Felony Niggas

L.O.X.

Two guns up mothafucka, two guns up mothafucka
[Incomprehensible]If P want you dead, I ain't comin' with niggas
Just a blunt and a three pound, plenty of liquor
So ya homies got somethin' to pour that's that old school shit
I ain't tryin' to put you under the floor
I'm tryin' to bang niggas over the clouds
And I heard you say you rich so you can't get lower than styles
Kill everybody dead just so noone can smile
Play the streets my whole life and I been flowin' a while
Biget I rock, ever since my nigga was shot and my other nigga
Was shoot shit I'm tellin' the truth
If I lie, may I die in the middle of the verse
My niggas hustle from first to first
Twelve months in a year
Gun on your waist, blunt in your ear
Pat in your sock, trade at the back of the block
With a fein watchin' for knorx till the shit get dark
We hoop ride, instead of the six
While you lookin' for a bitch, we lookin' for a brick
That we can cook by six and give the whole block a fix
Catch me on T gettin' sixty a shift
Holidy styles, nigga I ain't nothin' but streets
Just as hard as the shit, that be under your feet
And the only time I front is with a blunt and a beat
To show niggas that I'm nice and they ain't fuckin' with me
Felony niggas cop cock heavily niggas that'd arm rob seventy niggas
You know murderin' niggas you want doe, they servin' you niggas
Stay on fifth, gettin' swervin' on niggas
You know whether we ride or we die we gonna get this
All I know is drugs and guns and plenty of weed
And that bitch that suck dick and niggas that bleed
And if you're rich before you go get a watch and a drop
You better hit the court house and go bail out the block
If your son ain't worth shit niggas'll smuggle your daughter

I come through in a porshe the same color as water
I got weight, what you want I can cover the order
They call me boss when I cross the border
Six shot caught her? I hear niggas say my face is screwed

But I'll put six in your stomach nigga lace your food
Scream fuck every rapper that hate that I'm rude
But that's that SP shit, you can take it or move
We can let the bullets spill, till we all get killed
There's only six nice rappers if you wanna be real
Niggas die everyday from talkin' that dumb shit
That where they're from shit
All that mean to me is you can get your gun quick
Just another dumb bitch
Go to church to get the holy ghost
I did my dirt and got the holy ghost
Look at the world through a niggas eyes
Don't be a bitch, you gonna live and die
Rivin' in the sky, but no love when you slither by
I pray to god that we make it to heaven
But the only thing we makin' is channel eleven
You know four, five and seven, hot as fuck
And every rapper be dead, if they were hotter than us
But since niggas still alive they should be tellin' you somethin'
You ain't hear from holiday, he ain't tellin' you nothin'
You know cocksucker
Felony niggas cop cock heavily niggas
That'd arm rob seventy niggas
You know murderin' niggas you want doe, they servin' you niggas
Stay on fifth, gettin' swervin' on niggas
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