

## **Anybody Killa f/ Shaggy 2 Dope**

### **"Nevehoe"**

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[Intro] -x3

Neva Neva

Neva Neva

Neva Neva

Neva Neva

Stay up off it!

[Verse 1 - Anybody Killa]

Quit frontin', actin' like I don't know what you up to

I see right through you, so what you gonna do?

Never will you step a foot around me again

Cause hangin' with you, I can't win

Some of the people in this world is some straight up  
hoes

Brown nose, I suppose, that's how it goes

But I sit back watchin', clockin' dollars

With a smirk on my face waitin' for you to holla

So I can say nevehoe, nope, what you thinkin'?

All up in my face, tryin' to thug, breath stinkin'

You can get the barrel from my homie Shaggy's  
shotgun

All up in your face in case ya wanna taste a hot one

I got no love for them marks, punks, hoes, snitches

Grown ass bitches

So stay away and don't come too close

Cause you may never fuckin' know who wants to slit ya  
throat

[Hook]

Nevehoe, you ain't gettin' shit

Nevehoe nevehoe, stay up off it!

Nevehoe, you ain't gettin' shit

Nevehoe nevehoe, stay up off it!

[Verse 2 - Shaggy 2 Dope]

I can't stand a motherfucker like you

When my pockets in mind, I don't care what you into

I got too many mouths to feed, from kids to mothers

My wife and brothers, and too many others

See I'm being tryin' to speak on

while you sit back and see me as a jar of Grey Poupon

I should've just stuck my dick in your mouth  
Gave your eyes chocolate donuts and bounced the  
fuck out  
I go home and meditate with some sage  
Tryin' to brush off these forked tongues like back in the  
day  
But your new name is fittle fingers  
Cause you're a bank account raper tryin' to steal my  
dinners  
Just another undercover crackhead  
It comes down to you ain't rapin' me again  
Nevehoe, bitch, for now and nevermore  
Just get your hands out my cookie jar you fuckin' whore

[Hook] -x2

Nevehoe, you ain't gettin' shit  
Nevehoe nevehoe, stay up off it!  
Nevehoe, you ain't gettin' shit  
Nevehoe nevehoe, stay up off it!

[Verse 3 - Anybody Killa]

Nevehoe, not no mo'  
Cause all your true colors is startin' to show  
Greedy ass, hand in the cookie jar  
Tryin' to get a fistful but it's just too hard  
Let me catch you again, I thought I said never  
Tryin' to take what's mine but you ain't that clever  
Runnin' with a hatchet, Psychopathic, we don't stop  
So you gets no cream of our crop

[Verse 4 - Shaggy 2 Dope]

Twelve years in this game, for what?  
So you can a bank teller out my butt, BITCH!  
Naw fuck that, it's time for some chokin'  
Crackin' those legs open, cause your drunk and  
smokin'  
Spittin' out babies like your spit your game  
Shit loads of money in fifteen minutes of fame  
Well nevehoe, no, I ain't the one  
I don't pack one, but I do got a gun

[Hook] -x2

Nevehoe, you ain't gettin' shit  
Nevehoe nevehoe, stay up off it!  
Nevehoe, you ain't gettin' shit  
Nevehoe nevehoe, stay up off it!

What, what? Bring that shit in bitch, what?! (Stay up off  
it!)

Man, don't even touch my weed dogg I will bust yo ass  
(Stay up off it!)

Nope nope nope, you ain't gettin' no ride  
Fuck you, you ain't got no gas money (Stay up off it!)  
Naw, hoe don't even worry about my motherfuckin'  
bank account bitch!  
(Stay up off it!)

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