

Follow Deez (feat. Curren\$y & Killer Mike)

Big Boi

No one, no one will stop me Follow me into a land where Impalas squat
Young niggas with hammers and daily body drop
OGs survive, you still alive, a lot of niggas not
Smoking for my dead homies while i ride around
Follow me into a land where Impalas squat
Young niggas with hammers and daily body drop
OGs survive, you still alive, a lot of niggas not
Smoking for my dead homies while i ride around
Mannie Fresh on the beat, he put that wobble on it
He blessed the nigga the B-I-G, now watch me gobble, homie
I put the bottle down, hit the throttle, got 'em now
Sodom and Gomorrah deplorables all around my style
I'm like the bandage on mummy, I got that wrap-around
Circles on you Urkel-ass niggas who tryin' to snatch the sound
Asinine like my public company tryin' to cash me out
Catch me outside and we can see what all that yappin' 'bout
Gladiators with radiators that run hot
Impalas with 'draulics parked at the gun spot
My Uncle told me don't pull it unless you pop pop
Moptop-head-ass niggas, you get your knot rocked
I'm from Atlanta by way of Savannah, Georgia
Got Louisiana geechies whose manners are out of order
Be easy when you see me, salute me and keep it baller
My only tigers comes with stripes, I pipe it up for every bar of 'em
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OGs survive, you still alive, a lot of niggas not
Smoking for my dead homies while i ride around Got this Monte Carlo that my older homie
sold me
Had it for some years, now to me it's like a trophy
My windows up, I got my main thing rollin'
I trust her so I know she gon' do it just how I showed her
I'm only high when I'm really in the act of smoking
Cost adjourned homie, I'm back at square one
Double up son
Convertibles will make a bitch want to fuck some
And I done turned corners in a couple of 'em
Fuck on 'em, stunt on 'em, then I'm ducking 'em

Back in the studio hustlin', bitch we cook drugs in here
You was livin' under false impressions
You not really a G, dawg, you got false credit
Well, follow me into a land where Impalas squat
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Smoking for my dead homies while i ride around
Follow me into a land where Impalas squat
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OGs survive, you still alive, a lot of niggas not
Smoking for my dead homies while i ride around
Say we could do what millionaires can can can
The green Dickies suit is garbage can gram man
And what we smokin' come from Oakland via San Fran
Pound of pressure purchased, no flexin', no grandstand
Country boy proud, mayne, smokin' loud, mayne
Blowin' purp in the fire, burn pipes loud, mayne
You hear a 'skrrt,' then you hear a 'blrrt,' hit the ground, mayne
Them niggas fuckin', out of a bucket, them niggas bustin'
Over bitches, dirty bitches, flirty bitches
What's this I witness, these niggas simpin', they Winchell's pimpin'
Don't even honor, they baby mama, but pay for bitches
Ay, partner, pummel, that shit ain't playa, stop lookin' lame
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