

Bizzy Bone f/ Rick Ross**"Hoodtails"**

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(Verse 1, Rick Ross) AK's, Calico's, to 45's I abide by
the rules, what I gotta buy Can let it by, too many
niggas gotta die Once you got one in the head, 19 in
the side So keep these shoes tied, it might be a
homicide In my blood, all the killas on my momma's
side Eight block cheese, nigga what the block read
Now my Beamer car keys wanted by the car thieves
Cock squueeeze on these rats on my cock, pleaaase All
informal, get wet when the cop sneeze Get'cha shit
straight before you get'cha shit shaken I'm only here to
show you niggas what a brick makes I kick Bapes, only
wear 'em once My red Pradas, strawberry blunts These
niggas fronts, like they gold fronts Fadin in and out,
now they comin in and out (Hook x2, Bizzy Bone)
Hoodtails, strictly for my niggas doin fed time Dead
time, lookin for Revelations, look in yo mind Hoodtails,
woodtails, shake yo stick When you up in here,
misunderstood the Holy Grail, can't have no fear
(Verse 2, Bizzy Bone) Hoodtails, strictly for my niggas
doin fed time, dead time Lookin for Revelations, look in
yo mind Hoodtails, woodtails, shake yo stick When you
up in here, misunderstood the Holy Grail, man have no
fear This is the order of the mail man Christ, you'll
never fail man Logically, better watch what'chu goin
What'chu don't understand Sands of the hour glass
Cameras when we shower fast I'm clean as a whistle,
like bald heads And I smoke the class Open that, battlin
who? Just keep it goin, emotions so close we knowin
gifts So precious stones keep goin, dear psychos Get
on the boat, but it's off of the route We finna approach
a new continuum, shit Go ahead and let them know,
say uh-oh The keys to the castle, cross, you were
dimed Never ever tell a lie about mine, little Jesus, fine
We shinin in the after-life, what? You think I'm lyin?
When I come back near this Milky Way where N.A.S.A. is
blindin As we keep the Sabbath Holy, dear Lord, that is
un-touchable That angel was so beautiful, gotta love
him from a distance though Quit it, oh shit, you know
This how we dip, we not worthy Only God can love you
more than us, quit it (Hook x2) (Verse 3, Bizzy Bone)
The spitta with no adultery Battle me, we gon' save ya

On a manjor, on a stranger, gonna tell him what it is
Rightousness the guide, when you're writing to live
Ain't no pain, no lies, no time for fear But a little
gangster in ya elo eems story the 10 versions Allah
who act wise, I sing to the surgeon And four winds, one
excursion Sweat pourin outta the pourin pourage And
plus these portious portions Of importless extortion
Never that, keep cool An arm, no back And little Lay still
flippin Carry the doubt, and might even track Stay
strapped, shit, relax I'm chillin and feelin that With no
words, just love Up the mountain, the fountains back
Countin stacks on my way to the court room, what It's
just dreams anyway, one love cuz, and we buck
Thuggish ruggish and rough Tough, and yes we
humble Turn the other cheek, stay meek in this royal
rumble (Hook x2) (Outro, Bizzy Bone) Yeah, hoodtails
Woodtails, shake yo stick (Shake yo stick, nigga) As I
walked up to the serpent and he said "suck my dick" I
looked at him like, nigga this me, nigga Who the fuck
you talkin to?

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