

Edie Brickell % The New Bohemians

"All A's"

Visit "[All A's](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus: Goodie Mob (repeat 2X)

I got to feed, the beat, the gat on the seat
Fakin ain't these girls fake when they see they face in
the paint
Mustard and mayonnaise, and we smoke always
Passin by these haters like we got all A's

[Backbone]

Say say say say Crack, what's the word on the street?
Nuttin but hard times, workin this concrete
I'm gettin dirty looks from niggaz, on the next street
over
They was in my filthy, fiendin gettin closer
I'm in my seventy-nine, flyin
Mobbed out so they can't see me when I'm ridin
They slow me down, holla like we buddy buddy
But at the same time I know these muh'fuckers wanna
mug me
Okay gunplay at the one-way one day witcha
But I'll do years, if I bust these niggaz
Keep point four-five calibers of chrome
I'm, comin forth to carry you home

Chorus

[Cee-Lo]

Yo, well you damn right, dig it they call me Sugar
Delight
Uh-ohh hoe, Willie cuttin virgin broads tonight
Blowin like a boss, that champion chief in cost
And oh my dual exhaust, will make your shit get lost
There's somethin bout these guns that give these hoes
asthma attacks
These are actual facts, I ain't been in no actual car-
jacks
but let me tell you this, I'll burn a nigga ass up to a crisp
Ridin with these two glocks, we gon' bounce on off, on
the new shocks
My nigga don't hate me, cause I ain't hated, but we
related

No one includin me, should be underestimated
But don't you dare ride through the SWATS without, at
least 30 shots
Cause I'm tellin ya, these Southern boys gon' get all
they got

Chorus

[Khujo]

Pop it in, get to work, brains blow, ??
off the block before your carcass drop
Can't share nothin with the niggeroles, stealin socks
Out your cornbread dream too, if you got those, leavin
deaf hoes
brown, on the outside, pink, in the middle
Ain't, barrin none hundred round draw
Nothin under seventy-five, and I get slick ??
Takin no prisoners cuffed, they die fightin for they
freedom
Everytime son, rhymes too pretty'll get your mascara
smeared
When they did, my buddy Spanky I bust out in tears
The world would be a better place to live, if it was less
queers
I still see, punk ass bitches.. bitches..

Chorus

[Gipp]

Get up off and give me room, activate, motivate
Y'all from the section where the straight shit, straight
up off the top
Block for block, yo we got the ??, wait for days
Gone up off the Purple Haze, when you see me call me
Mr. Gipp
Shoot em from the hip, everytime I'm in my 84 Sedan
Denville
block me off and watch me peel, Big Boi grill ridin
through the park
on the weekend ain't no stoppin keep it dippin that's
how we trippin
Lookin mean, you too clean behind the glass
Watch yo' ass, keep yo' elbows out the windows
and my hands upon the wood wheel, money in my
socks
Lookin out, for the cops, and for the haters got a fifty
shot
whatever you wanna call it, nigga what? What?

Chorus

[T-Mo]

Now watch em slide like some finger lickin chicken,
bout to start clickin

Hoe better know who the true G's are, I'm the star,
brand new car

Dope ki lyrical cascade height, SWATS type, mic soldier
Blowin composer, chief of that doja, told ya when I was
older

I wanted to live the good life, money over that bull, got
that pull

Stomach full, posse thick, niggaz wish, at a young age
Goodie Mo.B., doin they thang, I, pray, for, change
and my players in this game it's insane, how this 'caine
is bringin em pain, young'un doin time dyin by this
grind

A-T-L, fine this just how it's goin down

And the sound, watch your mouth in this motherfuckin
Dirty South

Nigga check it out, dirty SWATS got SPOTS

Chorus

Visit [Edie Brickell % The New Bohemians](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.