

Intruder Alert

Sauce Money

Yo, who the fuck is this?
It's like 3:30
Yo, get the phone, bitch
You get the phone
Get the phone
You get the phone!
Get the goddamn phone!
Alright, damn nigga
Who the fuck is this?

[VERSE 1]

It's my nigga Deezo, "What the fuck is the deal?
Huh-huh, know me, keepin it real
Six-double-o, kid, chrome on the wheels
I got the same problem, nigga, know how you feel"
"On some real shit, Sauce, I got the kite from Neil
Word on the street, hope you're still holdin your steel
Niggas talkin bout who cats they gon' bill
Just to gain they cut, that's when your name came up"
"Oh did it? You know some more? Nigga, spit it"
"Cats hate your ass cause of your riches and digits
You probably.. know this nigga named Bobby
Sister named Ronnie with the two-tone body?"
"Cat fueled with Bacardi, throw parties every Friday
Fake lady lover, fucked his baby mother
Hit it from the back, now I'm a tough act to follow
Made her give my man head too - and swallow
That's neither here nor there, he think somethin is sweet?
Fuck yeah, we can dump when we meet
Win, lose or draw, after that I'm dumpin my heat
Lay him down flat while my music pump in the street
He got four with him, some niggas from Baltimore with him
I'mma sure hit em if he come through that door with him
Split your bladder, we spray, muthafucka
It don't matter, B-K, muthafucka"

(Pay attention to the scheme)
(Sauce muthafuckin)
(You know my style)
(Comin through, bringin you pain)

(And now you wanna act bold, but hold up)
(Pay attention to the scheme)
(Sauce muthafuckin)
(You know my style)
(Comin through, bringin you pain)
(But hold up)

[VERSE 2]

I throw hoes out when it's time to pull .44s out
Made two phone calls, bring the pros out
Badu, Bonnie, Hydro, no doubt
We get nasty like niggas in sandals with the toes out
You know Deez is down to click off eights
"By the way, son, you know that bitch off Gates?
I think her name Mimi, bitch greedy, give you head easy
Fake weave, big ass with the G-3"
"I know that chick, her real name Hillary
Used to be one of my shorties off Willerby
There's somethin right now about how you're grillin me
Don't tell me she fuck with the Bobby nigga, son, you're killin me"
"No bullshittin, that's who that nigga be hittin?
Let's post in the kitchen, when he come, start spittin
Climb through the window, make his body drop degrees"
"Fuck breakin in the crib, nigga - I got the keys.."

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[VERSE 3]

I got a problem with niggas that talk about stalkin
Souped up talkin, dead men walkin
Too shockin, cause I'm rockin cats wanna be clockin
But cock-blockin, I squeeze often
While I'm in this chick crib with both wrists locked in
No rhetoric, kid, pistols poppin
Bodies droppin, I'm just dockin
One slug, two slug, ain't no stoppin
Yo nigga, you know the drill, gees up
Marcy, where we from niggas don't freeze up
Lovin the sound of my nigga bustin the pound
When he open that door, don't be fuckin around

Right about then I heard the doorknob turn
My man gettin wild, almost dropped the burn
Bobby opened up the door, it's time to earn
Four gats in his grill, "You might wanna get concerned
Reeno, get that bitch with the bad perm
Are you muthafuckas ever gonna learn?
We all could get got - just not by you
And we all could get shot - just not by you
But right about now, tell you what I'm gonna do
I think I'm gonna go let you warn your crew
Out of respect, cause I know: you that nigga
I'm not gonna kill you - yo Deez, shoot that nigga"

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(Sauce muthafuckin)
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(Comin through, bringin you pain)
(And now you wanna act bold)

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