

**A.k.-s.w.i.f.t.****"Ishims"**

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[ Party Arty ]

Yo, we some known thugs, bad to the bone thugs  
The feds got the phone bugged, even player-haters  
show love  
I gotta give Tone love, we call him Trigger cause he  
throw slugs  
I sold drugs, every year, summer to summer  
Now it's me and Flow pullin up Hummer to Hummer  
Gettin money while y'all cats gettin Dumber & Dumber  
I run with cats, livin sort of savage, extortion status  
Pull out the nine and off with cabbage, lil' faggots tossin  
salads  
Party Arty, I push the Porsche to Dallas  
Bumpin 'Horse & Carriage', flossin carats  
Everywhere I go it's thugs and drugs  
One day we bustin slugs, next day love is love  
Next week it's on again, we at war again  
So warn your men, G.D., we was born to sin  
Take you back to the origin of this  
Grab my dick and force it in your bitch  
Flossin in a whip, niggas gun, I'm tossin em clips

[ A.G. ]

I roll with puff lye niggas, do or die niggas  
Triple homicide niggas, y'all still my niggas  
Son, it's A.G., hip hop legend  
You can catch me in a silver 7  
Blowin l's with my brethren  
Honey think she a 10, hope she feel it's 11  
I'm a 6 figure nigga 'bout to make it to 7  
And y'all rap poem niggas get slapped and sent back  
home  
Got more hot lines than Tac----phone, ask Tone  
Shortie want it doggy style, I hit it like Snoop and shit  
Your plaques, they platinum - still ain't recoupin shit  
You rock Versace, heard you boost the shit  
Girls on some rooster shit, lovin me on some cupid shit  
(Stupid bitch) I reek havoc at seminars, showtime  
Like Magic and Jabar won't have it cause I'm Allah  
Shorties wishin on a star, here's one with a dick  
attached

They think these wicked raps, niggas front, we get the gats

[ D Flow ]

Yo, I gangbang, let the pain ring, leave your brain stained  
Let the chain hang, front, I'ma pop that thang-thang  
Know them chicks remember a nigga like me  
When I'm done them bitches 'get on the bus' like Spike Lee  
The best I might be, burn you lightly with 10 bars  
I bend broads, big dick nigga with 10 cars  
Open you up with-- Gem---stars---- your mentals  
Floss every now and then, but son, I been large  
Listen, bitches acknowledge the don and polish the --  
one  
Got gats with silencers on when I have my son a  
prophet is born  
Ain't no stoppin us calm from droppin the bomb  
Rolex watch on the arm, the type to plop on your moms  
Trust no one, don't talk, roll on or get stole on  
G.D., me and P, we get our muthafuckin flow on  
I make a bad bitch lick the asscrack  
Cause they turn me off with "can I have this, can I have  
that?"  
Hoes even ask for half the ASCAP  
But I ain't tricked since I was 16, bitch, I'm past that  
Nowadays pass the gat, let me dirty the shit  
Muthafucka, let me see how dirty you get  
Me and my nigga ride around in convertable shit  
And if it's us on the track, no doubt, we murder the shit

Yeah

G.D.

Party Arty

A.G.

D-Flow

My man Woo's up in here

Yeah

I'm 'bout to get my dance on

I'ma let me see how I do my dance

Yo

Let them hear that shit

[ Woo ]

(Oh, you want me..?)

My niggas be smokin isms

My niggas be stackin ones

My niggas be smokin isms

My bitches be wearin thongs

My niggas be smokin isms

My niggas be gettin it on  
My niggas be smokin isms

( \*coughing\* )

Big L  
Rest In Peace, baby  
MVP  
#1, baby  
We love you, baby

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