
That was some funny ass shit boy

Yeah, and then when we ran that punk ass nigga out
from South Side?
And goddamn he ran straight up to his crib in the
complete other alley
How come this motherfucker hadn't learned yet

That was some fucked up ass shit, it was funny though

It was funny to me 'cause this motherfucker think this
other nigga
Gonna help him
And everybody started turnin' their back on him
I already knew he wasn't shit and he never gon' be shit
And he ain't never gon' mount to shit

Fuck the Ying Yang Twins, they ain't shit
They ain't ridin' on dubs, they ain't shit
They got them golds in their mouth, but they ain't shit
They ain't shit, they ain't shit

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