Nice

Manors

Ayo Earv,
Fuck is wrong with these niggas man?
Talkin' 'bout I ain't a fuckin' MC,
I've been at this shit for seven years nigga,
Eight times platinum nigga,
Two Bentleys,
One Lambo, and three houses later motherfucker, wassup!

[Verse 1]
Nah, this ain't no fucking Dre beat, I got this from Irv Gotti
Game back on his shit, I'm enemies with everybody
Game cook crack, transform to Yayo
The new Suge Knight nigga, minus the K, yo!
I keep a candle like Mariah, I'm so fire
When I step in the club, get low!, like Flo Rider
Cause I'm a Pimp
You can tell by the limp
When I step aside the twenty-six inch
You see my rims, they bigger than Bow Wow
Get money, fuck bitches, that's what I'm about now
The Phantom, ugly, The Bentley, retarded
The kicks still Chuck Taylor, the jacket is a Starter
I beg your pardon nigga we can get it started
If you ain't Nas or the nigga on the Third Carter
My happy face is Kenneth Supreme mugshot
When it's goin' down, who goin' stop the Blood clock

[Chorus]
Throw yo' hands up it's that gangsta shit
All the homies goin' crazy when they bump my shit
Go ahead and hate on my click
Got a couple words for you niggas, suck my dick
You strapped, that's right
Gangbangin', for life
Little drama, that's life
Hit 'em up!, nice!
It's that gangsta shit
All the homies goin' crazy when they bump my shit

[Verse 2]
Nigga I'm'a throw back, you already know that
Got swag and I'm street, picture the nigga hold strap
And it's the rock, right in my fuckin' sock
Die from my chain why? So I can go fuck with Pac
Before I go, I shoot it out with the cops
Hit one for Sean Bell, then bleed on the block
Like Big did, I play with toys like a big kid
Got a snuffed nose, call it big tig
You are not fuckin' with Game, he crazy
And his boys comin' straight outta' Compton, baby
My sixteens, it's me, you know what I mean
Headin' to the airport, my flow flyin' in from Queens
Accompanied by my bitch, flyin' in with the things
My shorty is a ten, ask that singing nigga Dream
The life of a gangsta in Cali is too short
So I might as well find me a burb in New York

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
Man you know, I don't give a fuck, and I don't give a shit
Any drama I'm locked on, like a red nose pig
Keep shootin' them cat guns, with the red nose tips
Ask some Cali niggas come out and dead those strips
Don't give fuck if you though nigga, or you buff nigga
My four five weigh three pounds and it will snuff niggas
Hop out the truck, with the guns so long
That the bullets jump out, and that's whats goin' on
What the fuck can I say, I grew up a bastard
Got sick of the Impala, so I threw up for Aston
I pop big shit, and I keep my wrist slick
My entourage shine like the Diamond District
I got a Rolex, a real big Rolex
With so many rocks, the Africans are trying protest
Bully of the block, why?
Cause they got me top five
It's four niggas better than me, nigga stop lying

[Chorus]

News,
Niggas better know what the fuck they dealin' with
When they dealin' with what they fuckin' dealin' with,
You dealin' with a fuckin' animal man,

Gotti'll tell you nigga,
Both the guys nigga,
You can bring John Gotti back too nigga,
He'll tell you nigga,
I'm gangsta nigga,
I was murdered ink before anything man,
Black Wall Street, Murder Inc man,
Before I was a Dr. Dre I was a Irv Gotti nigga,
When I was running around with P. Diddy in Atlanta,
Slappin' asses nigga,
Mario Winans know what it is nigga,
Mix bitches all up in the Hiat on P Street nigga,
Been gettin' money nigga,
Seven years strong nigga,
Two platinum albums nigga,
'Bout to be three,
Hey nigga,
That's a motherfuckin' hip-hop mÃ©nage Ã¡ trois, bitch!

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by BROWN, CHRISTOPHER MAURICE / STORCH, SCOTT SPENCER / BOYD, JASON P. D. / TAYLOR, JAYCEON TERRELL
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/