

## By 2 Da Bad Guy

Lil Wyte

When dem boys hit the corna I'm a gonea  
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Like (skerrrrrrrr) fuck that sat goodbye to the bad guy  
(skerrrrrrrr) fuck that say goodbye to the bad guys

Commin out like hold up aw shit there go them 4's  
DJ Paul where you at been tryin to hit you on the phone  
to let you know that it's hot as cole  
all around the globe  
tippi toes what I'm flickin on  
passin by these hoe like (skerrrrrrrr)  
fuck that say goodbye to them bad guys  
I smoke weed till' I die  
I'm gon stay high  
come touch this engin pimpin  
I been crusin a buck  
got to get away from this cops they finally cross me out of luck  
the same story  
every day only of guts glory  
It's part of yo struggle if it you ain't got shit for me  
I gon' hold it down  
get my crown and keep only truckin  
civilize this industry fuck up yo truck and keep on bumpin  
this is some shit that you didn't think you would ever see  
but since we hear turn to the back of the pack and let us be  
you think we'll give up purple suryp and pimp cups  
now motherfucker this the life we like in Memphis

yeah now they got me in this cell  
cuz this crack man I sell  
In the haven boy this crack sell well  
I was in the zone 8:30 in the morn'  
them po's hit the con  
I got gone I had a tone  
with a big bag of crack  
them boy don't like that  
so I had to get down like a lack  
with 4 flats  
I'm a grayhound  
I just put the tre down  
I can't be on my way down  
so I'm gon have to put down  
ditch the rocks I had them in a machbox  
ditch the glock behind the bushes round the block  
and just like the spinners I will never stop  
like bukus and money we don made on the spot  
I make the hood hot along with the faculty and ganegreen P.A.C  
every thang we gain is green  
to the bay  
where my boy Lil Wyte stay  
Is where I damn there ran but they caught me anyway fuck