

Anybody Killa "Nevehoe"

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(Repeat 3x)

Neva

Neva

Neva

Neva

Neva

Neva

Neva

Neva

Stay up off it!

(Anybody Killa)

Quit frontin'

Actin' like I don't know what you up to

I see right through you

So what you gonna do?

Never will you step a foot around me again

'Cause hangin' with you I can't win

Some of the people in this world is some straight up
hoes

Brown nose, I suppose, that's how it goes

But I sit back watchin', clockin' dollars

With a smirk on my face waitin' for you to holla

So I can say nevehoe, nope, what you thinkin'?

All up in my face, tryna thug, breath stinkin'

You can get the barrel from my homey, Shaggy's
shotgun

All up in your face in case ya wanna taste a hot one

I got no love for them marks

Punks, hoes, snitches

Grown ass bitches

So stay away and don't come to close

'Cause you never know who may wanna come and slit
ya throat

(Chorus 2x)

Nevehoe

You ain't gettin' shit

Nevehoe

Nevehoe

Stay up off it!

(Shaggy 2 Dope)

I can't stand a muthafucka like you
When my pockets in mind, I don't care what you into
I got too many mouths to feeds from kids to mothers
My wife and brothers and too many others
See I'm being tryin' to speak on
while you sit back and see me as a jar of Grey Poupon
I should'a just stuck my dick in your mouth
Gave your eyes chocolate donuts and bounced the
fuck out
I go home and meditate with some sage
Tryna brush off these forked tongues like back in the
day
But your new name is vittle fingers
'Cause your a bank account raper tryin' to steal my
dinnners
Just another undercover crackhead
It comes down to you ain't rapin' me again
Nevehoe, bitch, for now and nevermore
Just get your hands out my cookie jar you fuckin' whore

(Chorus 4x)

Nevehoe
You ain't gettin' shit
Nevehoe
Nevehoe
Stay up off it!

(Anybody Killa)

Nevehoe, not no mo'
'Cause all your true colors are startin' to show
Greedy ass, hand in the cookie jar
Tryna get a fistful but it's just too hard
Let me catch you again, I thought I said never
Tryna take what's mine but you ain't that clever
Runnin' with a hatchet
Psychopathic
We don't stop, so you gets no cream of our crop

(Shaggy 2 Dope)

Twelve years in this game, for what?
So you can a bank teller out my butt, BITCH!
Now fuck that, it's time for some chokin'
Crackin' those legs open, 'cause your drunk and
smokin'
Spittin' out babies like your spit your game
Shitloads of money in fifteen minutes of fame
Nevehoe, no, I ain't the one
I don't pack one, but I do got a gun

(Chorus 4x)

Nevehoe
You ain't gettin' shit
Nevehoe
Nevehoe
Stay up off it!

What, what..? Bring that shit in bitch, what?!..
(Stay up off it!)
Man, don't even touch my weed, dog I will bust that
lip..(Stay up off it!)
Don't, don't, don't...you ain't gettin' no ride, fuck you,
you ain't got no gas money (Stay up off it!)
Naw, hoe don't even fuckin' worry about my bank
account bitch!
(Stay up off it!)

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