

Famlay

"Ambulance"

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(feat. Pharrell Williams)

[Fam-Lay] Uh!

[Pre-Chorus: Fam-Lay]

If you hear a shot nigga, think of me!

Cause if there's a stressin there's no question I'm a
ride

Just conceal my identity!

Or fulfill my requests if you heard that I die

A thousand niggaz jumping, a thousand niggaz bowing

Niggaz making money, a thousand niggaz throwing

Thousand niggaz slanging, a thousand niggaz

banging

Selling that H nigga, selling that caine

[Chorus: Pharrell Williams] [x8]

Here come the ambulance! (woo! woo! woo! woo!
woo!)

[Verse: Fam-Lay]

Uh! Fam-Lay uhh! I bet you heard of me

But there's some cowards out there who tried to
murder me

Now they got em in ICU Surgery

Cause I burnt their ass up to the 3rd degree

I got that H, I got that D

And if you need it homie you can get a pack from me

Word on the street is that them people after me

But I'm a scrambler, won't let em capture me

I got my bag, a case of gin

Pocket full of, tattoos all in my skin

We got gold teeth (uh) ducking them police

On the corner all night getting no sleep

This how we do, how real is this

I'm from Shark City, big fish eat little fish (Norfolk!)

This is my hood, and I'm a represent

I've been riding round wit shotguns ever since

[Pre-Chorus]

[Chorus]

[Verse: Fam-Lay]

Chicks is braiding hair, fellas out clocking
Chil'rin everywhere, old folks is out watching
Gotta be +Train To Go+ in this harsh world
Full of nothing but hood niggaz and park girls
We all down to ride, for that homicide
We prepared to go long as the drama ride
Run up on your roads, open your suicide door
Take the umbrella and treat it like a 2 by 4
We are ignorant, we don't give a shit
Fuck who started it long as we finish it
Come up to your club, got a thousand deep
All the six of us waking you out your sleep
I don't give a fuck, let the corner pick em up
From what I did to em, left his corner spitting up
We could go to war, till the death of me
If you want beef, WE got the recipe

[Pre-Chorus]

[Chorus]

[Verse: Fam-Lay]

Pharrell put me here, to put these streets on lock
Now that I'm in here, we can't be stopped (Star Trak!)
I'm a carry it raw, till the day I die
And keep it street, as days go by
I'm in erry spot, the rawest clubs
I'm on erry block, wit all the thugs
My family locked up, know what this about
Got enough couzins wit me to get you out

[Pre-Chorus]

[Chorus]

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