

T. Mills

"Ymcmb Mmg"

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Stare is blank when the trigger face
Lil nigga with a bigger base
Know me young homie? here's some money, you
wonder now
I'll make 2012 with a number dial
Talking that shit; don't know who they rapping with
Pause, I say fuck em fast, rabbit dicks
I turn the booth to a maggot pit
She appear when I wave the david banner wrist
Gettin money, you niggas seein me like my mother
home
She's bitchin her dog is back with another bone
Hollar for a dollar, to swallow back
I hit her right off of twitter, now follow that
I'm booking face, my network is social
Young money, cash money, we coach who coach you
Slow up them protools with them loco vocals
What you know to, don't do, nigga
I'm your go-tos, go-to
Plot, once you try I approach you quiet with the toast
too
Fire, I will smoke you
Tie, any man, bear hand choke you
Silence is what I go to
Violent, burner in the safe, burner in the car, and the
plates, burner on
The waist
Find the burner and they solving the case
Murder in the place, let is dislove in his waist
I don't give a fuck if your moms and all is in the play
Get your pops, get popped, nigga pop off
Get a drop, in the city chopped, get in knocked off
Glock and it gettin hot, knock ya socks off
Get clocked, when it tick, get tocked off
Block niggas, by the block when it's blocked off
Swat looking for the yatch when is docked off
In the spot where niggas plot to get bopped, pause
And when the waps stop then ya top off

Ymcmb doublem g, you know me
Old school flow like kool mo dee

Coastal flow, I move low key
Make a move ot
Get a brick for the low
95 south get a chick that would go
Every 36 let the bitch get an o
I put it in the hood that bitch better snow
In the middle of summer, do numbers
Niggas better run from us that, front us
That mac-10 with a drummer, they want us
Tell them niggas run up, get done up
When that automatic get clappin like cory gunz when
he rapping
That shit be spitting so fast, and my niggas we
platinum
And I'm... on the way I'm going glow, I put my pressy on
30 thou, like a got a camero chevy on
I go loud around the neck give em a heavy one
And niggas sleeping on me, guess I get my freddy on
Nightmare on you record labels
I tell em put the dirty money on the other table
You ever seen a 100 racks off fiend money
That martin luther king, I had a dream money
I can tell you niggas never seen money
We sellin white girl, gettin christine money
Aguilera, I'm in the panorama
Niggas whisper when I come through, I can barely hear
em
I know these niggas looking, I can't see em though
My daddy in the grave, I make you meet em though
They call me, mister "fuck a nigga" I don't need a ho
Cause I got my paper up, it's time to get my haters up
I'm gone!

Bitch!

I'm gone!

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