

Unbekannt

"Double Shots"

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["celebration" skit continued]
It's a celebration y'all, let's do it!

[Havoc]
Yeah y'all
Bounce, yeah, bounce
YEAH! Aight? Aiyyo..

Cats like, "Hav', what the deal Dunn?"
Nigga back on his grind, tryin to kill son
A little shorty on some shit, oh she still frontin?
But jumped back on the dick when she saw me thumpin
Straight short nigga oxin niggaz givin 'em doctor
stitches
First chance I get, you know I'm shittin
on them fake-ass thugs, stuntin in the club
Don't get scuffed in front of these broads
Homey so pussy, what they do to they broad
Beat them bitches up if they dance to the Mobb
Type of shit is that?
That won't stop her from lettin us blow her back,
bounce to that
Homey we got this locked
Like champagne in a wino hand we gon' pop and
Hate on you lame-ass niggaz, we need not
Cause first niggaz hate on us, they get shot

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
Just party, don't get yourself shot (uh-huh)
Leave all the drama back home at the block
At the bar double shots goin down, straight chillin
While the DJ, playin what I'm feelin (pimpin them hoes)

[Prodigy]
Yeah, aiyyo
I'm -- permanently bugged, genuinely thugged
I'm hot-blooded, don't have me with the snub
All at you with the bullets that spray pellets, you fucked
And I'm back up on shorty with the hourglass cut
We got mountains and we gon' have a smokefest son
C'mon, feel like Vegas, we bringin home used paper

Ain't it amazin I'll stretch how we keep bangin
We got thousands to spend on them drinks gangsta
Queensbridge, Mobb Deep like terrorists
We come through, blow shit up, America's
nightmares right here live in the flesh
Our blood and bone be sittin in Ferraris and better
We out in L.A. we drive our own cars, they not renters
And take flights back home to hop up in some next shit
While you tryin to get your hand on some cash
We never gotta touch money again, we got plas-tic

[Chorus]

[Noyd]

Feel that nigga, yeah
Okay yo, ayyo
Ayyo we ain't gotta lay, we can bang it out neighbor
Shit, 'til them fuckin flamers empty out player
Cause boy I thought you knew, don't confuse me with
the music
I'm on loadin nines up, ridin up, shootin it
I'm hotter than the corner on the ave out in Newark
I'm grimy, you find me where the loot is with Lugers
The bodies, the hotties, the hustlers and the shooters
With dudes that'll cut ya, that's what eatin your food is
Fools know the rules pull out your tools better buck it
Cause niggaz be flaggin and braggin when they cut up
your nugget
Knee deep in the grind like "fuck it"
We gotta keep it real son that's only how the people
gon' love it
And learn to respect the Infamous to the death kid
We on another level, yeah we really on some next shit
Got the techs spittin and makin more connections
Makin more cash and blastin more weapons

[Chorus]

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