

L-Fudge

"Bad Habits"

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[Talking]

Fuckin' rules man.....
Rowdy peoples man
Got me high as a son of a bitch
Got me thinkin' about New York
But I wrote somethin' for y'all
Wha-what, yeh-yeh, listen to this

[Verse 1]

Regular day on my block same niggaz hustlin' in they
own quarters
Classified wants Fudge again, but my regular crew
We average broke niggaz on occasion
Chip in between six for four wheelers
Make enough to stay crispy, but never the ones to blow
spot
Catch AIDS before grenades hit me
Respected for my legal hustle
But really ain't much of it
On occasions told suck a dick
Sufferin' from a chronic irresponsibility syndrome
Fuckin' up all possibilities to get dough
I'm twenty years old, with the newest flavors on
Fucked up in the game can't even keep a pager on
Easily targeted from out my pack
A blue Privea pulls up, my man hops out the back
Fresh Gucci knits pulls a sack from out his hat
Compliments from chickens being heard, yo his Alfa's
phat
Askin' me what I been up to
You know doin' shows same old same old
You know how Fudge do, blazzy bla uh-huh
He'll say fuck who?, some slut bitch from 175th that
fuck you
Come on now please, what's cracka lackin' homie
Peep it there's somewhere I'd like for you to take a
package for me
Times are hard, what package?, for them things, fuck
dat shit
When where and how much the questions bein' asked
When he went in the pocket, of his right pant leg and

broke out
Hundred dollar government notes out
Lookin' cute on the corner crushin' them hoes now
Bet he bagged one of their digits before he rose out
Runnin' through his ugly bills, and pulls his most ugly
two-o out
Fam comes to me ya missed, no doubt, no dou

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