My Niggaz

DJ Scream

Bizzy Bone-Intro-
It's another Studio Rat Production. Lets' do this baby. Please believe it. Another Studio Rat Production. 7th Sign. You know how it goes. All the time baby. Yeah, mm. Yeah.
-Bizzy Bone (Hollis Jae)-Chorus-
Where would I be without my niggas? I love my niggas/ I could do it all alone, but you're mine/ I would never bite my niggas or hide my niggas, just continue writin' my niggas, you're all my life/ My niggas, I love my niggas/ I could do it all alone, but you're mine/ I would never bite my niggas or hide my niggas, just continue writin' my niggas, you're all my life
-Bizzy Bone-
Now let the breeze blow, sunroof, roll in the whip/ Sippin' on somethin saucy, smokin' on somethin' so thick/ Reppin' the 7 to the fullest, give me bullets and clips/ Niggas is trippin' on me, actin' like The Kid is a bitch/ But when I needs my niggas, I hope they don't fall off/ This is as real as it gets, who want to see if he's soft? I've been guerilla stomped, turned into a killer from that/ I seen his family, damn glad that I had my strap/ Because I've been about it, and I don't talk about it/ Shot so many niggas in the 90's it's a blessing they ain't find me/ I can floss if I wanna nigga, fuck your bitch/ Half bitch and animal, back up off me (Rowl!) so I can dip/ Fuck courteous, do you think I'm stupid? Punk bitch, I understand you put it on Capo-Confuscious/ I don't give a fuck about no Ruthless, I never talk about Bone/ Get'cha thug on, pass the Hennessy and I'm gone
-Chorus-

-Bizzy Bone-
Shit, I'm a solo artists so I do solo shit, that's just the way it is/ You like the way that the money's drippin' up off the lips, word hustla worldwide/ All the way to Cali, clear to the otherside/ Daddy's up and down, right/ Bizzy The Kid, remember that I used to hide from the Fed's with Hope and Heather/ We was kidnapped so they gave us therapy/ I used to play Mouse Trap as the psychiatrist, he stares at me/ Ya'll new millenium, and yes, I'm old school all religion, that shit you need when we was all locked up in prison/ It's like forgettin' Pac, everyone forgot Yak, and plus my nigga, T Rock, T Rock/ I've been in Los Scandalous in the tree tops/ Nigga blowin' blood at the cherry-lime six-four drop/ Side to side with the lean and the doors all locked/ That's how we ride when another place is gunned on block, you'd better believe it
-Chorus-
-Bizzy Bone-
You better believe it ain't no fairy tale/ Don't nobody pay my motherfuckin' bail, I'm goin' to jail/ With a stomach full of Hennessy, exstacy pills, and I'm a do it once/ You only live once, for real/ Fuck it, snort the cocaine, give me a drink right out the bottle/ If you give me a germ, it ain't nothin' my girl can't swallow/ Is it the first of tha month? Is this tha crossroads? You niggas is lost souls, I am the arrow stuck in the crossbow/ Suffered too many things, I did it all on my own/ Liquor was only loyal, but niggas was always gone/ Don't give me no shyste shit, don't need me no feisty bitch/ Niggas is feelin' froggish, I'll murder you with the quietness (...murder you with the quietness)
-Chorus-

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