

Hadley Tony

"Didn't I"

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(*talking*)

I was high man, I ain't know what the fuck
I was doing, hey we gon take em back to the cuts man
Like you on the porch, know I'm saying old school

[Hook]

Didn't I tell you, to leave it be
Now didn't I, didn't I, didn't I - 3x
Didn't I tell you, quit hating on me
Now didn't I, didn't I, didnt I

[Yung Ro]

Since me and J Mack do nothing, y'all think Hatter a
dick
Fuck with us, and we gon see who nut up bitch
This year Paid In Full, making the industry buzz
I never said I was the best, a lot of people just said I
was
And I told y'all, I was gon drop em a hit
I write my rhymes on the toilet, cause I love to talk shit
I pull up with the whole click, fucking with your ass
Jump fly, I put a slug in your vest not straps
I don't give a fuck, when I spit these bars
The only time I give a fuck, is when my dick get all hard
But Ro he go hard, we'll tell a nigga straight up
I'ma be the one to make Hatter, put his feet up
Niggaz get beat up, we don't have fair fights
We stomp rappers with chains, Filas and Air Nikes
Put your do' on it, my nigga catch you
They like fuck Ro, naw nigga fuck giving bitch

[Hook]

[Mista Madd]

I must admit, I'm not normally moved
See I'm in the mind of rappers, who are dazed and
confused
Look at you looking at me, you has-been rapper
Cause I ride a Escalade on twanks, you calling me
capper
I seen everything you wrote, on Down South.com

It's niggaz like you making me pull up my sleeves, to
bear arm
Sent my only contribution, to down South was the hood
Saying huh contribute it, to my bank board
Am I a one hit wonder, or am I gifted
Don't hate cause your kids don't change, your mind's
just shifted
You making Mista Madd, turn into a backwards Madd
Mista
Keep fucking with me, in the holy with some bad
blisters
Your sister I done her, but it's still respect
The girl you couldn't get I got, you fucking reject
I didn't mean to get on this track, Ro and Cham ride for
me
Although you hate me bitch, your mom's adore me

[Hook]

[Chamillionaire]

They gon make me turn the pistol to a mic
And give em something, to talk into
Testing testing mic check speak up, you forgot who you
talking to
Say Ro just go hand me the, full clip to this damn
heater
And I bet you this damn heater, gets rid of his amnesia
Hand reader look in my palm, said they gon try to mute
you
I'm the voice of the future, Martin Luther King Koopa
In the booth, you know I'm closest thing to the truth sir
Cubic zircon's turn to real stones, like I'm Medusa
If you don't know the label, that make rappers ride with
they roof up
I'm raining on the game, I know the label that do cuz
Paid In Full, straighten up and give a salute to
Koopa not for what I've done, but what I'm about to do
cause
Diss me, and I promise your career will leave in that
hearse
Your career will be in here, somewhere up in this dirt
Somewhere up in this earth, we'll do it now but first
Say my name, now we gon see to it that somebody get
hurt

[Hook - 2x]

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