Triflin' Nigga

King Tee

{*opening skit: man talking to girlfriend in car*}
[m] you won't have to worry about anything when you're with me
[m] cause i'm.. (?) reliable (?)
{*while he's speaking, thug runs up and opens his car door*}
[t] nigga whassup nigga? get out the car nigga!
[t] give me your jew-els, fool!
[m] what, what do you want from us?
[t] you and your bitch, nigga!
{*car door slams*}
[t] get out here.. nigga you better get off this motherfucker punk
[m] look.. look out baby
[m] I'm not givin up anything! you're just gonna have to..
{*gun blasts*}"screamin!"{*second skit: argument between thugs over money*}
[1] where my motherfuckin chips at nigga?
[2] yo homey I already told you nigga I'd have it friday nigga
[1] man fuck what you told me nigga!
[2] what? ! nigga, fuck you motherfucker
[1] nigga what's happenin then nigga? nigga!
{*beatdown starts*}
[2] awww shit!!
{*beatdown continues*}[king tee]
I gotta leave this crazy place, but my feet won't budge
The niggaz always ask am I a crip or a blood?
I am what I am and that's all I can stands
I can't stands no more so i'ma scram
Sell me a couple of ki's and buy a crib far away
A place that the map don't say
Cause I'm gettin kinda timid, at first I was with it
Talk about jack moves, I did it
I took cars, snatched jewelry, and boy I'd run
With the colored rag over my gun
And there was times I had to pop fools {*blam*}
Because they didn't believe that the glock rules
When I say get out, get out! and I might not shoot
Then I'm off to put your dayton's on my coupe
But nowadays I have to figure
What goes around comes around for the triflin nigga{*third skit: g's discussing a hit*}
[1] there the nigga!
[2] nigga nigga fuck that, I'm gonna shoot this nigga right here

[2] man, watch this
{*gun being cocked sounds*}
[2] I ain't got time to be playin with this motherfucker nigga
[2] show this nigga what time it is nigga
[1] yo yo hold up
[2] nigga watch out nigga
[1] come on man
[2] nigga watch out nigga {*incomprehensible*}
[2] fuck that nigga man, fuck that nigga
[1] we don't need to get indicted
[3] yo yo the nigga got a gat!!
[2] nigga fuck that nigga nigga! nigga fuck that nigga!
[2] nigga fuck that nigga!
{*blam! blam! blam-blam-blam!*}
[2] nigga fuck that nigga!![king tee]
Back in the days I used to stand on the block with my box
Watchin my boy run up to cars and sell rocks
He was young and bold, lot of money and gold
Kept a gat on hold in case suckers tried to roll
A car stops, he trots, yellin here comes the cops
He's only sixteen, but he's braver than his pops
His mother and father, smoke crack like I drink brew
Survival's on his mind so he serves them too
School isn't important, he's importin big packages
Across the border, a little shorter than a million quarters
All the women ride his jock like a jockey
He says "i'm on top, there ain't a cop who could stop me"
But confidence, is his best defense
At night he carries a gauge he fit inside of his trench
He says "a punk try to run up, i'ma pull the trigger"
What goes around comes around for the triflin nigga!{*fourth skit: a drug deal in progress*}
[1] what's happenin man you got those birds?
[2] yo you got the money homey?
[1] aiyy man whatchu gonna ask me somethin like that fo'?
[3] look man, fuck all the bullshit
[1] man here you go right here man
[2] show the money dawg
{*briefcase is opened*}
[1] nigga, there you go, so what's happenin?
[?] I like that, we in business
[?] man - fuck you nigga, this is a jack, it's a jack nigga
[?] always gettin him, hey what's up?
[2] nigga, strip down, get butt-naked nigga[king tee]
I heard one-time wanna peel my cap
For the gangster rap to make niggaz start fightin back

But I don't even give a fuck
Pass the ak, and one-time better duck {*automatic fire*}
Cause I don't give a fuck about a piece of tin
I [*scratch*] shit off your chest and then grin
And move on to the next motherfucker
Cops ain't nuttin but the klan undercover
And they be lynchin motherfuckers up nightly
That's why they need mo' motherfuckers like me
To stand on the scene and pull the [*trigger*]
Cause I'm a triflin nigga{*fifth skit: passengers in a car*}
[1] yo yo, yo they got the lights on, that's the cops
[2] aww God damn!
[1] pull over!
[2] y'all just chill out, y'all just chill out, y'all just chill out
[2] chill out alright? here he comes, here he comes
[c] can I see yer driver's license registration and proof of insurance?
[2] what did I do officer?
[c] get get your hands on the wheel!
[2] man what did I do? what you talkin about?
[1] man fuck that nigga man
[?] blast that motherfucker, blast him!
{*blam, blam blam blam, blam*}
{*car peels out and takes off*}

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