

## **Helen Gibson**

### **"Bring it 2 'Em \*"**

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\* Aimed at Ant Banks

Well I'm a fire this shit up like dank  
And let the whole town know what's up with me and Ant  
Banks  
Another nigga turned traitor  
He wanna be a rapper, fool stick to the crossfader  
Get on the radio and bad-mouth Pooh  
But you know damn well you can't fuck with my crew  
Fuck you nigga, your tape gets the eject  
The pranksta gangsta, I can't relate  
Yeah you Sittin' on Somethin' Phat, it's your head  
They wanted real shit, so they bought my tape instead  
Bootsy-ass busta, motherfucker  
So what's up with the kid from the gutter  
Fuck around and make Dangerous a sacred place  
Producing them fake-ass tapes  
And you wanna call me deadweight?  
Fuck around and have the whole Dangerous Crew at  
your wake  
Nah, I'm a catch you on the late night  
And jack you for your folk, at a stop light  
Or rub up on your ass at Denny's  
And have them Mac-10 shells dropping good and  
plenty  
Now you can keep your punk ass shit  
But how did you go out? You went out like a bitch  
Now I'm gonna smoke your ass like buddha  
And all you motherfuckers, I'm a bring it to ya

Fake ass, busta-ass nigga, goddamn I'm glad y'all set  
it off  
Now the shit's like a war  
Them mark-ass niggas don't want trouble (Repeat 2x)

Goddamn, it's the second verse  
And it seems that shit done got worse  
Now I gotta get bad on a trick  
Not you Banks, but that other bitch  
Now you should stop and listen  
While I'm bouts to go on a motherfucking mission

Yeah punk, I heard your tape  
And as far as I'm concerned, the shit was fake  
Damn you's a borderline bitch  
As far as getting pussy, fool, you getting dick  
Now tell me how that sound  
Sounds like another nigga from Dangerous getting  
beat down  
Now you wanna fuck with me, right?  
Toe to toe in the alley in the middle of the night  
And watch me mop that ass  
And have 'em draw a chalk line around your bitch ass  
But you know you ain't careful, trick  
Remember on true when you got the burning dick?  
But that's how I'm gon' do ya  
Fire up the dank, nigga, cause I'm a bring it to ya

Fake ass, busta-ass nigga, goddamn I'm glad y'all set  
it off  
Now the shit's like a war  
Them mark-ass niggas don't want trouble (Repeat 2x)

Niggas say "Pooh-Man, why you clowning?"  
Cause I'm tired of my motherfucking surroundings  
Fools tried to tame but they can't  
See I'm from the gutter, and straight fucking with dank  
So I got tired of niggas picking my cash  
So I got smart, and I left they punk ass  
See all of that's real, I got my fill  
And all my motherfucking dollar bills  
So fuck everything they say  
And the shiesty games those punk motherfuckers play  
Fat mad at me cause I got a hit  
Stop running your mouth, you sorry son of a bitch  
And I might wanna use your mom for a Late Night Fuck  
But I'm only out to get my dick sucked  
So fuck what you're stressing  
When I left the Dangerous Crew, it was a blessing  
And oh brother wait, who the fuck is Banks?  
Nobody knew ya til "Fucking With Dank"  
So for all you niggas, screw ya  
Fuck you motherfuckers, cause I'm a bring it to ya

Fake ass, busta-ass nigga, goddamn I'm glad y'all set  
it off  
Now the shit's like a war  
Them mark-ass niggas don't want trouble (Repeat til  
fade)

