

Scared Of Me

Gangsta Blac

Hook (2x):

I, I, I think they scared of me I, I, I think they scared of me I think they
scared of me I think they scared of me
Shit walkin' through some razor blades, JB help me find my way
Taylor be done slipped and made a poet wid a babyface
Mastermind wid plenty game, shattered wid no sinners man
Campin' lyrical out the deal just waitin' on some money man
Screeler check my afterburn, shit I just had an ooze
Made a quick manoeuvre to enchance the dance I'm used to do
Split up all your fuckin' word, cut dem from all in your back
Platinum on my stat and trimmin' joanin' diamonds Gangsta Blac
K-see-D we're P-A-D, K-see I think it's over wit
Three Six grinnin' tap it up an artifact of rockin' shit
Hate this shit, slap this bitch, dis the bitch just like it is
'Quipped wid gamers think they doin' favours tryna knock a nig
In this for a meal ticket, ain't no time I gotta kick it
But when this is over and I smile you cannot get about,
Whoopin' lookin' thuggin' muggin' trillin' will,
Blast and blastin', if you scared,
Call the police and tell them watch your back

Hook (2x)

I keep my lyrics clocked on safety down to punish niggas daily
Down to get off in your shit, bumpin' real hard like dicks
?How been it? can't fuck wit me, playa a capital P
Light that ass man where's the fire, dangerous wid M-I-see
Technical diffi-culty, bump me out nigga no please
Pass me some ah that green weed, I show you how buck I be,
I am the bitch made nigga killa,
I can't stop til I make screeler nigga, go fuck around nigga,
Cut up sideways deal wid my way nigga rock the town
Stand my ground, romp around, nigga get 'em down,
Easily, we'll agree muh'fuckin' what they said
Bloody red from your head, yeh I think they scared
Nigga you scared cause when I blast your whole team fled
Me and my niggas and glocks gon' leave your body soakin' wet,
Kick, in, the, door, wit the 4-4,
Terrified when I creep, from, the back hoe
Kickin' down doors, peelin' wood up out the floor
Doin' shows and fuckin' hoes, Taylor Babies and some Mo
Father figure for a nigga daddy had to lay them low
Clearly pushin' information like they hatin' on that joan
Mentally I say disturb, troubled brain in this man
I ain't out to please, nah motherfucka in this game
Just a fact and not a act, fuck wit claimin' but do you,
Do the same chain gang, know my name, through and through
Mr.Blac, on a mission takin' time, droppin' rhyme
Thumpin' bumpin' backroom jumpin' sumthin' sumthin' for your mind
No Versace straight up thug, no Cristal, drink a bub
Like tonight maybe the mic gon' hype and place 'em where they were
Dreamin' schemin' life ain't right, every word done miss a beat
Pen and papers once I got them halloweens and trick or treats
Nigga uhh, nigga what, give a fuck, on tv,
Gimme one, for some terror motherfucker he wid me
Hook (til fade with different scratches and variations)