

King Gordy

"Fight"

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[Chorus]

FIGHT!

Huh? Nigga who you talkin to? (YOU!)

Me? Well bitch what you wanna do? (What you wanna do?)

What's up then? What ever nigga, fuck these mics
(Everybody come outside, King Gordys gonna fight!)

Hit 'em

Kick 'em

Punch 'em

Stomp 'em

Hit 'em

Kick 'em

Punch 'em

Stomp 'em

Hit 'em

Kick 'em

Punch 'em

Stomp 'em

Hit 'em

Kick 'em

Punch 'em

Stomp 'em

[Verse 1]

Not you just brought this ass whoopin on yourself, y'all

Rockin the shit outta his left jaw

This is my best brawl

Trynna tear his head off

We in the slums beefin

Walk in around in a circle than come to swingin

Now his gums is bleedin

Niggaz breathin heavy

Aimin for his fuckin eyes trynna leave it swellin

Two niggaz mean and sweaty

And we gettin it on

Combination of fists is thrown

Switchin blows

to hit up down at his toes

My shit is black and his blue. Puttin in ransom in moves

Had him in a head lock, shit, even tackled him too

I'm intending on winning, cause bitch I'm badder than
you
Kickin flows while I'm fightin, bitch I'm still battlin you
And I'll hit you with punch lines
well I'll punch his lights out
and I suggest you not start
to try shit with this large
nigga who got them braids stickin up. E, we will stick
you up
Stated out as a battle, but ended with you gettin
punched

[Chorus]

Huh? Nigga who you talkin to? (YOU!)
Me? Well bitch what you wanna do? (What you wanna
do?)
What's up then? What ever nigga, fuck these mics
(Everybody come outside, King Gordys gonna fight!)
Hit 'em
Kick 'em
Punch 'em
Stomp 'em
Hit 'em
Kick 'em
Punch 'em
Stomp 'em
Hit 'em
Kick 'em
Punch 'em
Stomp 'em
Hit 'em
Kick 'em
Punch 'em
Stomp 'em

[Verse 2]

(Hey King Gordy, niggaz off they better end fuckin with
yo brother
They told him fuck you and your mother, I think they
finna jump him.)
What? Now we ten deep in the Monte Carlo
flyin up Van Dyke. Drivin faster than the car can go
Now usually I don't do this
I'm 23 - finna go fuck up some high school kids
Now we in front of the gate. Oh what a wonderful day
Hopin right out just as my brother gets punched in the
face
Oh, but the odds ain't even. Oh they fourteen deepn
but when my squad get to swingin the entourage
started creeping
Leaving they homies and they best friends to get they

ass beat
Laid off, out in the street
And now it's down to one. Stomp the shit outta him
Do not stop kickin him. Keep hittin him until the cops
come
I don't give a fuck. A victim to the streets or the
microphone
Students, bitches, MCs, you'll all get fired on!

[Chorus]

Hit 'em
Kick 'em
Punch 'em
Stomp 'em
Hit 'em
Kick 'em
Punch 'em
Stomp 'em
Hit 'em
Kick 'em
Punch 'em
Stomp 'em
Hit 'em
Kick 'em
Punch 'em
Stomp 'em

[Interlude]

Bitch... What's up then bitch? Bitch ass nigga. What?
Bitch ass nigga
Bitch. Bitch. (Ohh) Bitch. Bitch. (Ohh... I'm gonna get my
gun!)

[Verse 3]

Oh since we whooped your ass you wanna get mad and
grab the mag and blast?
Stop that, you ain't ready for combat
These hollows hotter than lava, she borrowin your
binoculars
Knockin you out your socks and your ass into a coffin,
son
You don't want no hood beef, we ain't wit it
Shouldn'ta gave hard looks at me a mean grins
But you had to take it to that other
Now your face is fucked up
Bustin 'Ks at your mother, put a gauge to your brother
I ain't sympathetic; nigga fuck your homies, I ain't
sweatin it
I got turrets that will get them wet in less than 7
seconds
You don't need it from us

You should just be glad beef ain't from us
But you bringin beef, so what up? You and your peeps'll
get fucked up
You'll get your crazy ass nuckled, go catch your brother
Got bullets for each one of ya
Your mother just had ya cousin
The only family man, blastin all of ya kin
Smacked up all of ya friends, hell naw there ain't no
end
THIS IS BEEF NIGGA!

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