

# My Brudda 2X (feat. Celly Ru & Trae tha Truth)

Mozzy

[Intro:]

Ayy cut the music off, everybody shut the fuck up, nigga  
My nigga lost his phone bruh, who got that shit?  
Nigga everybody get to empty they pockets nigga, for real  
This is Jay P Bangz music

[Mozzy:]

Go to war for you if I love you  
Gotta score for you and a double, I just wanna see you bubble  
'Nough said wrote across the knuckles  
Hundred ball in the duffel, organize the nickel bundles  
Ain't no doubt about it, got the nickel on us  
Bust her out blood, I think the people on us  
They forever geekin' on us  
Favorite uncle turned tweaker on us  
Pimp partner bitch bad, he been tryna keep it from us  
Keep it a hundred, I'm a hundred, I'ma keep it that  
You can always have the hoes, pimpin' need a pack  
Hell Gang Mozzy, fuck you, you don't believe in that  
Threw a half a dime in the crowd like I ain't needed that  
Gripped up, Casanova told 'em keep a strap  
We was droppin' thirty on 'em with no feedback  
Yeah, tryna cook a nigga's noodles  
Why you hidin' blood? We gettin' tired of lookin' for you poodles

My brother, my brother brother, my brother  
Call me and I'm comin' with cutters, we come to cut up  
Headshot, get your lil' hairdo done up  
You ain't got no top-ranked resume, nigga shut up  
My brother, my brother brother, my brother  
Call me and I'm comin' with cutters, we come to cut up  
Headshot, get your lil' hairdo done up  
You ain't got no top-ranked resume, nigga shut up

[CellyRu:]

Ayy check this out real fast, I'm finna take you on a ride  
Six Flags, if you don't die you better have a shit-bag  
It's murder where I lived at  
And you ain't even heard of, where you been at?  
Strip a nigga, you can't get your shit back

My feet planted ten flat  
Been on this type of shit before I did rap  
The only difference now, I got a big bag  
Niggas shot at me and missed, we actin' like they did that  
Karma play God tonight and take one of they nigs back, big facts  
If I ain't got it on me, my lil' brodie gon' shoot  
Fuck a group, it's only a driver and maybe two  
Who is you? You ain't grow up hangin' with the Ru's  
Niggas knew, I don't fuck with suckers and niggas who do  
That's on the Ru's  
Head-shooter, murder all of my problems  
Free Shotta, doin' twelve in the pen, you know I got him  
On my mama, I got you the same way that you got me  
Lil brodie bounce out of the pen, caught a body nigga

[Mozzy:]

My brother, my brother brother, my brother  
Call me and I'm comin' with cutters, we come to cut up  
Headshot, get your lil' hairdo done up  
You ain't got no top-ranked resume, nigga shut up  
My brother, my brother brother, my brother  
Call me and I'm comin' with cutters, we come to cut up  
Headshot, get your lil' hairdo done up  
You ain't got no top-ranked resume, nigga shut up

[Trae tha Truth:]

If I say it's love, better know it be unconditional  
Brother to the end, even after we leave the physical  
If I say I got you, I got you, nothin' additional  
Play with that, we out catchin' bodies like it's traditional  
Play the block like Jordan and Pippen if you ain't close to us  
Only code we speakin' is loyalty for the both of us  
Me and mine, we go against anything that's opposing us  
We don't fuck with niggas, these niggas out here be hoes to us  
Fuck 'em, we pull up, shake 'em, and dust 'em down  
Radiate 'em, we fill 'em, drain 'em, and flush 'em down  
Bet I clean up whatever, you go to touchin' mine  
Play with anything, like a Rollie, homie we bust it down  
If you gotta go then nigga I gotta go too  
Right or wrong, that shit don't matter, I'm ridin' with you  
If it's time to up the business, I'm slidin' with you  
Bond jumpin', disappear, shit I'm hidin' with you

[Mozzy:]

My brother, my brother brother, my brother  
Call me and I'm comin' with cutters, we come to cut up  
Headshot, get your lil' hairdo done up  
You ain't got no top-ranked resume, nigga shut up  
My brother, my brother brother, my brother

Call me and I'm comin' with cutters, we come to cut up  
Headshot, get your lil' hairdo done up  
You ain't got no top-ranked resume, nigga shut up

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>