

Ray Luv

"Bubble"

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[intro]

[Ray Luv]

Yiddo, Yiddo, ha ha ha ha, this yo' nigga Young Ray
Luv

Back in yo' motherfucking face, you know?

Ha ha ha ha, the Lynk Crew, no more trouble, just trying
to bubble

And this goes out to my son - Baby IE, wassup boy?

I was a hustlin-ass nigga straight lovin' the game
Always meant to be a playa put the Luv in my name
Who put the hustle in this youngster? I guess my
daddy's to blame

Coz if it made skrilla, there wasn't no shame in his
game

Another young playa, caught up in the fortune and
fame

Nigga when I'm gone, will they still remember my
name?

Straight soldier, stayed at this here 'till it's over
Old folks laughing, telling my daddy that I'm never
sober

Why don't you understand I'm just trying to feed my
baby?

I'm going crazy, none of y'all fools can fade me
You trying to save me? Sometimes I feel the love is
gone

There I go, out the door to get my hustle on
Dreams of platinum, rap after rap I'm writing back to
back

While I hustle stack for stack

I'm caught in the cross, the game twist me into trouble
Forever hustle, I'mma struggle 'till I bubble

Gotta make my money double
Struggle out of trouble, all good

I'mma hustle till I bubble

Gotta make my money triple

Hennessy not ripple

(Big Eddie Spaghetti you gone pop like a pimple)

BG turned OG, gone off that oldie
Went from Zenith's and Vogue's to Lexus I's and gold
D's
In love with the game, will I fold G's?
Aint no tears just beer poured for my homies
A ghetto star, every hood in church know me
Haters want me but trick them suckers long as the set
got love for me
I'm Lynked up to the fullest
So you better think nine times before you come at me
with some bullshit
The Feds is crackin' down like bullwhips
And niggas' gunnin' for me so when I smoke I keep a
full clip
I just wanna get richer
So when you look at success I'm the nigga you seeing
in the picture
The B-I-G E-Double-D-I-E Spaghetti
You know me already, nigga with the long fetti
Gangbangin' but never see me with no rag
No time to lag, stuffin' hundreds into Hefty bags
The local motors wanna' battle
I'm gone holler "trump", cause inflation
Move the organization to Seattle
Call my up-North connection
He say, "I got it sewed up in Seattle
Even judges in the next election"
I have a ticket to a Samsonite
Ready to get it on, fool I'm gone on the next flight
A young nigga out to rumble
Got to get my money on, nigga watch my bubble

Gotta make my money double
Struggle out of trouble, all good
I'mma hustle till I bubble
Gotta make my money triple
Hennessy not ripple
(Big Eddie Spaghetti you gone pop like a pimple)

[Young Dre]

My chances gettin' slim in the wind as I'm hustlin'
Straight automatic phone call sidin' in traffic so I'm
dumpin'
Coz' all I really wanted was a piece of the ree-zor
I bust so heavy in this geed-ame, I can't ever skeezers
out on the grind
Heard 'em motivated poppin' bubblin' major
Just 19 years old I'm freezing cold fiending for paper
You ain't know I'm a young BG from the 'Tay soakin'
game from my older cousin
Convinced to grind 'till I'm ballin, you thought I wasn't

Trying to keep my focus with the daily bomb, better get
the Loc'ses
For the chronic got more straight keeps my calm
Flick of the wrist, we get the dopest Coca-Cola
So do the gypsy-twister hocus-pocus A1-Yola
Tear in to any fool thats trying to stop my hustle
It'll be a 211-187 Young Dre is destined to bubble

Gotta make my money double
Struggle out of trouble, all good
I'mma hustle till I bubble
Gotta make my money triple
Hennessy not ripple
(Big Eddie Spaghetti you gone pop like a pimple)

[Ray Luv]
So much fetti I'm feeling hunted
Every epsiode I be lookin' for my face on the Most
Wanted
Feel like my life was written by Donald Gould
A kingpin on the run, nigga, like Jesse Owens
Never knowin' which one of these suckers calling
themselves a menace
Gonna be pumped off that spinach wanna put a hot-
one in a
Young nigga, my grandmomma call me sinner
Look, granny, I just want to make you proud of me and
be a winner
Get out of this shit before I'm fade out, doin' bad
Go legit before I'm layed out, on the slab
Who say we can't be hard, and still smart?
Who say I gotta go out to the pen or the county
morgue?
Gotta find a way out, my little homies they be rappin'
Me and my mail, let's see what we can make happen
Get in it to win it and pop like Russel Simmons before I
finish
A big baller, going out to the book of Guinness
But these playa-haters known to be snitches and
traitors
Fool you can't fade us, fuckin' with Big Eddie yes the
greatest
Little homies keep writing I'm gonna put five grand on
a lawyer
Big Eddie Records got a business license
Rumor has it that my young niggas out there jackin'
Oh, you aint know? I signed them soldiers now we goin'
platinum
I found my route up out the trouble
Out to get my money on, nigga watch my bubble

Gotta make my money double
Struggle out of trouble, all good
I'mma hustle till I bubble
Gotta make my money triple
Hennessy not ripple
(Big Eddie Spaghetti you gone pop like a pimple)

[outro]
For the 1-99-5, straight trying to bubble

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