

Klear J**"Yeah 2 - Georgia Boy & T-Money"**

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ATM Records Music Group

Klear J:

Yeah Nigga,

Klear to the motherfucking J

(Uh Huh)

Uh Huh

(Yeah)

T-Money of in this bitch

(Uh Huh, Yeah keeps repeating)

Motherfucking, Georgia Boy of in this bitch, nigga

We 'bout to get crunk up in this shit with this Yeah

nigga

Throw ya' motherfucking Ace up if you with us nigga,

Yeah !

(Uh Huh, Yeah repeats two times)

Yeah, Yeah, I'm on some real shit/

That you can't fuck with/

I'm here to help you motherfucker get buck with it/

Me and my nigga throw that click up and you know the deal/

The Ace in the air to show these niggaz we 'bout to wild in here/

I make'em say (Yeah) everytime my track is on/

Don't promote that gay shit cause nigga I don't wear no thongs/

Nigga I'm home grown, dirty south born, up out that red clay/

And don't have step when it comes to making paper (hey)/

You can't get me twisted because my lyrics they speak the truth/

And my rims spinning because I be a baller at youth/

And them niggaz hated, they tried to put me down on my flow/

But I be that nigga that like to put'em down on the floor/

Can't stop what I'm doing because I'm way to deep in this/

Yeah number 2, this time I didn't come with a diss/

But if you nigga trip then I'ma have to straight handle shit/

Go dig up all your dirt and spill your secrets you little bitchâ€¦

T-Money:

(T-Money) Yeah/

(T-Money) Yeah/

I make them nigga say Yeah/

Look and stare/

We is that there, that's T-Money that's stacking cheese/

Putting hoe on they knees and niggaz know I ride for these/

Niggaz that by my side/

ATM we got our pride/

Yeah motherfucker, we leave your ass dead or alive/

But it don't matter cause you won't find out/

We peep y'all niggaz in the back, then we make you sign out/

Your life, the check/

You disrespect, the tech'll leave you wet/

You will regret, me and my nigga round here put you in check/

So understand that it's real and pimpin' all good/

All gravy, rep the hood, Eufaula, if you could/

Step to us, let us know that you'ze about something/

If you ain't, then nigga you know you stunting for nothing/

Better get some growth and better stand up for yourself/

Cause you'ze a pussy ass nigga, you know that bad for your health/

(Georgia Boy: It's bad for your health)

Now where's the wealth nigga, yeahâ€¦

Georgia Boy:

Meet your motherfucking death, fucking with me/

GA to the motherfucking B will leave you in the street/

Playing with my niggaz, that's the wrong thang for you mayne/

Fucking with my crew, we'll bust your motherfucking brain/

Leave your ass in the street/

Or six feet fucking deep/

In a ditch, nigga it, really don't, matter to me/

Klear J off, in this bitch/

Georgia Boy I represent/

C-Town, Mid Side nigga, where you at nigga/

I am not playing with you motherfucking boys/

You best believe that I bring that motherfucking noise/

I have these toys for you pussy motherfucker nigga/

I'm not playing bitch, I'm pulling trigger nigga/

On you and your fucking momma/

Bitch I bring that fucking drama/
Now fuck you nigga, what the fuck you wanna do/
Shit I'm coming through your momma house/
Bring these fucking toys out/
.44 Up under my belt/
Pussy nigga I will make you melt/
To the fucking curb nigga/
I'll leave your brains busted/
All over the motherfucking house, you heard me nigga/
Leave your blood on the couch/
I, represent the south/
Dirty south where you at nigga/
What the fuck you 'bout? â€

End

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