

Young Bleed

"Lil Poppa Got A Brand New Bag"

Visit "[Lil Poppa Got A Brand New Bag](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Young Bleed]

Go get that paper Lil Pop, fuck all that drama and drag
Don't stop for nuttin my noggin just put it down with a
sag

I never knew nothin better than choppin cheddar for
cheese

Passin my enemies, blowin in the breeze

Don't make it no murder my nigga, niggaz die young
where I'm from

Sippin on redrum, poppin til the dead drunk

Make money my nigga but keep it real doe cause
Soldier boyz

be stompin in steel toes, with nuttin to live foe, ya
heard me fool?

That's how I come up, that's how it go down

Niggaz and bitches make the world go 'round, without
a sound

We clown low down and dirty with the Dirty Dirty flippin
from a nickel bag of weed, to a thirty thirty

Holla at ya boy, unemployed, in the welfare line gettin
mine

smellin like a pound of paiyan, however we shine
in blind fury dodgin the judge and the jury

They wanna beat me but can't see me cause they vision
too blurry

I ride from state to state, seein them checkin my plate

It's like, everywhere you go they gotta playa hate a
nigga main

I do my thang from here to Maine, like it ain't no thang
(What? Uhh)

Cause see you gotta let em hang main, fuck that shit

[Maxinelli]

Nigga, get your minnnnd right, cause when the
timmme's right

Niggaz'll put yo' ass to sleep, I thinks deep (Huh bro?)

Fuck what you heard, you gots to see to believe

And if you blind to visualize a nigga chasin this cheese

Down on my knees at my bedside, sayin my grace

cause in the mornin I'll be gone a nigga makin my way,
OK

I keep em jumpin like the jacks to little macks, my netti

ready for confedi and FUCK what they tryin to tell me
I'm bout to get it and the only way I know
is rappin if it don't happen I'm makin bitches hit the flo',
you know
Fuck block to block hoe, it's coast to coast, and it's easy
we G and do it legit those raps with locs
On the fork but game sharper than a surgeon for
scalpel
You wanna battle no hassle come let me kick it whatcha
asked foe
and razzle yo' ass, nut up like heaven and hash
as my little brain's tearin the tenament blast; they pity
ass
but I'm flickin my ashes stickin asses of bastards
Fieldin shit like flea flickers and kickin it with G niggaz
See what you makin with the raise at your job
is what a nigga like this here can shake two days in the
mob
and I could (do what main?) be my own boss employed
by the streets
I'm chasin Jakes and player haitian on Friday the 15th
with my Air Mack splendid Nike's on my feet
With weed in the air, soul secluded from the police
Cause I'm a little on the wild side, thuggin and pluggin
that make a nigga wanna jack for the fuck of it, but see
I makes peace to get the shit a nigga wish he could
have
Long as you stay the fuck out they pop a brand new
bag, nigga what

Visit [Young Bleed](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.