

Good Kush Triple C Mix

Gunplay

[Intro:]

All I keep is real niggas round me
I know real niggas that live that life
I know real niggas that get that money
I know real niggas that talk that talk
Young nigga, old soul
I'm bout to bring out my nigga Young Breed
Listen to me

[Verse 1: Young Breed]

I'm on that good kush and alcohol
Bitch I think I'm Al Capone
I do what the fuck I want
You do what the fuck you told
You a house nigga, I house niggas
You play clean ball, I foul niggas
This for all them trill niggas, no deal niggas
Just getting it in in the field niggas
Them real niggas I vouch for, they can call me at my crib nigga
Keep two freaks in my Louie sheet, keep a couple of racks in these Levi jeans
Cuban bitch, got a Cuban plug
Boy Cuban Links with these Cuban drugs
Ramada's, that's where we used to count up all the dollars
Que pasa, my chopper always keep away the robbers

[Intermission:]

Hold up, you see my nigga Young Breed?
He really get that
He really talk that
He really live that
This is Triple C
M.M.G.
Download to DJ's
I'm bout to bring out my nigga Gunplay right now
[?], it's a [?] thing nigga
Oh get ready for that
My nigga Gunplay
Step to the mic

[Verse 2: Gunplay]

My horoscope, like a horror show
My worst fear, palms under oath
And pistols jamming, or catching something from your dirty mammy
Observe the damage after popping thirty zanie's
Niggas green and everything between
I keep 'em arms limp just like this beam beam
Beam, beam
No witness to recite the scene
Just a hollow empty magazine
So sad it seems
Talking shit, what's that about
Acting like I'm a lose my title bout
I live what I write about
Bullshit, that's what all my homies died about
Full clip, new stick, I'm bout to try it out

[Intermission:]

Stop that

You see my nigga Gunplay?

You know every word he say is true

Ain't no denying that, ain't no doubting that

It's Carol City Cartel

From M.I.A., all the way to the B.X.

Specialist E.N.T., U.F.O.

Oh you know how I bring it

T.O.

[Verse 3: Torch]

Long as my bitches love me, you fuck niggas don't pay me

I don't give a fuck bout no hate, two busy counting this paper

Long as my bitches love me, I don't give a fuck how y'all feel

These niggas ain't never been real, none of y'all niggas gon' pay my bills

Seven figures, six ropes

Five traps, time to foreclose

Three choppers, two hundred low

One aim, one more

Take yours, get mine right

In the jungle you eat what you kill

I put you in the soup like Prom Night

Just to get another seat for a mill'

My nerves bad so I smoke good

My bitch bad but she fuck great

My rims new, my Chevy old

For that engine, bout seven trays

Top down so you see me clear

Parfait's in my Audemar

My bad I met Audemar, might order more with Ross on the [?]

Double M, what you know about that

On Rodeo, what you know about racks

Louie thirteen, what you know about Yack

Thirty for the watch so you know I'm strapped

But that's a given

Tryna' dodge prison

J.O.B. just over broke

Forty K every month, now that's a living