

## Albert West

# "Yeah You Get Props"

Visit "[Yeah You Get Props](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Fashion]

You know sho' nuff, Nuts got bass in your face  
Take a taste, World Famous trio in the place  
In a race, cock and blast for your sugar  
Bucking niggas off just like I was picking boogers  
I heat up, now I got the competition fired  
Said he better than the Kool then the nigga's fucking  
lying  
Cause I'm a trip up, when I slip up, maybe rip him  
He with his man then I gotta fucking dip him  
Pa-pow, give him one right to the kisser  
Used to peep a shorty and I think her name's Clarissa  
I miss her, plus the way she freak when I'm sleeping  
But I'm out to get the loot so I gotta keepin keepin  
Keeping on, til the props come rolling  
In, a billion women, I be like holding  
Folding up my glocks cause the Fashion's def  
I bring my homeboy in, I just kicked my last breath

[JuJu]

Yeah nigga, get live, it don't matter  
I got the double-oh shottie, 12 rounds to make your  
body splatter  
With the ill-type flow, a wild renegade  
Blowing niggas up for dough and just getting paid  
Yo my style eats through, it's like cancer  
Eliminating your whole crew and your dancer  
Never front, I do work, believe that  
Now I wonder why you and your crew couldn't see that

You know what I wanna hear, you know what I wanna  
hear!

(Yeah you get props!) (Repeat 4x)

[Psycho Les]

Uh, pass me the M-I cro P-H-O-N-E, tracks we got plenty  
To spread, yep, I had to fuck up Fred  
Cause he caught me fucking Wilma donkey style on his  
bed  
Fucking red-handed, the Nuts have landed  
Busting nuts in bitches guts and then leaving 'em

stranded  
In an abandoned house, no blouse trying to escape  
Got the bitch on video tape  
You should have saw her trying to scratch the face on  
the villain  
Told the bitch to stay the fuck out the woods but she  
chillin  
So with no hassle let me catch you by my castle  
If you're a bitch I'll fuck you, if you're a nigga I'll blast  
you  
Ask a question, 3 seconds to answer  
Kill a photographer shooting as a freelancer  
On a mission trying to peek over my shoulder at the  
vinyl  
The wino, coming at your ass like a rhino  
Punk you know what I know, who deserves props  
See you couldn't figure B out with an autopsy  
Huh, it's like that, we could never be the wack  
Black it's like this, step up and get dissed

You know what I wanna hear, you know what I wanna  
hear!  
(Yeah you get props!) (Repeat 4x)

[JuJu]  
Yeah word up, this shit goes out to my niggas Edison  
and Slam up North  
3CF Mob in effect, kid

[Fashion]  
Yeah, to all my niggas, all my niggas upstate,  
youknowwhatimsaying?  
Count Munce, my brother Devon, the whole crew,  
youknowwhatimsaying?  
Curry Clan, my nigga Sam Dean, you know what

\*Strange boinging noise\*

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