

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.

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