

Hausen & Lukas**"Lil' G's"**

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[Chorus - Pharrell Williams]

All you little G's please, I carry the ghostmaker
You just a rapper, a yipper, a yapper
When shit get tight you let them boys wire tap ya
Don't wake up with two eyes and two barrels pointing at
ya
I keeps the ghostmakers, uh! muhfuckers!

[Verse 1 - Boobonic]

I'm from 6-0, N-e-s-t, OG, A all day
We're the coke fiends, don't fringe
Try to leave, and them bullets gon to spray your way
That barbershop talk'll leave a nigga laid
Cause I cuts on em, straight off the top, no fade
You hating niggaz put the S in Shade
While I picture baby mams in that Escalade
And give em the lean, you acting out your best scene
From the flicks that you grew up watching as a teen
Meanwhile on the block we gets cream
Seen more than most niggaz will ever by sixteen
Tap the work from Pharrell to getting all the fame
40 cal in my Billionaire Boys Club jeans
Back the fuck up chump, you ain't gon spray
The last nigga woulda been 24 today

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Pusha T]

Pusha's in a foreign land wit SeÑorita
White sand beaches with teal two seaters
Niggaz wanna hate like they under white sheet-as
But I'll really put their ass under white sheet-ah
40 calibers delete ya! naptime!
That nine turn that same wave line to flat line
For just the calmest, bitches the fondest
Canary color stones, diamonds look like they sick wit
the jaundice
Carefully match my neck like arm is
Flash yellow trying to warn kids
Hammers they could talk least I'll touch the Don kids
We are three kings, y'all niggaz pay homage

EGHCK!! - ghetto Sam Cook
Souls Terror push, my connect look like Pele look
Uh! change my style wit ease, niggaz thieves
Kiss life goodbye now choke on this Desert Ease

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Mr. Man]

Listen up, this is it homes
The ghostmaker in my palm, that I grip on
Shine chrome, wanna live, get ya sprint on
Man it's best you run, like ol' G, Bobby Johnson son
You get ya back treated gangsta
Since a young buck, I had it sewn up
But now I'm grown up, so you can hate that
Or you can roll out, dope - I make that
Used to take that, but show sold out
Wollen Ave. is the place, where we hang out
Shots rang out, pull that thing out
You better bang back, or put you laid back
Cause you ain't wit that, I make you fall flat
Ain't no comin back, how you figure that
Nigga see ya squad, won't support that, snort that
Cause it's raw facts, I'm hooked up wit cats
That will spit the Mac, outta Cadillac, shit like mmmm...

[Chorus]

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