

DJ Clue F/ Murda Inc. % MurdaChild

"My Little Arm"

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[T-Rock]

Say dog, damn, what the fuck wrong with your arm
That motherfucker all small and shit
Damn, can you move that motherfucker?
Why you just spinning that little metal piece around
That's all you can do with that shit?

[Chorus 4x]

It's my little arm, yeen know? It doesn't work, yeen know?
And it won't fit, yeen know? Inside my shirt, yeen know?

[T-Rock imitating DJ Paul]

Damn T-Rock, why the fuck you gotta clown my arm
and shit man?

[T-Rock]

Cause nigga, that's how the fuck it is
And I'm telling everybody on how Lil Pat made all your beats
Lil Pat made this beat, Lil Pat I'm finna rock this shit
This how it's supposed to be

[Verse]

Ain't nan nigga outbussing me
Every single opposition gone suffer defeat
I'ma show you niggas what is a G
When the funk jump off, bullethole put a slug in your knee
Cause I'ma aim at your chest and neck
Now you living off of life support, like check to check
Every nigga try to flex I wreck
Push a nigga mind back, with the Tek, try to recollect
But he can't, laying in the pain, his rank, can't spit game
Try to be above a mack and get shamed
I'm throwing niggas off the plank, and get plank
Gone off of drank and dank
So gone on with the hype talk
I'm with a click of motherfuckers bringing gats to a knife's talk

I'm on point like a tight walk
When a slug get to spraying, make his 12s turn the
lights off
I'll leave them stuck like starch nigga
See the gats gone spark nigga, aimed at your heart
nigga
Ripping you apart nigga, I'm on point too sharp nigga
You be diminished by a hard nigga
All about the change, on the grind for the sacks and
green
Saving full of drugs, like sacks of green
Motherfuckers get wrong, I'ma leave a nigga gone
In the wind, caught him slipping like vasoline
Pull the hammer back, aiming at your spleen
Niggas better get saved, and confess to king
When you fucking with the Rock, niggas busting at your
spot
So you better be on point with your vest and beam
Better get life insurance like Mr.Serv
Do a lyrical murder by using gift of words
When I pull the hammer back, I'ma lay a nigga flat
Niggas flipping CDs, like I flipped a bird

[T-Rock]

So it's your little arm that doesn't work huh?
Ha ha, what's up with Juicy? I guess he just a gay
motherfucker
Well, you know what I'm saying, honestly
I'd rather have a small arm, than just be a gay ass
nigga
But then again both of you motherfuckers gay!
Bunch of gay ass niggas
Rest of y'all niggas in Three Six, y'all niggas better
leave the click
Before they have y'all niggas trying to convert and shit
Yea nigga, that's what happens when you fuck with the
real nigga
You exploit me, you diss me nigga, I'm at you
motherfuckers nigga
I'm exposing all the demons, all the truth
Everything I'm saying on this motherfucking record is
the truth nigga
All you niggas thinking I'm just trying to make y'all
laugh
And I know it's funny as a motherfucker, yea
Cause them some funny ass, bitch made, faggot ass
niggas
But all that shit true
Fuck Three Six, and fuck that small arm ass nigga
He aint nothing but a bitch
Fuck that fucking gay wrassler ass nigga

He the biggest bitch of them all
Nigga, Vampire in Memphis ass nigga, like my nigga
J-Love said
Nigga fuck y'all motherfuckers nigga
All you gone do is wait for your motherfucking brother
to get out of jail and shit

[T-Rock imitating Juicy J]
Wait til' Project Pat get out of Jail
Wait til' Project Pat get out of Jail

[T-Rock]
What about that nigga?
He locked up right now nigga, and I'm fucking you
niggas up!!
Fucking your ass in the game
Telling everybody about all the bullshit you was pulling
I bet won't nann nigga, nann civilized nigga, sign with
y'all punk asses
Cause your motherfucking beats ain't worth all that
nigga
I'll keep jacking y'all punk ass
Whenever I hear a beat, and you ain't rocking it right
nigga
I'ma jack your motherfucking ass
Oh yea, Lil Pat made the shit anyway
Lil Pat making all the motherfucking beats
You niggas taking all the recognition
I say Lil Pat walk in the studio
And blast all you bitch made motherfuckers one day
Then he wouldn't be in the wrong, cause that's what I
wanted to do
But instead, I left you hoe ass niggas
Cause you fuck with me nigga, I'm at you
I'll be done fucking, fucked one of you niggas up in the
quickness nigga!!
So whatever...you thinking I'm talking
You think I'm just talking shit nigga, run up nigga!!
Cause I'm packing mine nigga
You get your ass blasted off the planet fucking with me
nigga!!
Area 51 for life!

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