

## **Onyx F/ Lost Boyz**

### **"Gone Be Sum Shit"**

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[DJ Paul]

Now what you bitches wanna do  
What you bitches wanna do, talk some shit  
Get your ass beat black and fucking blue  
By the new dangerous crew da fucking HeadBussaz  
They turned us down for weed in they hood  
Cause they ain't trust us, them niggas nothing but  
bustaz  
They knew we had them skull bussaz, in our back  
pockets  
Ready to rob and bust them, you hear me  
I gotta dust them, off like some old books  
Cause they fucked around with some old crooks  
I'm talking bout King, I'm talking bout Fiend  
I'm talking bout that nigga Juicy on the fucking scene  
We got these auto's with them quieter's twisted at the  
tip  
For no sounds, nothing but silence when these bitches  
rip  
And rip a bitch head clean from they gold chain  
Cause these boys had them gassed up like propane  
I bring the pain like ten Taliban's on a {plane}  
And we ain't quitting until your muthafuckin heart lose,  
nigga

[Chorus]

If you ain't from Memphis Tenn., it's gone be sum shit  
They some wild muthafuckas, who you fucking wit  
If you ain't from New Orleans, it's gone be sum shit  
They some crazy muthafuckas, who you fucking wit  
If you ain't from Chi Town, it's gone be sum shit  
They some gang banging niggas, who you fucking wit  
If you ain't from ATL, it's gone be sum shit  
They some scrappin' muthafuckas, who you fucking wit

[Juicy J]

What you know bout the muthafuckin North, North  
In the hood niggas drinking, smoking Newports  
All them old school players bumping Too \$hort  
If they got that fire weed, they put in two torts  
And them killing drug dealers, mane they stay in court

For that slanging or that killing or some child support  
If my nigga go to jail, we gone hold a fort  
Riding around bumping system with the cd distort  
You can call me mister d-o-p-e with the glock then I p-o-  
p  
Don't have my change, it's a d-e-a-d  
Written on your forehead, don't fuck me  
We keep artillery, you might can't see  
Hiding in the bushes or a scope in the tree  
So don't be playing with that nigga Juicy  
They might find your body somewhere overseas

[Chorus]

If you ain't from Houston, Texas, it's gone to be sum  
shit  
They some syrup shipping niggas, who you fucking wit  
If you ain't from Mississippi, it's gone be sum shit  
They some rope hanging niggas, who you fucking wit  
If you ain't from Alabama, it's gone be sum shit  
They some head busting niggas, who you fucking wit  
If you ain't from Cashville, it's gone be sum shit  
They some robbing muthafuckas, who you fucking wit

[Fiend]

Hands down, this for them scams  
And that are saying by the pound  
Tilt the scale, we just playing  
Laying they ass in the ground  
Gram baggers, coke handlers and lb movers  
Yeah man, pack your shit  
Cause I can see right through ya  
To these bustaz, drug smugglers  
That's under the world  
All for the love of the girl  
Fuck up my nadir  
We swirl, quick dust  
Making off with the furl  
You step on it three times  
And do your thang on the world  
Uh huh only talking what I used to  
Y'all do what you do  
Highly grow one seven  
And we messing with that voodoo  
Got colors yellow down to the doo doo  
You wouldn't short, we could moved you  
Stick you like some glue too  
Serve your ass like the lunch line  
Point blank you want something of mine  
On the block nothing to find, slide to the alley  
Don't need the work badly  
But fill prescriptions gladly, you heard me

[Chorus]

If you ain't from Arkansas, it's gone be sum shit  
They some kidnapping niggas, who you fucking wit  
If you ain't from Dallas, Texas, it's gone be sum shit  
They some Mexican niggas, who you fucking wit  
If you ain't from Miami, it's gone be sum shit  
They some dope pushing niggas, who you fucking wit  
If you ain't from St. Louis, it's gone be sum shit  
They some pimp juice drinkers, who you fucking wit

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