

Wrote: 2013
Song: Blakk Guyz
Album: Ghetto Poetry

V1
Im mad ass hell,kuz all da chix,
i wanna take,out 2 eat,
be trippn out,on som racist shyt,
about my hustlen ass team....
Thinkn a playa,aint good enough,
2 get dey,i-phone numba,
but dey be dressn,sexy ass hell,
trippn out,on my kolor...
Not knowing shyt,about my hustle,
when dey loven,my style,
smirkn at me,kuz how i akt,
n everynite,it goes down....
Like alcohol,inside da party,
as im spittn,deze flowz,
lookn 4 som,exotik honeyz,
dat be all,on my horn.....
Bekuz dey dudez,be handcuffn,
throwing salt,n da game,
telln dey chix,why all dey bumpn,
is my ghetto,mixtapez....
Not wantn me,2 get wit chix,
who everynite,think im funny,
n my style,so off da chain,
its hangn low,on my belly.....
Bumpn n rydaz,wit 4-18's,
going hard,n da trunk,
scaren deze bustaz,who start 2 think,
im gettn out,about 2 dump,....
Knowing about,my ruthless kamp,
all da time,gettn dollaz,
n its funny,how all deze proz,
dont want a ghetto ass balla....

V2
Now is it me,or am i trippn,
hearn chix,want a thugg,
n be gettn,wit all deze sukaz,
dat not even,from da hood....
Telln me,i aint built 2 last,
twistn up,all my slang,
gettn wit dudez,dat akt like me,
n we not of,da same race....
Stayn paid,jumpn out da ryda,
gettn high,out my mind,
dat i be squintn,like im chinese,
lookn 4 me,som dymez....
Reciten rhyme, on da microphone,
about my lyrikz,so dope,
dat everynite,deze dope-fiendz,
wanna give me,som throat....
Wondern why,i gotta hustle,
growing up,n da ghetto,
being treated,like im a crook,
rolln wit samthan,illegal....
N my people,be sayn damn,
about da jamz,i be droppn,
kuz all deze freax,i wanna bone,
be akt n like,ders a problem....
With dem twerkn,n klubz 4 me,
like dey name,Miley Cyrus,
all on my tipp,jus 2 get som fame,
playn dudez,4 dey dollaz....
Wantn 2 strip,2 all my jamz,
bumpn loud,n da function,
mackn 2 chix,who akt stuck-up,
about dem daten,dis hustla....

V3
Posen wit modelz,on magazinez,
who got som,hellafied bodyz,
now deze honeyz,is on my tipp,
only bekuz,my ferrari....
N dey thinkn,im cute ass hell,
rubbn up,on my abs,
hearn rumorz,from all dey friendz,
im everywhere,gettn kash....
Puttn out albumz,datz going hard,
4 all my geez,n da streetz,
approachn chix,of different cultu,
chekkn out,my fly sneax....
Loven dat dey,aint scared 2 date,
a ghetto thugg,from da hood,
who mo'blakkr,dan Malcom X,
gettn into it,wit lawz....
As chix be bouncen,dey applebottom
wantn a butt,like a sista,
dey be singn,like dey know Musik,
cant get me outta,dey system....
Akt n scared,2 try samthan new,
until i break it,all down,
dat where im from,startd everythin
when honeyz come,at me foul....
Haven 2 play,a jam like dis,
4 all femalez,wanna tripp,
not wantn 2 date,a real ass gee,
wit da worldz,biggest stikk.....
Itz everyday,i go 2 college,
tryna mack,2 da honeyz,
telln a playa,she not interested,
n daten a,hip-hop hommy.....

Chorus:
Dey wanna bump,our hip-hop musik,
akt n like,dey all down,
but whenever,i try 2 holler,
dey be puttn on,frownz....
Bumpn honeyz,i think is bad,
im hittn up,wit dope linez,
thinkn a playa,if im fo'real,
she dont mess,wit blakk guyz.....

