

01 ANALOG TO DIGITAL - SONG LYRICS

Fresh as fuck, with them gators on me
Like Franklin Sainte, got them haters on me
Think I'm a geek, 'til they run up on me
But out, in these streets, I got that gun up on me
Stay shiny for them thots when I'm out on the block
Cause I want them to want me
Drunk off them hops with a chic on my cock
They be wanting to flaunt me
Niggas half my age be tripping
Cause they girl and my girl
They go to school together
But, when you a fly ass uncle 'bout your pimpin
Even if your name is Earl
You tend to know a little better
You tend to roll a little different
From the smoke that you gripping
To the ride that you whipping
That money fold a little different
From the hot stock picking
To the way it be flipping
Deal with hoes a little different
From sloppy cock sipping
To the ones that be tripping
Deal with foes a little different
From ignoring they decisions
To the full glock clip in
Niggas try to find us, they gonna wind up
Fucking missing
Need to mind your business
Instead of trying to listen
While I'm fucking vixens
Tend to your crops
Avoid them fucking cops
And never give in
Do what you want to do
But when you got some dependents
Gotta make you a living

(Chorus)

I DONE SEEN IT ALL

From baseheads to fentanyl

From blowing trees to puffing vapes

From Dapper Dan to Bathing Ape

I DONE SEEN IT ALL

From short and slim to thick and tall

From Lincoln Nav's to Bentley's y'all

From analog to digital

If it ain't fresh out the box with labels on it

Then it's fresh off the block got my neighbors wondering

Shawty love the lifestyle have to save her from it

When I slip her that dough she do dem favors for me

I done seen it all when it come to living

Got a couple birds when it come to pimping

I be fresh as fuck these niggas simpin'

She know what's up when I slip the dick in

Got a couple windows and some pots to piss in

The A6 charged with the rims that dip in

Know some grimy niggas and the hoes that's wit 'em

Y'all talk about it, I go and get 'em

These young niggas ah put that fire on ya

Broad daylight got them choppas blowing

All up in traffic got the choppers flown in

Loud mouth niggas got the hood knowing

When it comes to the way I display all the dough

It's as low as its gone be

I don't ask where she be every second of the day

Cause I know that she want me

Keep a cup full of drank and I might puff the dank

When I'm chilling wit wifey

Keep the tool in the box and some niggas 'round the clock

For the ones who don't know me

Might see me in the pea coat black

Double breasted
Frye engineers
Just to keep it fresh'n
Never stay stressin
Always teaching lessons
Checking all my mirrors so never indiscretions
These folk better slow they role down
Dem boys that was about It niggas grown now
Don't fuck witcha if you ain't got the goods round
They got them motherfuckas in the hood now

02 FOREIGN THANG - SONG LYRICS

Chorus:

Foreign Thang

Color champagne

Teddy Pendergrass

In the deck

Dick all in her neck

Ass up on the glass

Pocket full of cash, now

How I'm gonna spend it

Got a wife, three kids and

Two more dependents

And we start them off right

Two of them got they own business

And they all know how to fight

Already had to show some kids the business

And God be my witness

He helps with decisions

See a lesser man, with a messier plan

His ass end up in prison

Nigga that ain't living (struggling)

You hustling backwards

Like the fish owns the German (puzzling)

Einstein on mathematics

Stack them stacks, fuck that credit

That's how you get indebted

Compound interest a kill your ass

If your silly ass let it

Dumbfounded like them hill billy ass

In Pigeon Forge, when we spent it

Shots for everybody! Everybody?

Shit I said it, I meant it

Ain't no chains on my wrists and neck

Shit, I'm independent

Ain't no shame in a lil flex

Long as it, come after commitments

Go out and get it how you get it

Ball like King James on these Christians
No dribble spills from these lips
shit
I really spit it!

