

Commercial

The Super 3

[master p]

Yo los, take us to a commercial

While we stop to get high

Y'all check out the young guns, ya heard me? Check this out..

If you have four ounces and you fronted your boy two

And he gave a half to his boy

And the police raided the spot then he flushed one and a half

And he ask you for one mo'

What should you do if you was in that position?[young guns]

Nigga fuck that! I ain't bout to let the shit slide

It's time to ride, time for these niggaz to die

We don't just rap - everything we say is for real

Time to let the gauge discharge, and murder that kill

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Time to let the gauge discharge, and murder that kill Tell them bitch niggaz - they can keep from around

This is family now, I give a fuck about you clowns

Young guns holdin it down, quick to bust a few rounds

? ? our sound, tell my niggaz and my bitches

They'll drop in the storm, tell them boys it's on

And these niggaz gettin they ass torn, fuck bein warned

This is a street ? ? , I promise to die violent

Now I start wildin, until you bitch niggaz are silent Nigga fuck that! I'm bout to send these niggaz life back

They talkin shit about my fam and I don't like that

You know how I react, so why you wanna beef?

It's time for me to say my prayers, and hit the streets

Bullets about to hum, bitch niggaz gon' get numb

Here come ? ? down the block nigga don't try to run

I ain't lettin it slide I caught him slippin and him twice

Next thing you that nigga was on the ground, shakin like dice These niggaz fail the test so nevertheless I split yo'

chest

Fuck the rest!

I come through to spit, to show you niggaz what I manifest

A y.g., so I breathe toke three, ? ?

Bullets at you busters please, don't try to test these

Pistol packin niggaz in our town

You get them hot thangs laid in your mouth

My niggaz seek you out no doubt

All about my salary you niggaz ain't gon' handle me
I'm tired of stressin, and all these niggaz pretend they got me vexed[young guns]
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