

# Silly Niggaz (feat. Interlude & Uneek)

## Angie Martinez

On any day, in the hood  
In front of any building, you can find some chicks  
And what will they talk about? Niggaz  
Yo, yo get the fuck outta here  
Yeah, that fuckin bum motherfucker  
Pico and shit from around the corner, that nigga be wildin  
Uh-huh, yeahI know this player named Ricky, push an 850  
Light-skinned, slim, with a head like Sticky  
All you gotta do girlfriend is slip a mickie  
And in a quickie, Ricky turns into trickyAiyyo but what about his man? 'Cause named Stan  
Run around town in the plush Benz van  
Ice all around his Rolex band  
But runnin his mouth bout his credit card scamsYeah jerk that nigga, I heard of that nigga  
The crew of quick niggaz wanna murder that nigga, shit  
He must be listenin to too much Jigga  
Buddy Longdough, he got no figuresYo, aiyyo I know you know Ralph, up on T (?)  
He a Puerto Rican cat, yeah you know he eat out  
Walk around town with the weed and heat out  
And he loco in the coco, dank weed outAll over the world, niggaz got a story to tell  
Is you fly as fuck, or you broke as hell?  
What set you claim nigga, is you thug or what?  
What set you claim nigga, is it love or what?Rude bwoy name Brian, nigga stay lyin  
Got regular, but he swear it's Hawaiian  
Part time dealer, part time client  
Smokin up what he should be supplyinAnd yo that kid Black, don't know how to act  
Wanna keep the Timbs on when he hit it from the back (oop!)  
Pullin on my hair, almost loosened up a track  
But I like that kid, he can keep comin backEverybody back up, back up off the ropes  
All you silly niggaz are gonna have to back up  
We're gonna need all silly niggaz to back up off the ropes  
Move back back back back

Songwriters

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