(Chorus)

Ain't like
They got somebody to tell fem not to do it
It's like
They got somebody to tell 'em how they knew it
Try and taste a sample
Too grizzled
Barely chew i t
Measured coordinates so these lines gone point right to it
Formulate a plan and build an infrastructure
Way before the opportunity comes to even touch her
Instead you playing your safety too close
And pressing them corners
So when they spread 'em out or go deep
They scoring on ya
The most dangerous
A pubescent teen wit' no dreams
Repeat the process till routine
Know what I mean
Melodic turn occasional's to fiends
Pull out the beam
Precise when I aim for that dough
Like Goldstein
See I ain't never had no time for no negative nourishment
Ain't no spots left for fools who ain't out here flourishing
When I'm teaching, they listen close
Got these cats curious
Foreign thangs gone have these niggas confused and furious

(Chorus)

03 REMIDIONE - SONG LYRICS

I'm done being respectable
Only to get it back at levels that's undetectable
When son hit the scene the ensemble be exceptional
The attention to detail causes an attraction for females
Cross-stitching on them seams let 'em know what it retail
Run wit an air tight click
No leaks
All in
I bet my life on it
So when a move get slick
Or a bitch be thick
Whole squad huddle up
Like the play from Mike Vick
I try and tell these young ones that it's open season on ya son
The boss mentality and the swagger
They can't handle it
Every situation that ain't right
Don't need a hammer kid
In my lifetime I done seen all kinda grime
From the caked on crust
To one's of the petty kind
So I grabbed the steel wool
And began to clean the dirt out
No nigga syndrome
My seed Imma let him shine
Like my bride to these foot dragging hoes who wanna show out
A couple years gone by, Time to pull the dough out!
Pick up a couple thangs that turn heads when we go out
Everything legit
Paper work and shit
Been down plenty of dark roads
But ain't never chose the poor route

(Chorus)

Whatever happened to the
Whatever happened to the
Whatever happened to the MCs

Got money on my mind when son hit the scene
Making moves with my mind like I was born on Tatooine
Niggas playing with light sabers
But I'm hoping the light will save ya
From the dark side, not your Blackness
Get these KraKKers to pay ya
Low tolerance for slackers
That's how they enslave ya
Niggas keep your lawn tight
And be a good neighbor
Don't be so quick to be suspic'
When they ask you for a favor
There's power in your Black voice
Darth Vader, Jaffe Joffer
We kings in this bitch
You ol Ronald McDonald ass niggas
Walking around with a grimace
Me and Boogie a team
Like hot sauce and collard greens
Duck confit and poutine
Beer and chicken wings
I got the brain of a god
You a lame and a fraud
Y'all MCs square, I'm light years ahead of yall
You want beef we got bulgogi
Really want it bring that Kobe
That Wagyu, that Black Mamba!
You can't even fuck with the old me
Don't let me tag Infinite Sick
Come off the rope with a back flip
That nigga WILD! you a child with that Lil wack shit
You a Lil' rap-ist
And yes the rape is implied
We know how them house niggas do as soon as they get inside
The audacity of these KraKKers
Calling they little game The Masters
We from Augusta, par for the course, is Mercedes and Pastors
But we ain't Troy, and we ain't Tony

**We the truth, y'all niggas corny
You fatherless sons and we old dirty bastards!**

04 FUK YEAH

(Chorus)

So fuck yeah

Fuck yeah!

Fuck yeah.

Fuck yeah!

And when we run up, haters silent, we ain't taking no losses

So fuck yeah

Fuck yeah!

Fuck yeah.

Fuck yeah!

I represent that Dirty South, better watch your mouth moving targets

So fuck yeah.

Born and bred in **Georgia**

Where ah

Them niggas a **fold ya**

And ah

Them hoes might **know ya**

If ah

It's dough you **holdin'**

Where some

Gotta make them **quota's**

Making them **donuts**

Serve them biscuits wit' a 2 **piece**

Gotta mix that **soda**, a lil' cold **water**

Gotta stretch it so them ends **meet**

Bad Asian **blazed** up

Toes out, **splayed** in da **front seat**

Uptown, tartare, braised greens

Duck **leg** come **confit**

Done had 'bout 4, 5 **neat**

Shit! Nigga know **me!**

Todd Snyder cashmere mauve chinos

Baume & Mercier **timepiece**

(Chorus)

Augusta, **GA**
Where the
Bitches be **gorgeous**
And the
Niggas might **force ya**
To uh
Pull out them **toasters on 'em**
Pull out the **coasters, for the**
Vodka and **sodas, for the**
Little **chics** with little **bits**
Inhale that **Yoda off 'em**
They sucking on BIG **sticks**
Inhaling got 'em **coughing**
Everyday a replay
We do this shit so **often**
Been ready for **game day**
Ain't bout that **play play**
Don't give two bits 'bout what a bitch say
If ain't 'bout bizness then I'm busy

