

I'm Bout It Movie

"Situation On Dirty"

Visit "[Situation On Dirty](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Today's out to be recognized

[Verse 1]

I got that nigga for about 4 zones, had to get dirty
though

Left him in his driveway soakin wet sold his 6.4

Couldn't keep it no mo' that motherfucker was filthy

Mo' bodies done been in that trunk

than in the cemetery and the mortuary

Had a bullethole by the gas tank, put 1500 in the bank

Drig the bitch for 18 but spent 300 last year on some
dank

Shot to my brothers house and got them niggaz high

It was the Man Klan, 3 Deep, and the nigga six

we was off that chocolate thai

And all that time that 187 was on my mind

Shot the man in cold blood

and I knew his momma saw the drive-by

Design, and there ain't no tv until you see me

On Americas Most Wanted fucked up gettin snatched
out my teepee

Nigga we in the back of the 69 Cut', and it's so foggy

Paranoia done got me on my strap and I'm a fiend for
raw meat

They say all niggaz talk about is murderin and gettin
high

But situation gettin filthy and I gots ta have mine

[Chorus 2X]

With me it's like American Express, I don't leave home
without my

Smith-n-Wesson bulletproof vest

I done dug myself a hole, now I'm trying to climb back
out

Ya fuck with the wrong nigga, I wish my brother was out

[Verse 2]

Now it started back in SouthSide sack, I was with my
momma

Drinkin' inches of the Old E, hittin chronic ever so often

Often in another world trippin', while he was on another
room stickin

My click think sick I got that 12 guage pump started
trippin

Kick the door open, blood stains cops came

Quietly I had to remaintain thang, same thang

My love don't fit you, I got that US military issue

Had to plant one in your brain, get away, if a cop plead
insane

A couple of down ass top notches I used to know, had a
spot

I was good for 4 days off yack and chronic and makin'
a plot

Cause murder was the case, when I saw his face

Took his life, left his brains all over the pillow case

What would you be thinkin of when your momma's

yelling STOP!

My first thought was cut him in half and drag the other
half to his stash

They say all niggaz talk about is murderin and gettin
high but situation

real filthy and I got ta get mine

[Chorus]

With me it's like American Express, I don't leave home
without my

Smith-n-Wesson Bulletproof vest,

I done dug myself a hole, now I'm trying to climb back
out

Ya fuck with the wrong nigga, I wish my brother was out
[fades]

Visit [I'm Bout It Movie](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.