

Lennox Annie

"Local 580 Burn 'Em Like a Bitch"

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[Lil' Ya Talking]

Yeah, uhh, like that like that y'all
Local Five-Ezight-O house
Check it out

[Lil' Ya]

Slangin' Boo-Koo rock's
This dope game will never stop
I got my glock cocked!
Ready to pop 'til they all drop
Because they be reppin' on me mane
They think I'm sellin' birds
But I only got halves in my hand
I'm gettin' paid pushin' this white shit
I had to put that iron on a nigga
Cuz he tried to do a fuckin' hit
I left his brains hangin'
His blood stankin'
All over the place,
I put the Tec in his fuckin' face
What about that glock?
So you know I got to stack my ends
Gotta get my Benz! Can't fuck around
With no friends!
Because they bring me back luck
Now Doogie get on the mic and
Let me hear ya rip it up!

[B.G.]

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Nigga's playa hate like some hoes
Talk behind yo fuckin' back
Big mouth, shoe showin'
Mouth at that yak-yak
I'm bout ya, try to put somethin' in yo game
Fuckin' up yo pussy that's lame
But at the same time, they just make shit longer
Spinnin' time with nine
That make ya game stronger
All up in my dick, action take it to the street
Leave brains on the concrete, slang fuckin' heat

Cuz I'm bout that drama, believe it are you sick?
If you ever test me, then yo wig gone get split
Representin' Valence, Baby Gangster comin' up
Slipped you get plucked
Trip you get fucked
That's just how that go
Slipped you get plucked
Catch a head full of slugs
Lost Boo-Koo blood
The hood done took me under
As a B.G. try'na be an O.G.
Yo, yo come down B

[Lil' Ya]
B-32!!!!

[Baby]
B-32, I'm in this motherfucker
Stompin' out the Third, I got some birds now

[Lil' Ya]
Have you heard

[Baby]
O'I Ninth Ward nigga's just stung
Got my hands, on a crate full of guns
I'm bout to bring 'em Uptown to the

[Lil' Ya]
UPT!

[Baby]
I'm bringin' 'em in the Jets
Where these nigga's like to split me
Lil' Ya?

[Lil' Ya]
Wusup?

[Baby]
Got to get this nigga Chuck and
Pluck him with the nine to
The fat bitch duck
Fat bitch!
Duck sick, tape him up quick and
Bring him in the Calio and
Burn 'em like a bitch
Cuz I don't have no love for no
Trick ass bitch and
I don't give a fuck if it's a nigga or a bitch
So drop, release uhh

Daddy I got to have it
Let my B.G. straight and go grab it
I plucked him in the chest for nothin'
Just cuz a nigga didn't have nothin'
LA Cool, Jack's a fool
Chuck you the loose, that's the rule fool

[Kilo-G]
Bluka! Bluka! To all my enemies
Drop-a, these nigga's won't stop-a
Until I start to pop-a
It's the G motherfucker so clear the block
When I fly through this motherfucker and
Up the glock, eyes fire blazed
When I bust up on a fool ass nigga
Who thought he was bigger
But now, he taste my trigger
The clip, that split him from
His motherfuckin' lip
To the top of his dome
I had to send him home
Ain't no funnies in steel
Within the C-O Sniper
Snortin' on that chalk, always to keep me hyper and
The ki's oh please, I push them on the freeze
But now a brother straight twerkin' peas
Ha-Ha cheese, is what I stack and
I want to make more-a
G's it's what behind me showin' a nigga much love
But these two little figners he'll do yo ass in
Cuz he holdin' on a Mack-10 motherfucka!

[Mannie Fresh]
I'm the bomb like Oklahoma
Nigga, ya wann-a come against
The Seventh Ward big baller
Hot like syphilis,
Funky like donkey piss
Bitch put yo mouth on my dick and kiss
Where the sun don't shine
Nigga meet the nine
Red Beam on my team

[B.G.]
All the time

[Mannie Fresh]
So here's the deal nigga
If you's a real nigga
Freeze the hoe shit, before ya get killed nigga
So peace to the motherfuckin' real

Keep yo knife under yo pillow and
Pack yo steel

[Mannie Fresh talking]
Yo wusup I got to hollar at
Doogie young ass, he up in here
Lil' Wayne young ass, he up in here
Ya old ass, fuckin' them hoes
Burnin' them hoes
Breakin' them hoes
Ha-Ha-ha
\$lu buddy up in this bitch
White boy Mark
Baby, B-32 up in here
Slim, all them niggas
Everbody, O'dell
Up in this bitch,
Fingers fast,
O'dell, must beat his meat
Fingers fast as a motherfucker

[Baby]
That whole 6 & B click
My nigga Nine
That VL street, that whole lil' posse
That Mac Melph Calio

[Mannie Fresh]
All them project hoes

[Baby]
And umm, if I nailed 'cha,
I'ma nail ya again, I told ya
Ha-Ha, ain't no secret
Much love to my sister Tamyra
It's all good, Lil' Ya and his children
Tec and his kid's kid's kid's

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