Amil "Y'all Dead Wrong"

Visit "Y'all Dead Wrong" on MotoLyrics.com

Amil outlaw fly indeed Got every chic's man eyeing me Think you could crush this try and see Its the major coin i-n-c And am too hot to just be warm I start fire alarms from dusk to dawn Catch me with the diamond clusters on And Gucci feathered sandals with the mustard thong Model Mommy The body like a cola bottle mommy Mulatto up in the galoino mommy One in a Amiliyon killin' em Might have to change my name to billioyn Voice so ill you'll wanna speak my shit Joints so hot you'll wanna leak my shit Plus haters sneak peek my shit But still I be the only one to freak this shit

Y'all dead wrong
If you think you fuckin' wit this
And you'll know
That y'all got nothing on this
Y'all want that
Or you want something like this
Those who hate
Yeah y'all just fronting on this

Why chicks don't wanna rap on the same song as me
You need a verse ma, its on me
See all this publishing belong to me
Just imagine how the second album gonna be
Non-stop party hopping
Roc roc rocs and keep on rocking
Everything I spit be popping
Anything A milion want she copping
(Whoop Whoop) Ain't nothing change
And I play more ballers then them rucker games
Light gray studs, ring, watch, plus the chain
Will I ever be broke what's my name?
Have you ever seen a chick like this?
Ever heard one spit like this?
I dead 'em all put my word on that

All money is legal and I murder tracks

Y'all dead wrong
If you think you fuckin' wit this
And you'll know
That y'all got nothing on this
Y'all want that
Or you want something like this
Those who hate
Yeah y'all just fronting on this

Cute as a button Can't tell this bitch nothin' Ghetto fab whole click bubbling Diana Ross the boss of the rock Shit you know me I got to floss at the spot Wit a dime as nigga who be tossing knots Every bitch hating 'cause I'm scalding hot It can't be because I got begets on Cause niggas love this bitch even with seats on I'm the A-m-i-l-lion Strictly be on that shit major coins be on I got joints making competition wanna drop dead I got joints making you bop your head I got joints that will have your eyes blood shot red Fuck the doe I want my props instead Stay real with it Might pack steal wit it You can hate but you still gotta deal wit it

Y'all dead wrong
If you think you fuckin' wit this
And you'll know
That y'all got nothing on this
Y'all want that
Or you want something like this
Those who hate
Yeah y'all just fronting on this

Y'all dead wrong
If you think you fuckin' wit this
And you'll know
That y'all got nothing on this
Y'all want that
Or you want something like this
Those who hate
Yeah y'all just fronting on this

Y'all dead wrong
If you think you fuckin' wit this
And you'll know

That y'all got nothing on this Y'all want that Or you want something like this Those who hate Yeah y'all just fronting on this

Visit <u>Amil</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.