

Yes We Do

Turk

(Let's go, fuck wit me)
Weezy, we nigga, let's go, oh, oh, oh, oh, do it, do it
HB's nigga, we run tha streets nigga, let's go
(Oh, oh)
We run tha streets nigga, Weezy, we my nigga
(Oh, oh, uh, ha, oh, oh, oh)
HB's dawg, let's go, let's go
(Oh, oh, uh, ha, oh, oh, oh, oh)
What you know, nigga? What you know about tha streets?
(Oh, oh)
Nigga, what you know, huh? What you know? Look, look, listen
I'm like a dry rubber wit tight pussy, ya can't fuck wit me
An if ya try, I'm bustin' get it, I'm bustin'
You niggas don't amount to nothin' and me, I'm top notch, boy
Any problems I cock, glock sparks and knock out hearts
You see tha ice twink we I talk, ya blink and ya dead
I'll let a hollow tip sink in ya head, so think it over
'Fore they find ya ass hangin' over a bridge and shit
While I'm out drinkin' wit tha squad like I ain't did tha shit
I really hope ya click come back for revenge and shit
I'll make bullets drop on ya block like pigeon shit
A nigga duct tape ya [unverified] don't get me pissed
Put hollow tips in clips like chips in dip
Bitch, nigga here could flip tha script, ya not built for dat
Ya not soldiers, ya get killed for dat
I'll cock and pop one in you cattle, push your filta back
An' niggas respect tha shots, make 'em tilt your hat
(What you?)
You don't want no trouble, nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do
An' you don't want no beef, nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do
You don't wanna hustle nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do
An' you don't want no drama, nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do
My name still B.G., we it's said it rang a bell
In rich neighborhoods, middle class hoods and jails
I'm a street nigga, sold ounces of crack cocaine

If I spit it, I did it, before I got in this rap game
One of my hobbies is beef, do that for pleasure
It's nothin' to bust a head, put a few wholes in ya sweater
Never get in a situation wit me involvin' guns
Never able to sleep always on tha run
One way or another you gonna come
Outta isolation, if it mean killin' ya
You thinkin' 'cause I'm rappin' and be on television
That I won't soften ya head and come split it
Close range is fake, bustin' from a distance
Tha shit I'm talkin' my nigga, I'm still livin'
If any nigga want it, can get it wit no problem
All these niggas playin' but me, I come to stop it
You don't want no trouble, nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do
An' you don't want no beef, nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do
You don't wanna hustle nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do
An' you don't want no drama, nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do
I don't play nigga, better watch what ya say, nigga
'Cause I fuck up ya day, nigga
Wit this K nigga, I gets very low down
Give a fuck about a nigga, hit 'em wit fifty rounds
I'm from uptown, young and thuggin' since I was small
Grew up around killas, hung wit tha big dawgs
Nigga we play it raw as it go, were I stay
Run ya mouth too much, get found in a hall way
Wit a head shot, look that's how niggas get it
Keep it on a tuck, nobody know who did it
No evidence, no witness, you just assed out
Busta ass nigga, you just assed out
Fuckin' wit a guerilla, ah untamed one at that
You leave ya house in ya want, I bet ya won't make it back
You could believe that, look betta get it right
Get it twisted if ya want, I betcha gonna loose ya life nigga
You don't want no trouble, nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do
An' you don't want no beef, nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do
You don't wanna hustle nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do
An' you don't want no drama, nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do

(Uh, ha, yo ,yo)

All I know is dope slangin' and gang bangin'

Inglewood Cali swangin' and hood hangin'

I'm a ghetto nigga, saggin', starched and creased

Wit everythang fa' sale from a ki to a quarter piece

Like Baby, tha bird, got tha game on lock

An while them youngstas workin' tha block, I'm, cookin' a flock

I'm ballin' and if I'm beefin', I layed for 'em

But tha murders committed recently, I paid for 'em

I got a crew of noodle knockers that'll wait in tha bushes

Wet, you up and have you bitches blood runnin' like douches

I'm bout murda, murda, dope, dope, leave bitch niggas, no hope

Don't need a red beam 'cause we sight 'em wit tha scope

Yeah, you talk that shit, then grab a gun nigga

But if Mack call tha shot, it's good as done nigga

'Cause tha base from tha fo' fo' be bangin' like a drum

An it's cash Money blood, so fuck where you from, nigga

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