

# If It Was Me

## So Solid Crew

crikey!  
So solid  
Oxide, G-man, Lisa Maffia, MAC  
crikey!

-whispers-  
(Why ya want to know, if it was me?  
What ya gonna do, if it was me?)

To my niggaz, kinda figures  
With their fingers, on the triggers  
To my niggaz, kinda figures  
With their fingers, on the triggers  
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With their fingers, on the triggers  
To my niggaz, kinda figures  
With their fingers, on the triggers

-whispers end-  
Yo I'm spittin', if it ain't said then it's written  
I fight my mother for the flows that I'm givin'  
Never give in, bust shows never missin'  
Mad shots to ya chest, learn a lesson  
Your mother's at home and she's sweatin' and she's frettin'  
Talk to the Feds, then she's missin'  
Say my name, then she's missin'  
Spoil my game, then she's missin'  
I'm gonna get 'er when she cookin' in the kitchen  
At night, in her bed when she kippin'  
My gun's rippin', yo there's no slippin'  
My gun's rippin', yo there's no slippin'  
When I'm blazin' I'm grazin'  
Burnin' bodies like raisins  
Puttin' bodies in basements  
And your crew is erasin'  
Well white domination  
So solid amazin'

I know what's comin' though, it's more dough  
Flossin' my clique, spittin' my flows

This is my dough, my flow's  
Keepin' niggaz on their knees and tha bitches on their toes  
You see my dough, uh no no  
First lady lettin' all'v her chicks dem know  
Dem know, dem know  
Keepin' niggaz on their knees and tha bitches on their toes

Why ya want to know, if it was me?  
What ya gonna do, if it was me?  
Now I'm

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