(Chorus)

I'm talking that shit I'm walking that shit
I'm **talking** that **shit**
I'm **walking** that **shit**
Its Half Deck in this **bitch**
And if you **flinch**, we don't **miss**
We taking a chance **everyday**
And that's a risk I must **take**
Coming straight from Augusta, **GA**
My mind **spray**
Better make **way**
We off the **chain** like a **pitt**
We make **hits**
When we we under the **booth**
Spit that red shit 100 **proof**
I'm off the **roof**, fuck 'em!
They fake **too** $\times 3 = 6$

Don't get caught in the southern **matrix**
We make **hits**
I have no time to argue over **bullshit**
Stupid is as stupid **does**
And I got a **buzz** on the mic
That'll make you go home and **write**
Me and my team we been **tight**

(Chorus)

I moved to **GA**
Where um
Them wolves is **on ya**
And uh
Goons on the **corner**
With them nickels, dimes and **quarters**
They some
Ignorant niggas
Ain't too good at taking **orders**
And you don't want to see them niggas Talking to your **daughters**
Cause uh
She just a **lamb**
Getting ready for the **slaughter**
And uh
Niggas go **HAM**
When the pigs get out of **order**
Now you fucking with some **forces**
That'll make your life **shorter**
Represent 706
So watch it when you cross the **border**

05 WATER - SONG LYRICS

(Chorus)

Whoa! Nigga hold up!
That ain't what you sold us
That ain't what you told us
That shit don't hold no water

I get 10 times the licks
Cause I mixed, mine with baking soda?
This a presidential order
We just trying to meet quota

The White House need dark money
For black ops in a bloody war
Gave direction to Ollie North
Who's moral compass said fuck the laws

Hit up the cartels for hella cocaine
Shipped it to the states via CIA
Got niggas to rock it up and been
Locking up the same since that very day
You see how they?

Provide the water, supply the dirt
And get mad at niggas when they make few pies
And when they daughters, get mud on they shirt
Then them KraKKers wanna act surprised

And no surprise, when they got caught
Lil Ollie got a pardon from his jelly bean boss
Nigga that shit didn't even make it to court
And brown and black people still payin' the cost

Still losing lives and taking losses
Still crucified on burning crosses
Still telling lies, set us up to fail
And nobody went to jail 'cept the Ricky Rosses

Just trying to fill the cracks that you left
Can't break mommas back watch our step
Get to the finish for we run out breath
Snatch a few crumbs while there's something left

From the white bread, to the salty KraKKers
All the way up to the upper crust
Black folk swim AND walk on water
Jesus!
Pipe us into prisons and they call it just us

Kill our leaders and mislead us
Knowing damn well you a follower
Lead you out the desert to the water
And you tried to leave us there with the cholera?

(Chorus)



06 NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS

(Chorus)

Straight off the **top**, *flow* be raw like *blow*
Straight off the **block**, melt right in your *nose*
Bust to the touch have your whole shit *froze*
Line after line 'til she take off them *clothes*

This aint no prose, this that **POETIC**.
That I can't believe that nigga **said it**,
like, no matter how much they took from us
they gotta give us niggas **credit**,
but, while we **fighting** they **rewriting**.
Put they name on what we **invented**.
So now we take them out the loop.
I'm sure that's not what they **intended**.
Never thought so many niggas had the nuts to go independent.
Nuts how these niggas get all these coins and take it right back to them
krackers to **spend it**.
The **-ist** in **artist** implies that you make some **art**,
but **bullshit** and the latest hits is getting harder to tell **apart**
than transgender **chics**, especially when they **hot**,
or red and **blue**, Pennsylvania **Avenue** or **Crenshaw Boulevard**.
They like bloods and crips in **congress now**.
Fighting for them flags, ain't no way for **progress now**.
In the land of good and plenty where apparently black folk came from
cows.
If I had change for a twenty, I'd buy your bitch ass right **now**, slave!

(Chorus)

This ain't no babbage this that **creeper**.
This that how can I find or **meet ya**.
Wit the booms and the baps.
It's melodic when it hit yo **speakers**.
Like new product when it reach them **geekers**.
Have 'em shaking bopping and **tweaking**.
The key component in your **sequence** or a flaw ass when you **see 'em**.

But **nowadays** they keeping pace with them **trivial ways**.
That work do **PAY**. They falling in love with them criminal **ways**.

