

Güsch Patti

"Fucc Yo Side"

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(Reg)

As the adrenaline flows to my dome, it's on!
Them niggas posted up so I bust in the murder zone
Them chromes out the window as I bust from the bacc
seat
Flags on my face incase they wanna see the Babe
They crazy thinkin they could fucc with Locc 2 Da Brain
Doc gave it up and spilled his guts with the gauge
As C.O.S. sprayed, nigga with the Tec
I busted the tre-8 three times for my set
Yes we crept on them niggas straight knoccin em out
the blocc
Mo murder mo murder ears ringin from the gun shots

(Doc)

Try to peep this 29th Street Garden Blocc, Mr. Doc,
gangsta shit
Locc 2 Da Brain with a Mac nigga tapped out 40 in the
cup

(Reg)

"7-8-1"

(Doc)

Then it's Redrum locc
and I'm on the trigga with a twitch nigga
No ride by tunces
Hittin dumpin slow
and I took a drag up of my "port"
Lit up the cushe rolled in them blue zags
Foe jucies faded out the field from all of the smoke
Twist up anotha sacc of puff up
before we roll up in they set

(Lynch)

NIGGA, WHAT UP WITH THAT DANK CHECC (Doc: yeah)

(Reg)

Then roll it fat
The Hard-top hit the corner

(Doc)
Mac 11's out the window of the Chev

(Lynch)
Off brans gettin tapped

(Doc)
That's what you seenin cuz they didn't peep the hit

(Reg)
We had the lights out

(Doc)
NIGGA

(Reg)
Pop anotha clip

(Doc)
They tryn to break
I'm yellin how you feel about Loc 2 Da Brain
Bitch ass niggas
Then I let some more spray
Until they blood stains the street
No witnesses, no paybacc triccc
Loc 2 Da Brain
Nigga L-O-C

(Reg)
Beatin slugs out the cut
Nigga tell me what
You aren't steppin out to cut
Yes are flags is flown
I gave it up
L-O-C 2 Da Brain
No we outty
Hittin a couple of corners Vouge spokes
Gettin hi-e-i-e-igh
Yes we're bout to ride
Some niggas bout to die
Toni-e-i-e-ight
Indo smoke
and may locs ride

(Doc)
Oh it's the, Bomb high
No handle our bi-is-ness

(Reg)
3 2 1

(Doc)
Nigga tell me now what is this

(Reg)
Indo smoke

(Doc)
You gettin held 'for we ride
Locc 2 Da Brain nigga insane
Fucc Yo Side

(Lynch)
I'm sittin in a pitch blacc room
full of keys
a indo lightin up ya flame
shootin, bunchin up the weed
and ready to get real high
Up in the sky, it's a gang it's a game

(Doc)
LOCC 2 DA BRAIN

(Lynch)
Shit
Them niggas that kill they mama for some fame
It's called the sicc shit
Loc is kinda catchy
When creepin in yo set loccin up like Joe Pesci
Yo catch me lightin up your set like a point 9 G-B-C
But L-O-C sportin blacc so you can't see me
Nigga so call it what you want
It's that B-A-B-Y K-I-double L-I-N
Many niggas are dyin
Shit, from that 12 gauge pump
Featurin that nigga that's from that 4 blocc
But Loc 2 Da Brain all up in the funk

(Doc)
The bomb high so let's handle our bi-is-ness

(Reg)
3-2-1

(Doc)
Nigga tell me now what is this

(Reg)
Indo smoke

(Doc)
You gettin held 'for we ride

Locc 2 Da Brain nigga insane
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