

Phil Collins F/ Philip Bailey**"Mack Bitch Flow"**

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[Tite]

Tite bitch, out that D-3 set
The one that you don't wanna test, I'll leave you a mess
I get's respect, kick door and leaving 'em wet
When the flow is in effect, hell yeah I'ma wreck
And guard your grill, Tite might part your grill
When the field gets real, it's like a marching drill
Left-right-left, nigga when I swang and swing
Niggaz scared of the ring, cause I'm the knock out king
I'm the shit, you call me the king of the porch
Lex Coupe slabbed out, with a V-12 horse
Lower your voice, cause it'll be a ICU
When I see you, best believe bitch you threw
A gun chooser, call me a face and chest bruiser
Enough for one hitter, best believe I'll do ya
On the mic I'ma wreck, cause I go non-stop
I'm automatic on this bitch, like 17 shots
I'm endo blowing, slabbed in a tinted Yukon
From Texas to Tucson, the weed get blew son
Tite gon hold it down, cause I'm ready to rip
Red beam with a scope, if fools ready to trip

(*talking*)

Yeah what it is, this Tite
To book me, holla at me
936-293-5448, yeah

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