Shit Often **times** gotta take a few pulls before you know it's **prime**.
Break down these **rhymes** and each **line** gone blow like **kine**.
No matter the **crime**. Whether it's that work or of the violent **kind**.
They giving lil niggas that rope, triple life like it's cool and **fine**.
See, these fledgling motherfuckers don't comprehend how wide my **span** is.
Putting these plans in place and having it locked just like my **man did**.
Keeping my **SHIT**, tight **KNIT**, like Boast tennis **FITS**, but still **expanding**.
Eddie Kane gone bring it straight off the block. That's where the **demand is**.

(Chorus)

07 ASK ANYBODY

Comin str8 out the **mist**
A nigga back on his **shit**
Never as solid as **this!!!**
Precious metals dangling from my **wrist**
Fresh original **fits** keepin em **pissed**

YO!

Bitches be livin off **greed and spite**
But I be livin off **green and white**
Knew she was wrong
but she **seemed so right**
Aint no tellin what u **seein tonight**

When we

Pull up **hop out**
If its hot bring the **drop out**
If its not bring the **top out**
Just do not bring the **cops out**

Drippin get the **mops out**
Im spillin imperial **sauce**
Emperor KEV MAO
Cuz bitch u know Im a **boss!**

They talkin shit but these niggas aint lit
And they know they cant win
so they **carry a loss**
Im goin in and no **matter the cost**
They gave me the crown
so i **carried the cross**

Across the land, the sand , and the **moss**
Catch me walkin on the water
Givin sight to the **blind**
Turnin water to **wine**

Holdin shit down like I oughta

Cuz nigga I been bout it

(Chorus)

Nigga I been **bout it**

Calm and at ease

While they all watching me

Ask **any body**

Been sipping on teas

After smoking some trees

Achieving **god body**

Warrior pose, downward dog on them hoes

Cause my **core solid**

Shit, ask **any body**

Nigga I Been **bout it**

When them **thangs rang** now who's to **blame**

The white with the **steel**

Or the black with the **cane?**

The saga **remains**

Fuck how ya feel

When I'm gripping the wheel

I see the **disdain**

This **game**. These **bars**. My **dame**. This grip.

When I'm squeezing that ass

And grabbing them hips

Her **frame**. Ooh **lawd**. That **thang**. That fit.

I dive in that pool like I'm drunk off a fifth

If that work on the way don't rush it

This the best that you've **seen**

Ain't no thoughts of reimbursement
Lyrics weighed on triple **beams**

Be wit' some niggas that **fiends** don't like
You add in the hustle them **dreams** take flight
No need for maybes, we'll **see** or might
Taste of that cake and they wild for the night

Keep me a **piece**, whether mine or **leased**
Mild and **meek**, or down to **freak**
Wood grain and **chrome**, in da shawt or **home**
Cream or black she stay in the rack

You best proceed wit **caution**
Naturally it ain't **flossin**
Steps be like Devon **Books**
Ima king to these **rooks**

(Chorus)

Before Master **P** raised up New **Orleans**
I used words to paint **scenes**
Smoking on them grinchy **greens**
Blowing **trees**, back **seat**, parking lot of **Squeaky's**
Shit I mighta had your momma
with some dirt on her **knees**

Ask her if she know them CessAMilla boys
from back in the **day**
Or wanna know that nigga Voltz
if she like to **play**

Okay? Okay, okay!
Wake up early in the morning
And do this shit **all day**
All day? ALL DAY all day!

Be up in the middle of the night
Trying to get these songs tight

For **Wayne, Andre and Jay**

I respect the **game**, give a fuck about the **fame**
I **lay**

Me down to **sleep** or the **rhyme** to **rest**
Kane killed the **beat**, and then I **blessed**
It like a **priest** without the **molest**
Shit you ain't this good, just **be honest**

You ain't gone never come
With nothing that's **be-yond this!**
Go yonder, for I push your ass farther
I promise you son you don't want to be no target
Don't forget what I said, boy I might be your father
4th line of this **verse** if you care to bother
4th time I **cursed** in case your ass wondered
Don't make this shit **worse**
With your folly and blunders

Damn near made it to 50 without causing **no murders**
This is the warning shot, we'll discuss this **no further**

I been bout it
Stomp your foot clap your hands nigga then shout it

(Chorus)

