

Lil Poppa Got A Brand New Bag

Young Bleed

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Go get that paper Lil Pop, fuck all that drama and drag
Don't stop for nuttin my noggin just put it down with a sag
I never knew nothin better than choppin cheddar for cheese
Passin my enemies, blowin in the breeze
Don't make it no murder my nigga, niggaz die young where I'm from
Sippin on redrum, poppin til the dead drunk
Make money my nigga but keep it real doe cause Soldier boyz
be stompin in steel toes, with nuttin to live foe, ya heard me fool?
That's how I come up, that's how it go down
Niggaz and bitches make the world go 'round, without a sound
We clown low down and dirty with the Dirty Dirty flippin
from a nickel bag of weed, to a thirty thirty
Holla at ya boy, unemployed, in the welfare line gettin mine
smellin like a pound of paiyan, however we shine
in blind fury dodgin the judge and the jury
They wanna beat me but can't see me cause they vision too blurry
I ride from state to state, seein them checkin my plate
It's like, everywhere you go they gotta playa hate a nigga main
I do my thang from here to Maine, like it ain't no thang (What? Uhh)
Cause see you gotta let em hang main, fuck that shit

[Maxinelli]

Nigga, get your minnnnd right, cause when the timmmme's right
Niggaz'll put yo' ass to sleep, I thinks deep (Huh bro?)
Fuck what you heard, you gots to see to believe
And if you blind to visualize a nigga chasin this cheese
Down on my knees at my bedside, sayin my grace
cause in the mornin I'll be gone a nigga makin my way, OK
I keep em jumpin like the jacks to little macks, my netti
ready for confedi and FUCK what they tryin to tell me
I'm bout to get it and the only way I know
is rappin if it don't happen I'm makin bitches hit the flo', you know
Fuck block to block hoe, it's coast to coast, and it's easy
we G and do it legit those raps with locs
On the fork but game sharper than a surgeon for scalpel
You wanna battle no hassle come let me kick it whatcha asked foe
and razzle yo' ass, nut up like heaven and hash
as my little brain's tearin the tenament blast; they pity ass
but I'm flickin my ashes stickin asses of bastards
Fieldin shit like flea flickers and kickin it with G niggaz
See what you makin with the raise at your job
is what a nigga like this here can shake two days in the mob
and I could (do what main?) be my own boss employed by the streets
I'm chasin Jakes and player haitian on Friday the 15th
with my Air Mack splendid Nike's on my feet
With weed in the air, soul secluded from the police
Cause I'm a little on the wild side, thuggin and pluggin
that make a nigga wanna jack for the fuck of it, but see
I makes peace to get the shit a nigga wish he could have
Long as you stay the fuck out they pop a brand new bag, nigga what