

## Dabrye f/ Guilty Simpson, Paradime "Special"

Visit "[Special](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro - Guilty Simpson](Guilty Simpson) Guilty Simpson  
nigga (Yeah) Detroit, Michigan let's go [Verse 1 - Guilty  
Simpson] (Guilty Simpson) Live as fuck With a big ass  
gun, who wanna size me up? I got a 40 cal chilling right  
beside my nuts Rap shit helps me monopolize my  
bucks (Yeah!) Shotties'll pop and body your block (Get  
'em!) Fuck it, I'm hot, cocky or not I'm tired of being  
humble, from here on out I'm brash Hot dog with extra  
flash Might blackout and give your neck some slash  
And ain't a neighborhood around that could protect  
your ass, youngin Gun shots mean Guilty's coming And  
when through chasing your ass you'll still be running I  
can say this verse twice, it'll still be stunning For niggas  
stealing my style, I'ma steal their woman Guilty  
Simpson, boy I been hotter The ace that'll treat your  
face like pi?adas Toting toasters in my holster Take  
beef, well done, ask Ponderosa Don't say shit cause I'll  
approach ya Wit a bat to your grill like Bonds and Sosa I  
get your ho hot like Fonz approached her I flip my  
collars up then she get them dollars up And leave your  
coward ass standing there without a buck I'm trying to  
knock it out, bitch trying to knock it up My lifestyle  
guarantees me a lot of sluts That's why I like to get  
around like a hockey puck A lot of bitches try to tell me  
that I'm cocky but I want it all and the universe is not  
enough (The universe is not enough) [Chorus -  
Paradime] x 2 Special, especially with the heavy metal  
Special, these gun shots'll make a mess of you I  
suggest you, do what the rest do Shut your mouth and  
rock a vest dude, especially you [Verse 2 - Guilty  
Simpson] They keep me in the show cause I elevate  
crowds In these dark days I can separate clouds And  
illuminate stages but never take bows There's so many  
jokes, I'm a glimmer of hope Y'all chopped up soap,  
you pretend to be dope So I'm snatching all the apples  
in my enemies throats I'm special, I think I got dropped  
on my head So I watch for my bread and keep twat in  
the bed A sure bet I'm a lock for the spread You can bet  
the house you read my mouth You'll see how real it is  
when I behead your spouse Guilty Simpson, champion  
of one round bouts I'm about gunplay, what y'all bout?

NOTHING! So I take y'all out and keep busting Don't  
start static with us cause we hustling In broad day light  
act like you seen something You ever seen a hundred  
crooks on the grind That'll put it through your window  
when you look through your blinds? That's a real  
example of organised crime That's why in every rhyme  
I'ma glorify nines And drive on the lines with the 45  
flying I'm bout to get rich or I'm gonna die trying But  
my name ain't 50 Here to dominate the game, the  
game is shifty [Chorus] x 2 [Outro - Paradime] Uh,  
Guilty Simpson Dabrye What y'all want bitches?  
Especially you!

Visit [Dabrye f/ Guilty Simpson, Paradime](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.