

What U Niggaz Thought

Celly Cel

Gots some Bill like bitches on the under
Tryin to keep it on the slunder 'cause I made you wonder
If I was down 'cause I rap, now what that mean?
I'm bouts to raise up out the hood & leave my 17
Shot glock on the block like I want peace
The only peace I'm gon' get is when I'm deceased
(So you still punkin) Yeah if I got to
Trigger finger itchin & I just might pop you
Glock to a muthafuckin head in the 9-5
(Oh, so you gon' buck 'em down just so you can stay alive)
I thought you knew, but these fools keep crossin me
And I be feelin' like the devil got lost in me
When I flash
(So nigga you a killa)
Mamas & babies, they say I'm crazy 'cause I give a
Nigga one chance not to fuck wit me
'cause when you fuck wit me, I gots to take your whole family
(Man you sick) Naw, I ain't got shit to lose
It ain't no rules, I been locked up in county blues
All they can do is send me to the pen with a lunch
To get my ?
And walk the yard with my folks
I'm gettin smoked
But the judge give me 25
When I get caught, I'mma blast
What you Niggaz Thought[Kevin] (Celly)
1 - Bring the chalk (Bring the chalk)
Scrape the bodies off the asphalt
(Scrape the bodies off the muthafuckin asphalt)
It's on when you're in my zone
What you niggaz thought (What you niggaz thought)Repeat 1
[Celly]
(Man, you nationwide, why you still kickin' it?)
'cause niner ross got a 30 round clip in it
And we can take 10 paces then draw
'Fore you turn around, I take 2 & blow off your jaw
Ain't nothin fair in the hood
I dare a nigga to stare at the barrel of my hair pin trigga & square up
Watch his body flare up like some ?

Heart pumpin' cool-Aid
Now he's sweet as sugar kane
(I thought you was quiet but now I see you in the violence)
Killas don't talk, real niggas move in silence
And I'mma silently creep up on these niggas slowly
And split the funeral money, ???
Homie don't ya know me?
I'm that nigga wit the weapons
why'all can have them hoes, I'm thinkin fuck the Smith & Wessons
Just feel my nuts and get to splittin half a bloody bath
Is what you get for crossin my path as I bail & laugh
(Niggas like you get smoked everyday)
I'm one of the walkin dead any-muthafuckin-way
(I don't even trip when them fools be muggin me)
They want to see the thug in me, dead with a slug in me
It's do or die, slip, creep or be crept on
Makin 'em swallow 32 hollow tips when the swept on
Rollin wit they heater
If fools get smoked, it ain't my fault
Plottin & catchin a mutha-fucka slippin
What you Niggaz ThoughtRepeat 1
Repeat 1[Celly]
(What they be thinkin when they see you creepin through the streets?)
They want to split me, but they know I'm boxin wit my heat
And under my seat, it's in my lap, I got it cocked back
Whatever the destination, can't be loose
'cause they be peelin' caps
(Yeah, I feel you) Naw, I don't even feel myself
So quick to blast, I can't get smoked unless I kill myself
(Damn) I lost my mind when I bought my nine
Fill it up with a thirty round clip
Like thallon tips all on your blind
Say throwin them thangs
So fool, put your hands down
Bailin through your hood, then catch you slippin wit your pants down
'cause when you slip, you're put to sleep, it ain't no wakin up
I got these Betty Crocker ass niggas cakin up
Peakin out the window, smoked like indo
Smoked like ?
The shit that get you stuck when you see me raisin up outta the bush
(So you be creepin on the late night, right)
Naw, the best way to kill a nigga is in broad daylight
(Like dat) I thought you knew me but you went soft
Now it's 'bout time I cut your mutha-fuckin water off
Stompin in my steel-toes, bailin wit my H.I. double L. west niggas

Puttin why'all to rest niggas
Bring the chalk, scrape the bodies off the asphalt
It's on when you in my zone
What you Niggaz Thought Repeat 1
Repeat 1

Songwriters

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