

Smash (feat. Spice 1, Bad Azz, & Low Lifes)

Outlawz

We got Bad Azz in this mother fucker
(Outlawz)
Spiggity Spice 1 in this mother fucker
(Oaktown)
The Low Lives in this mother fucker
(Still thuggin')
You know the Outlawz in this bitch
(Ha, hah, it's on) Once again another fat nigga fried
Do a drive by if you wanna fuck with mine
'Cause we swallowed inside
My feet stuck to the ground And ain't shit that move me
Dog, I'm heavy bound
And I done seen niggaz get touched by the pair
Runnin' they mouth with only one to the ground I blow my shit 'cause I can back it up
Fuck poppin' the trunk
Let's throw some hands up
Now how many real niggaz gonna stand up? I thought so, niggaz better shut up
I'm five, six, heart's bigger than me
But I'll fuck you up so destructively
Thoughtfully, my mack ten pop for me Got my glocks with me, come ride my block with me
Intoxively, I bought that Hennessey
Come ride with me or homicide with me
Outlawz nigga Shit a nigga still breathin' hard from the last song
'Cause out here it's either mash or get mashed on
Rest in peace to all those who done passed away
(R.I.P)
'Cause with the beat that's in the streets life don't last long All in between you need to eat, you need some wheat
You needs to heat, the beat
'Cause you's a condone savage street to shit
You got to mash to sleep a week or snooze
Stay on my feet, I'm tryin' to keep 'em in some shoes Stay outta jail, this nigga fucks hard and twos again
Let's get this money like we ain't never got it again
Let's keep shootin' 'em like we ain't never shot it again
You got your life but you promised to die Life is death at the end, you put the rest inside
Life is death at the end, you put the rest inside
(Come on) Life's short young nigga, get your mash on
Hustle on little nigga, get your cash on
If you see death around the corner, get your blast on
You gonna die anyway, life don't last long We still feelin' pain from the last song

Shit, we still feelin' rain from the last storm
Homie either mash or get mashed on
Little nigga either blast or get blast on I see how you got to play it now, you got to lay it down
And clown for your crown, have respect now
That's a test just to see if you gonna bring it to 'em
Then come a whole lot of please when you bring it to 'em We keep it movin', motivation is the money
Ability to feed niggaz hungry is so lovely
But that ain't it, we got some soldiers locked down
It's been perfect for what we doin' when they drop down It's hot now and we right up in the thick of it
Picture this, all of us, eatin' chips
Sittin' on the porch by our house, leavin' something in a stash
How do we outlast? Always keep cash Sittin' on the scene with the nine
Never would of thought I'd be gettin' mine
Bossilini, straight murder dog
Plotted my magazine, master cream Disintegrate niggaz who blast me
He didn't know I was trapped
He didn't know I was ready
Plug a hole in his chest And check out with the niggaz vetti
Do a dirty shit, smokin' bomb on the dock
Cut your ass up in pieces, throw your meat to the sharks
I got that, hold up Got a glock and I be puttin' niggaz in comas
You's a mother fuckin' fool
'Cause you dyin' for runnin' up on me You want beef bitch nigga, see me face to face
After the case, my niggaz travel state to state
I'm on a mash with case so I can't procrastinate
There's so many lives in state, lord, I'm always gonna take My fate keep guessin', Smith and Wesson stressin'
The lesser the charge, the shorter the yard, I'm dodgin' bullets
Rest in peace to those who couldn't, I'm not gonna run
Keep on mashin' and keep on blastin' I'm lastin' my time here
Nigga I'm a be a legend in my own time 'fore a die here
You wanna smoke, I'm a note to keep my mind clear
And every nigga that I know mash with no fear
Come on Life's short young nigga, get your mash on
Hustle on little nigga, get your cash on
If you see death around the corner, get your blast on
You gonna die anyway, life don't last long We still feelin' pain from the last song
Shit, we still feelin' rain from the last storm
Homie either mash or get mashed on
Little nigga either blast or get blast on A yo, I takes no, no slope, that slope
Livin' with no breath, who wanna go next?
No stretch when it's time to sprint
Time limited, they want my life but I ain't givin' it Outlaw, Low Lives, taking your life
We blow mics and I'm breakin' in with soap dice
I'm baitin' now, the nigga you hate now
Full steam ahead, my beam is red Niggaz wanna fight dirty

I'm clean as them
Stay hurtin' in the part
You wanna bleed instead? I'm Mister Shorty to the K, the K, f-fantastic
And I'm out here mashin' like a nation wide assassin
I'm kickin' ass and takin' names later
Better yet, call me Shorty, the motivator dominator Great rhymes sayer, whole cappa drug dealer
Low Life nigga, I'm twenty one and gettin' bigger
Roll with niggaz, mine's as big as nine figures
Yeah, them low life niggaz, them five, five niggaz, nigga You'll get high, roll by, once in a while, I see ya lovin'
my style
You know I can take it, roll with a stand by for nothin'
Divide, lay low until the ride be out
The four, five on the ground, forty and out
To fourteen days hard time, Low Lives Life's short young nigga, get your mash on
Hustle on little nigga, get your cash on
If you see death around the corner, get your blast on
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Songwriters

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