

Yung Joc "Price Tag"

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a couple grand, price tag on ya head leave ya layin
were ya stand
a couple grand, price tag on ya head, on ya head, on
ya head
a couple grand, price tag on ya head, price tag on ya
head
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verse 1

watch him die slow, then his eyes roll
in da back of his head now his body cold
a couple grand, 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,
'cause 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 the sun

then I tell him, were to drop him off, in the
chattahoochie wit his dick chopped off [damn!]
yea it sounds harsh, but its well deserve, feed his ass
to the sharks or 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, find yo
baby sista in the hallway
9-1-1, but its too late, she lookin like a maxi-pad
bleeding through da duck tape

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