

## Thunderclap Newman

### "All A's"

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Chorus: Goodie Mob (repeat 2X)

I got to feed, the beat, the gat on the seat  
Fakin ain't these girls fake when they see they face in  
the paint  
Mustard and mayonnaise, and we smoke always  
Passin by these haters like we got all A's

[Backbone]

Say say say say Crack, what's the word on the street?  
Nuttin but hard times, workin this concrete  
I'm gettin dirty looks from niggaz, on the next street  
over  
They was in my filthy, fiendin gettin closer  
I'm in my seventy-nine, flyin  
Mobbed out so they can't see me when I'm ridin  
They slow me down, holla like we buddy buddy  
But at the same time I know these muh'fuckers wanna  
mug me  
Okay gunplay at the one-way one day witcha  
But I'll do years, if I bust these niggaz  
Keep point four-five calibers of chrome  
I'm, comin forth to carry you home

Chorus

[Cee-Lo]

Yo, well you damn right, dig it they call me Sugar  
Delight  
Uh-ohh hoe, Willie cuttin virgin broads tonight  
Blowin like a boss, that champion chief in cost  
And oh my dual exhaust, will make your shit get lost  
There's somethin bout these guns that give these hoes  
asthma attacks  
These are actual facts, I ain't been in no actual car-  
jacks  
but let me tell you this, I'll burn a nigga ass up to a crisp  
Ridin with these two glocks, we gon' bounce on off, on  
the new shocks  
My nigga don't hate me, cause I ain't hated, but we  
related

No one includin me, should be underestimated  
But don't you dare ride through the SWATS without, at  
least 30 shots  
Cause I'm tellin ya, these Southern boys gon' get all  
they got

Chorus

[Khujō]

Pop it in, get to work, brains blow, ??  
off the block before your carcass drop  
Can't share nothin with the niggeroles, stealin socks  
Out your cornbread dream too, if you got those, leavin  
deaf hoes  
brown, on the outside, pink, in the middle  
Ain't, barrin none hundred round draw  
Nothin under seventy-five, and I get slick ??  
Takin no prisoners cuffed, they die fightin for they  
freedom  
Everytime son, rhymes too pretty'll get your mascara  
smeared  
When they did, my buddy Spanky I bust out in tears  
The world would be a better place to live, if it was less  
queers  
I still see, punk ass bitches.. bitches..

Chorus

[Gipp]

Get up off and give me room, activate, motivate  
Y'all from the section where the straight shit, straight  
up off the top  
Block for block, yo we got the ??, wait for days  
Gone up off the Purple Haze, when you see me call me  
Mr. Gipp  
Shoot em from the hip, everytime I'm in my 84 Sedan  
Denville  
block me off and watch me peel, Big Boi grill ridin  
through the park  
on the weekend ain't no stoppin keep it dippin that's  
how we trippin  
Lookin mean, you too clean behind the glass  
Watch yo' ass, keep yo' elbows out the windows  
and my hands upon the wood wheel, money in my  
socks  
Lookin out, for the cops, and for the haters got a fifty  
shot  
whatever you wanna call it, nigga what? What?

Chorus

[T-Mo]

Now watch em slide like some finger lickin chicken,  
bout to start clickin

Hoe better know who the true G's are, I'm the star,  
brand new car

Dope ki lyrical cascade height, SWATS type, mic soldier  
Blowin composer, chief of that doja, told ya when I was  
older

I wanted to live the good life, money over that bull, got  
that pull

Stomach full, posse thick, niggaz wish, at a young age  
Goodie Mo.B., doin they thang, I, pray, for, change  
and my players in this game it's insane, how this 'caine  
is bringin em pain, young'un doin time dyin by this  
grind

A-T-L, fine this just how it's goin down

And the sound, watch your mouth in this motherfuckin

Dirty South

Nigga check it out, dirty SWATS got SPOTS

Chorus

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