

Way Too Many (Featuring the Outlawz & Stew Deez)

Layzie Bone

Ooh that is funky, that's funky
Like nine cans of baby powder, that's funky
We run in yo' crib and we go in yo' pockets dawg
Y'all niggas ain't ready for war
We been doin this shit since 'Pac and Eazy
Y'all better just open the door
Cause anything else'll get you handled dawg
Might as well turn them cameras off
When Nationalville was lookin at y'all
I make it to where you can never floss
You niggas is soft and lame to me
Comin to change this industry
Back to the way it used to be
When niggas was really out runnin the streets
You niggas be practicin duck and hide
Killas be down for the buck and ride
I said what I mean, that's from inside
Where the thug shit, will never die
I'm a thug, he a thug
Better show some love for the Thug Brothers
In the hood or in the club we the realest motherfuckers
You can meet meet meet, hit up Noble on the mobile
Forever we soldiers takin shit over
With a heater from your shoulder
Nigga we blowed up plus we older now
Seven figuers we hold it down
For my bigger brother on lockdown
Which one of you haters wanna clown?
Round for round, pound for pound
We puttin it down regardless mayne
L-Burna just came to spark the flame
Wonder how long we the hardest mayne
Now this is once said by my Thuggsta O.G
He said Stew Deez I love the haters cause they hatin on me
That's when I learnt the game I got the fame, I brush these haters off me
Man I move so smooth cause I'm that dude, I'm a one man wreckin crew
There's way too much drama, and not enough love
There's way too many haters, and not enough thugs
There's way too much drama, and not enough love

There's way too many haters, and not enough thugs
Pay attention lil' nigga, you should hear this man
From a block entrepreneur, the businessman
We Thug Brothers, real niggas gotta feel this man
Outlawz, Lil' Layzie Bone killin it, damn
Young Noble I'm calm and casual, but don't be fooled
By my attitude, I ain't got nuttin to prove
I done been there and done that, went there to run that
Walk around lookin for anybody to gun at
A high school dropout but always passed
My street smarts had a nigga way ahead of his class
I'm ahead of my time, heavily with dead-ily rhyme
I steadily grind, bag it up, slangin them dimes
And I ain't never been a jail nigga, you could tell nigga
I'm on the streets stackin bread for my bail nigga
I live my life with the Thug nigga until the day I die
Live my life as an Outlaw, believe I'm gettin high
Now you could get yo' walk on to this one here (yeah)
Throw that shit up, like you just don't care
It's the 'Lawz and Layzie and we, all hood
Comin with them thangs, we wish y'all would
All we ever had, was pieces of a dream
Tryin to, keep it straight, like creases on the jeans
Livin in the gangsta lean
Tryin to get enough cream to feed my whole muh'fuckin team
Now - as I sit back sippin this 'gnac
Tryin to figure out some mo' ways to get me the stacks
You ain't gotta lie nigga, just give me the facts ho
Cause one way or another I'mma get what I ask fo'
Game recognize game and I got plenty
Switch the game on you lames when I show you the semi
Anytime, anywhere nigga I stay ready
Keep heaters on me heavy like a old school Chevy
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