

Infamous Mobb f/ Prodigy

"Empty Out"

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Yeah

[Chorus]

[G.O.D Father Part III]

If its on dun, come with it

No matter what I'm flippin' see this gun that I'm grippin'

I'm about to throw the clip in and

[Gambino]

EMPTY OUT! RELOAD! AIR HIM OUT QUICK!

EMPTY OUT! AIM STRAIT FOR HIS FUCKING HEAD!

[G.O.D Father Part III]

I gets down, I'm with it

No matter what I'm flippin

See this gun that I'm grippin

I'm about to throw the clip in and

[Gambino]

EMPTY OUT! RELOAD! AIR HIM OUT QUICK!

EMPTY OUT! AIM STRAIT FOR HIS FUCKING HEAD!

[G.O.D Father Part III]

You niggaz want it

I got it, got it ready to give it to ya

Full blast empty reloaded controller set fast

Bitches get whiplash tryin to catch a quick glance

No time for romance, strenght like conan

Compare me to no man get with the program

or get found somewhere in no-mans land

Never half step, slip get clapped up

Dont act up, I hit like a mack truck you want get back up

Light yo back up, its death when I map up

We mobb nigga force my hand he get jacked up

Applause for the cause you be in critical clapped up

Your body wrapped up (yeah) in a body cas-tah!

[Chorus]

[Ty Nitty]

Jump Off Nigga...What Up..IM3...yeah...what up

Ayo, jump off nigga
You ain't gone do shit
That ice grill you wearing don't scare me you lil' bitch
This ain't no movie script, this is real life
Ayo I'll catch you at the red light and give it to you right
You be layed out homie
Like Harold was a menus (what up!)
Brace you self, get the fuck up out the car
You know what it is, drop the keys on the floor
Your guts, your blood, all over the pavement
Soon you seen us pull up
You know you in danger
You crumbled up,(crumbled up) jumpin' in back of your
truck
You scary ass nigga, your ass out of luck

[Chorus]

[Prodigy]

Yeah...ayo... here it go...what up

I'll get right down to business
we hands on niggaz
I gotta be involved, gotta get mines (or I'm flippin)
What the fuck I look like, lettin you run around just
living
What you think we infamous for
I'm about to show betrim
Nigga I ain't cut from cloth or cut from strands
of DNA that will have bush shitting in his pants
P and H proved we can do this for years
We got lil niggaz just finding out who we is
We got them bitches that jump on other niggaz dicks
They feel like idiots when they hear our new shit
(BITCH!)
We mobstas and gangstas boy
Every body in the world better know my voice
I am the news, we are whats happening now
I am the reasons these niggaz having doubts
Ya'll know the reasons why y'all ain't coming around
Cause we are the faces you see when bullets take you
out

[Chorus]

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