

## Yung Joc "A Couple Grand"

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A couple gran, price tag on ya head leave ya layin were  
ya stand

A couple gran, price tag on ya head, on ya head, on ya  
head

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### Verse 1

Watch him die slow, and then his eyes roll

In da back of his head now his body cold

A couple gran, a couple shots, a couple drip drops, now  
ya leakin won't stop

Bitch im da man, just ask block, shots rain out, u can  
hear em from a couple blocks

Bitch wats my name? call me yung joc, I got a great  
aim, all I need is one shot

Errbody talkin in my neighborhood, I got great lawyers,  
cuz my paper good,

Leave ya body riddled, weazin and coughin, hear bout  
it live, fox 5, and monica coffman

U fuck wit mine, I cross ya lifeline, im a graffiti artist,  
paint chalk out outlines

And the worst part, is im not a coward, visit yo wake and  
give ya momma dead flowers

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### Verse 2

This is not a movie, no reruns, all sales final, no  
refunds

Once I make the payment, the hits out, im not jeezy I  
aint swappin shit out

First I tell him, were I want it done, in the backyard right

in front of his son

Then I tell him, were to drop him off, in the  
chattahoochie wit his dick chopped off [damn!]

Yes dats harsh, but it's well deserve, feed his ass to  
the sharks for orderves

No remorse, no pity, this can happen to you in new jock  
city

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Verse 3

I got a couple killas, got a great choppa, blast through  
ya fool,shit ya guts leak out,

The sheriff call ya momma, and she freak out, got a hit  
meant fo her, dial yo momma speed dial

Oooo it aint nutn, but a call away, come home and find  
yo baby sista in the hallway

9-1-1, but it's too late, she lookin like a maxi-pad  
bleeding through da duck tape

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