

Toni Braxton F/ Foxy Brown

"Godfather"

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Uh huh, Uh huh, Brooklyn Vietnam
What you, Uh yeah, Uh, Come on

Oh no, big Shyne Po
Back up in the motherfuckin heezy for sheezy
Gimme a tech that don't jam (bang bang)
I'm tryin to jucks some more grams and work this whole
thing
My minds poisoned, corrupted and diseased
360 ki's
Money make the world spin
I make your chest smoke
Have your mother singing hymms
Particles of your brains up on your tims
Kiss you before I twist you
170 miles
Headed for disaster faster
I put it down right
Bustin off these rounds like
Real niggaz is kings
You ain't rockin' that crown right
Harder more PK watches
Topless, bitches in cars
Only meals could heal my scars

[Chorus]
Niggaz wanna rhyme like shine like me
They supposed to
Niggaz wanna bust their guns like me
They supposed to
Niggaz wanna grind like crime like me
They supposed to
Niggaz wanna mash like me, dash like me

[Repeat]

Allegations got me pacin'
Grand jury wouldn't understand my fury
For fast cars and jewelry
I could give a fuck if there's a heaven for a G
This is heaven for me

Go to trial never plea
Do a bullet and come home to the throne
I don't rhyme, I just talk about this life that's mine
I've seen niggaz die, in front of my eyes
Doin' my filth
Niggaz is expiring like milk
Different strokes for different folks
Just give me, different coke in different boats
Black Aristotle Onassis
All I see is crack addicts and automatics
You rap niggaz is faggots
Y'all cannot be serious
I'm in coupes with gucci interiors
Airin' out your areas
Tech nines, two in the flex and shit
Lookin' at myself like
Yo, I'm the best in this

[Chorus x2]

Sometimes I really wonder
What's it all about?
How many bitches can I fuck until I get out
How many ki's can I cut, guns can I bust
Wigs can I push, spots can I juck
Every single one, cuz I'm a fuckin' savage
Til I'm cremated, most hated, self made
Blood type G
All these young hustlers wanna bubble like me
They supposed to
Sippin on syrup, until I perish
Pickin' bitches off the run-way
Look forward to, gun-play
Go to sleep with one eye shut
Wake up and do the same shit
I ain't never gonna change bitch
And that's the cycle
I don't wanna be like Michael
More like Darrell Porter
Gettin' shipments at the border

Yeah, it's a wrappity wrap

[Chorus x4]

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