

Garth Brooks Feat. Trisha Yearwood

"666"

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[Mr. Lil One (Talkin)]

Ha Ha, mothafuckas
It's mothafuckin Lil One
Up here with my dawg G to P to A
We fin to fuck up all 5 of you
And the rest of the world
Listen, and learn
Before you get burned

I bring it to that ass
Every time that I pass
Never mind the past
I got the last laugh
Now everybody knows me like Gotti
Makin all this lute
With out shootin any body
Excuse you, time to verbally abuse you
Take you on a mind game
Never mind the fame
Talk about the truth
And the men that got proof
Remember all the times
You rapped my rhymes in the booth
Show you how it's done
And make it worth while
Show you how it's done
Mr. Lil One style
Ain't no need to lie
The truth is inside of you
Ain't no need to trip
Cause I'll fuck up all five of you
Still I stand alone
Make it on my own
And since you did me wrong
You get your dome blown
Still I be the sickest
And I be the dopest
Biggdy boom, make way for the lokest

[Chorus: Mr. Lil One]

I come from the land where the wicked men roam

I come from the city where you best believe it's on
I come from the 6-6-6-1-9
Bring it to your face and no time for me to waste
[2x]

[GPA]

Now I see your placed your bets
So I'ma put you in your place
It's GPA and Mr. Lil One
Bringin drama to your face
Call me a specialist when I'm placin bombs
Hangin with ex-cons
Got ya scared cause you know it's on
Scared when you're are home
We're callin death threats on the phone
I aughta break your jaw
Mothafuck you and the law
Mr. Lil One is comin in with the bow and arrow
That's my evil twin
Or should I say my twin devil
Know we're claimin the west
I'm gettin my gun
You better be getting your vest
Me and my homie will disrespect
That ass and fis to check
380 when I bust
While I be kickin up dust
Ain't no man alive I trust
I'm hurtin feelins while I cuss
No remorse at this time
Or should I say any day
Hey Little let me know when to press the button
So I can blow thier ass away
I can't afford a yhaut but a G is what I be
And these bullets I put through you
Are for disrespectin me
And with my chrome
Three 6's on your dome
I wrote this little song
Just to let you know it's on
Protected custody
Regretin you ever fucked with me
Next time you start some shit
Don't be a little bitch and run away from me

[Chorus]

[Mr. Lil One]

Well I'm sick and I'm evil
Kinda like Peshi
Pinch to your neck

If you ever disrespect me
True to the streets
Rappin over phat beats
Try to burn the little
And now your widow weeps
Heard about the streets
Mothafuckas cause riots
Heard about the beach
Mothafuckas keep quiet
The late Martin Nelly
13 on his belly
May you Rest In Peace
While your rep's in the street
No about the G's mothafuck enemies
And when they get found
They'll be all memories
Too it from the heart
Like my homies from the park
Never mind races
Talk about faces
Fakin, breakin ever single rule
Fuck em all up like a PCP cool
Lil One, be the one
Bringin all the drama
Mothafucka step and you're a goner

[Chorus]

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