Timz N Hood Check

Smif-n-Wessun

[Steele]
Smif-N-Wessun out of Bucktown startin' mad trouble
Play the Hard Rock we break yo' block down ta rubble
Perform a construction, like a storm when we rushin
Raisin' Cain, hip shots graze yo' brain
It's rippin down, like thunda, pound
Make a brotha wonda now, what otha ill shit lies underground
We got more if ya want more, dig it
But ya got ta be hardcore ta get wit' it
As a youth some called me Tone, some called me ?
Now they call me Steele cause I'm rough to tha bone marrow
You don't believe me, G, check my apparel
Dress code is bold, so feel the cold barrel
What up to all my cock strong troops in they boots
True to tha game stayin' true to they roots
That's how we choose to remain, cause we just can't change
and we won't change, still stay the same[Tek]
Timz and hood check, my crew's out ta catch wreck
Run in ya crib and bolt ya doors'll be ya best bet
Ya hear footsteps approach, as I drop the roach
Of the smoke ya can't react because ya throat is being choked
Pull yo' biscuit that's yo ticket to escape
I got the trey-deuce my crime partner got the trey-eight
I kick it hardcore so these critics try ta ban me
But I'm gettin busy like the black guerilla family
Got ta meet my man at a quarter ta nine
So we could blow this town and leave the corpse behind
We ain't many but we crazy, shady
Broke into a crib, what we did
Yes we smoked the fat lady
Smif-N-Wessun on some reality shit
Tie up ya timbs and make sure ya don't slip, nucca

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/