

## Skeeter Davis

### "Sho' Ya Right"

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{\* "Sho ya right" repeated in background of verses \*}

[BackBone]

Hey, hey, stay sharp as fuck  
Tell 'em, get that right and straighten that up  
Fat Face, the man of hundred grand  
Work the mic with precise precision, knah'msayin?  
At 36 on the bean, cut clean  
I'll bring you the whole thing for 18  
They look to Back for the word on the street  
You see him smilin, count eight gold teeth  
You see it, he keep the brim broke slightly  
Killin 'em with the one that roll lightly  
Floppin in the M-6 deuce  
The A-T go and then he do too  
Baby I tell tell like it T-I-S  
I'll stand right here and sho' stop ya career  
Call him, H2O, ice-cold water  
Just like dat dere, in that particular order  
Uhhhhh.. school these young G's on the Concrete  
Fall off and be back on in one week  
He keep his clothes crease crisp out the cleaners  
Did court subpenas on some simple misdemeanors  
They ain't got nuttin on me!  
Cuz he true my light right not to be  
Wham..uhh..wham.. see 'em hittin me  
Y'all hold it down I'll be back thru here in a minute

[Hook: Killer Mike] 2X

We serve it raw or ready to chop (Sho ya right)  
You get every damn gram straight dropped (Sho ya right)  
Cook chickens, no sizzle no pop (Sho ya right)  
Or better when you ready to shop (Sho ya right)

[BackBone]

We old-school, walk the dog out the yard  
We play the curse, serve it hard on the 'vard  
You know the number fo' ya e'en went to see shorty  
The automatic beast keep him off me  
Shit, holla at me, y'all know ya know me

Ya drunk with them 1600 DSOP's  
(Be dat!) We bake bread by the loaf  
Smoke ya 'dro down to a roach  
Let 'em know this here fisher from the do'  
Ya already know, exactly how it goes  
SWAT's.. in trees.. DF one G, da pure emcee  
What's happenin? What's happenin? What's happenin?  
Organ No-I-Z, keep ya motherfuckin trunk valid  
Tell 'em, it's goin down this evening  
Keep it jumpin like Sunday, go to meeting  
Uh-uh, it don't stop, it don't quit  
It get down to the nitty-grit...  
...that brand new out the box  
I ain't in them, swear to make 'em call the cops  
I walk a path, play the cut  
Lil' girl shake her butt  
Ay, ay, ay, now party people if ya wit me say...

[Hook: Killer Mike] 2X

{\*repeat "Sho ya right" until fade\*}

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