

Nigga's Like Us

8Ball & MJG

Rollin' down Park Avenue bumpin' Maze
My Caddy with them switches, got them bitches in a daze
Niggas on the gank, smokin' dank, goin' nuts
And all I see is dope and dead niggas bloody guts
Sometimes I go and click and smack my bitch up with the gat
Or blow up niggas cars, cause I heard they call me fat
No I'm not a wimp, cause the pimp is in my nature
I got too many hoes bein' a raper ain't my flavor
I'mma dope seller, stick 'em up, killer or whatever
Game from slangin' birds, 211 or 187
Smack up my bitches on the street that owe me ends
Learn from the start, in the game ain't no friends
Just a lot of bitches with they hands out

What's up with that?

Smilin' in my fuckin' face, stabbin' me in my fuckin' back
All up in my business, what's up with my grip bitch?
Steppin' up, one nigga died with a mouth full of pimp shit

What's up with the bitches Eight? What's up with the bitches Eight?

Fuck me, suck me, jack me, 'til my diggidy-dick ejaculate

What's up with niggas Eight? What's up with the niggas Eight?

Tell 'em not to fuck with some niggas like us!

And I'ma teach you boys not to fucks with me
And I'ma teach you boys not to fucks with me
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I'm reachin' for the pump and the loaded automatic
It's 6/5 bombs from the box in the attic
A phone call from Eightball let me know the scope
T-Money and J.B. had to scope a young ho
Not a true bitch, but a true bitch nigga
We rollin' thick as hell so how the fuck that nigga figure?
His gun nor his gang is gonna be a threat to us
With 1 fire bomb one gang bit the dust
And the nigga down with me said: (Damn G, you didn't have to gank him!)
And at that very moment, he was askin' me to shank him
A nigga ain't suppose to smoke a trick and get sad
And thats the first example of a killer goin' bad
I gotta take him out, if he live he'll confess
So Eightball you ready? (Yeah)
Shoot him in the chest (I got him)
One mo' motherfucker dead over bullshit
Guess he didn't really know the niggas he was runnin' with
M.J.G., Eightball and Killa-B
Lil' Han and J-Smooth, T-Money and J.B
Lettin' these imitation motherfuckers know
Niggas like us stompin' heads into the flo'..HOE!

And I'ma teach you boys not to fucks with me
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Suckers can't get none

Suckers can't get none

G. pass me my clip so I can load my lil' uzi gun

Eightball you got me covered main?

Yeah I got yo back main

Let these bastards know that we don't bar no fuckin' blood stains

What about my pimpin'?

Is it strong?

HELL YEAH NIGGA!

Got a lot of bitches?

Got a gang, and it's gettin' bigger

Bigger than a Mack J, smooth like a 5th of 'yac

Let 'em know we deadly G

Is Deadly as a hit-a-crack

Straight from my gun to yo head

Then we got ya

Cut a nigga throat, naw that's another chapter

Kickin' ass

Makin' stiches

Smokin' bud

Fuckin' bitches lip....

..stick on my dick from the suckin' and the kissin'

She was kissin' on a...

...FAT DICK!

Could it be a...

...A fat bitch

All up on my niggy-nuts, talkin' that love shit

Ain't no use in startin' shit

Ain't no use in tryin' to fuss

Bitches can't fuck with some niggas like us

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