Aye Aye Aye

Aye everything ain't what it seem
Ride dirty when I'm clean
Best check that disrespect unless you want it with the King
Put a address on that shit, who you talm 'bout? What you mean?
Wanna see me in the street, better bring some extra magazine
All that flexin' and that poppin' you be doin' for the hoes
I would run up with them choppa give it to you and them hoes
I for sure stunt, keep that dough coming
Man them suckas talkin' trouble to me, I ain't know nothin'
Go!

Aye listen to me brah, don't bring that bullshit to me brah
Ain't no back and forth my nigga fuck with me, I'm torture niggas
Don't go to war unless your money right, room full of money
Hundreds not a 1 in sight, right
Aye look I can't afford a gun fight, but I can afford a one life
All of that sucka shit, you broke and now you so upset
All that shit you kick around the city, get you no respect
I know a rap beef what you want, that shit I peeped then
You such a gangsta get some money out the street then
Been in in the game 11 years, if I was such a ho
Nigga I done been exposed 10 years ago
Never been robbed, never got my chain took
Never even been hit in my face, you don't believe look!
If people lookin' at me back when I was trigger happy
There wasn't no shoutin' matches I just got to gettin' at em'

Aye everything ain't what it seem
Ride dirty when I'm clean
Best check that disrespect unless you want it with the king
Put a address on that shit, who you talm 'bout? What you mean?
Wanna see me in the street, better bring some extra magazine
All that flexin and that poppin you be doin' for them hoes
I would run up with that choppa give it to you and them hoes
I for sure stunt, keep that dough coming
Man them suckas talkin' tough but trust me, they ain't on nothin'
Go!

I swear to God another day another fuck nigga
That's why I just get that paper and be like Fuck niggas
Sucka nigga, you were tough but now you done some
I'm done talkin' push you gun wanna run some
Hate to turn yo TV on every week and see my family hustle
And everbody in yo street just see your family struggle
What happened brah, guess your connect just be like fuck'em dog
No money when I see you I see none at all
That cheque I'm chasin' after never mind them hater rapper
Make they situation sticky like a now-and-later wrapper
Been fuckin' city's up, this shit ain't shit to us
Keep on, I show these folks on tape how you a sittin' duck

Aye everything ain't what it seem Ride dirty when I'm clean Bet y'ain't go'n disrespect unless you want it with the king Put a address on that shit, who he talkin' 'bout? What you mean? Wanna see me in the street, better bring some extra magazine All that flexin and that poppin you be doin' for the hoes I would run up with them choppa give it to you and them hoes I for sure stunt, keep that dough coming
Man them suckas talkin trouble to me, I ain't know nothin'