

Proof "Purple Gang"

Visit "[Purple Gang](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

[Intro: Proof]

Yeah, ha hah!

It's your boy DJ Seven-Duece

It's a lot of hoes in here fellas, ha hah!

So why you lookin at that other nigga?

Ha hah! All the ladies with burgundy hair get in free!

Heh, I got live on stage

Purple Gang and B.U., let's go!

[Verse One]

Feelin old as ever man I came with a buzz

Two shots, beer in my hand, I'm gettin drunk

Pills kickin in and my eyes gettin lowwww

Reek of heat, cologne mixed with hydroooo

Ice grillin niggaz with the Roley on the WRIST

Two steps, hands in the air, this my SHIT

Look at shorty light-skinned, damn she's so thick

How she poppin, I can't wait 'til she drop it on my DICK

I ain't in the mood for pistol poppin

But we can get it poppin if you be gettin outta pocket

I'm good

Cause when I'm in the club I'm usually off a Bud

with a hundred Purple Gang thug niggaz, I'm Hollyhood

If you can't really handle my team, so think the plan out

You runnin low on yo' cream, I'm rubber band out

Been gettin money like the only thing to get

You run up talkin reckless, dude I tell 'em this

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I'ma knock you ouuuut

You keep runnin yo' mouuuuuth

Here's how it's gon' beeeee

I can't see it no other way, I gotta be me

[Verse Two]

I ain't dancin, I got a cup and I'm posted on the wall

Won't get too drunk cause niggaz might open up a
brawl

You holdin on a broad and you off of some liquor

And she got your mind blown so you offer to lick her

Don't care about flossin my nigga

Reason you see a bitch every day cause you look in the

mirror
Spill some beer on my kicks and you catchin a fist
So hold your drink, don't be tough and go mess with a
bitch
V.I.P. with somethin sharp in my boot
Just in case you got beef and wanna start with my
group
Hoes eyes on me when I step in the club
They don't fuck with button-up boys, they wanna mess
with a thug
Coward niggaz see me comin so they exit the place
Hundred deep and we don't care about catchin a case
Stop lyin by the gun that rest on your waist
Before you on the flo' where niggaz two-step on your
face

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Uhh, yeah
Anywhere that my crew party the freaks all on us
And valet get the keys with peace signs on 'em
Any club that I'm at, I walk right through
The hoes wanna sexually assault my crew
I ain't handcuffin a bitch, unless it's to a bedpost
But slip up with your chick, we take her
Get buck if you wanna, I throw a couple apes on your
heels
and I talkin 'bout the kicks from Asia
I get a lot of hate cause my clique is major
So I furnished the inside of the boots with razors
The owners get mad, they like
"Fame, we got enough strobe lights, please remove the
bracelet"
I'm on the dance floor where the hoes all sweatin
Though I get love from the roped off section
When I pop bottles you can get your whole crew wet
Screamin Purple Gang while we doin the two-step

[Chorus]

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