

## Weakest Link

Lil' Scrappy

As far as I can see you're a bitch to me You the weakest link goodbye As far  
as I can see you're a bitch to me You the weakest link goodbye  
They always askin me why I say yaa  
Cause I mean what I say and I agree with myself  
And imma keep it real, and you should keep believing  
Cause if you don't you the weakest link and you should be leavin  
Twerk that shit in the lane and my name they be screamin  
Like Michael Vick im talking shit, playin this field  
So I aint need no reason to knock you out the projects  
Juzt take your fukin wallet, im makin a fukin profit  
And you niggas can't stop me, like you tryn 2 catch my ass  
Im ready to shot a nigga when all you do is fukin pass  
The last day of class, soo aint no need to ask  
Cause I aint the teacher, I wont let you pass  
Im Don AKA, slash Corleone  
Whoo started his own shit, who put us all on  
And the bows been thrown, and the guns been cocked up  
Now the only thing left 2 get rid of you fukin talkers

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Purple tray and niggas always like to talk that bullshit  
Ima let you feel it when these bullets start to talking spit  
Rite out the barrel of my rueger at you lame hoes  
This is how it goes when my gun done put a hole  
Rite threw your dome, 'cause my chrome is my only friend  
Niggas don't pretend to be down when you wasn't in  
You smiling in my face imma stab you in the fukin back  
Dressed in all black, with the tech ready to attack  
Nigga you aint hard imma take yo ass up off the map  
Peelin niggas cap talking shit runnin at their trap  
Im realest nigga that you niggas eva seen before  
Imma let you know, I aint never been a scary hoe  
Not your average joe, left your spleen on your fukin top  
Nigga pop pop as I cock back the fukin glock  
Niggas need to start, tryn to talk down on my game  
Imma do the same, to their ass as I buss their brain

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As far as I can see man you a bitch  
You the weakest link outcha mothafukin cliq  
Jump up if you down to get hit  
And quit talking all that monkey ass shit  
Im cutting out the middle, you getting paid a lil  
This some real shit this aint no nursery ryme riddle  
Imma let him get you, rite there hit you  
They gonna hav to stich you, and the nigga ridin with you  
That's why I toss bricks, I seen da bigga picture  
Aint don't nobody miss you, you bitch can't even kiss you  
So she about to ditch you, or betta yet quit you  
Imma real nigga, but she act like she don't give a shit  
So pass me the switch, im gone off the liquor  
As far as I can see man you a bitch ass nigga  
Its time to fire up, your time expired up  
And when I pull it out, you get shot up  
My nigga

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Hey, hey, hey [fades to end]