Uh Huh

Hitman Sammy Sam

It'll be like ran over, the impact of an 18 wheeler
There's no surviving this dirty game yet I'm the killer
Finna gather my niggas, some gorillas, supply they nigga
Finna make one call, they coming to get'cha, got 'em nigga

Told them Diablos take a chill, I got this here
Mixed in the crowd, searching for ya, I'm over here
Swear to God I ain't running I ain't never been scared of no busta
You phony as hell, I'm ATL you from Augusta
We take this shit far as you want make a call on you self
We can WCW Nitro and I take them damn belts

That nigga done growed my beard, ain't he?
(Uh huh)
That nigga listed where I live, ain't he?
(Well, uh huh)

That nigga ain't real he be fakin', ain't he?
(Uh huh)
That nigga from Augusta by Macon, ain't he?
(Well, uh huh)

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Wanna know what I ride, deuce deuce's, Monte Carlo Chevy
Wanna know what's inside, AK, and I'm ready
That nigga couldn't beat me in a tennis game with 20 arms
That nigga couldn't beat me in a shootout if he had 50 guns

Any nigga try to help him and write his raps you fucking up
We walk in the Bodytap you there, you ducking us
That nigga done switch from the Nike's to them Reebok classics
That nigga got me so down packed I'm laughing at him
As far as a major company, I don't give a flyin' fuck
They ain't offering me enough, 'cause I'm looking at you ain't came up

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That nigga don't know bout my city, 'cause he's a country nigga
That nigga don't know we'll come get him, 'cause we some mobster niggas
Them niggas he got in his corner, them straight lobster niggas
We loading up ready to ride y'all, we mafia niggas

You think making a song with Baby D, make 'em put me down
Who you think crunk Oomp Camp, now who's the rookie now?
I put this rock n' roll shit against every last label
It'll be like 4 old chairs at a brand new brass table

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