

Bullys Wit Fullys f/ Clyde Carson**"So Hood"**

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[E-A-Ski talking]

Hell yeah...

E-A-Ski, CMT track...ha ha ha

Yeah Bullys Wit Fullys part 3

Messy Marv, Guce, Fillmoe', Hunters Point, it don't stop,
let's go

[Verse 1: Messy Marv]

I'm switchin' lanes with them stunnas on my face

Chop in the trunk, wally on my waist

Back in the game nigga feelin' like Mase

Red J Jonas with the red shoe lace

Deuces on the load, rocks in my load

The ice in my mouth keep my Nextel froze

Have you ever seen a scrape with the Lamborghini
doors

Bitch I thizz and play with my nose

[Guce]

The girls, the girls they love me

It's the project lover

But I'm gang banger, and a drug smuggler

Gucey Guce, dope boy with the cake mix

I'm naked with it in the kitchen doin' late shift

See I been bout it, other niggaz rap about it

If you got it cuz, then blood better ask about it

We in the drama, bangin' the hammers, orangutans

Goin' bananas in the game, throwin' up the gang

Clyde Carson - Chorus:

When I roll up, streets show love

I just wanna be on the block with my thugs

I just wanna sit in the drop on my dubs

Open up the doors and turn the beat up, cause

I'm from the ghetto baby, I'm from the hood

When in my ghetto baby, I know I'm good

[Verse 2: Messy Marv]

These niggaz got toolies but that ain't no heat

I'll slap one of you niggaz like a E-A-Ski beat

I had these Girbauds on full bout a week

Ya boy look grimy but the money look sweet

You got me fucked up, bitch this the Bay
Me and every niggaz do this shit all day
I'll lay everybody down in the room
But whatever I do I'ma stay a tycoon

[Guce]

Aaaa....

What you know bout bricks and traps
Bullys Wit Fullys is a gang in all black and strapped
I'm not a rapper, I'm a street nigga
I'm so hungry with this heat tryin' to eat nigga
Real talk we in this bitch buyin' out the bar
Talk shit I'll make this cold iron hot to yo jaw
Represent gangstas, two step hustlers
Hands in the air you gettin' cookies on sight

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Messy Marv]

Stunna on mine, and all on a hoe
Richmond, Vallejo, the City, and the O
Gang dog Blood, oh what you didn't know
Good weed in my mouth, mac on the floor
You ridin' with a star, bitch feelin' like whoa
She feelin' like stay but I'm feelin' like go
And I ain't got nothin' against the new bay
I used to ride through with Fab nigga back in the day

[Guce]

You already know Bully's Wit Fullys is so hood
Guce and Tay now we got Mess, the nigga so hood
Pill Music got you sort of like some wet wet
You in the club gang bangin' throwin' up ya set
Me and Mess dog runnin' the game
600 back to back dog huggin' the lane
Yeah this .50 Cal., make it worth ya while
Everybody goin' dumb off a half of pound

[Chorus]

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