

20 Fingers Feat. Juliette

"Ishims"

Visit "[Ishims](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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 I'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

Visit [20 Fingers Feat. Juliette](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.