

# My People

Big Tymers

To all my peoples, to all my peoples  
To all my peoples, yeeeeaaahhh  
Together we stand and divided we fall  
If niggas get together then we all can ball  
Live as one in the project and bump the sound  
And eat chicken til the motherfuckin sun come down  
We be lickin to the motherfuckin sun go down  
Keep stickin to the motherfuckin sun go down  
Get dough, and never go down  
Never go down, never go down

Look look look  
I say niggas stroke crosses to knock these bosses  
We can ball together make money take loses  
You know the game you gotta pay these cost-es  
You win some lose some nigga regardless  
Hang on the corner sell crack with straps  
Or we can go to the club like pimps and macks  
Or we can unite for stripes or just say fuck it  
You get down bad bust raps for life  
It don't matter to me daddy, you do what you do  
I'd 'ave took pennitentry ?transit? to get this fool  
See Im'a flip this money take it to the mall  
And open up something and get more money  
Like the beauty shop, keeps macks when Im thuggin  
Hanging on the block watching for undercovers  
Clean a little money, then clean a little money  
The rap game ain't for everybody but try something

See see see, check it out  
My people need to get it right  
We can either get together or we can straight up fight  
We can shake hands or we can go to the gun  
Divided we fall or we can live as one  
You can fuck wit' it or you can leave it alone  
And if you don't want piece bring ya jive ass home  
And I heard the fake shit that you said in ya song  
And I still love the nigga eventhough he was wrong  
See, XXL will let you have the cover  
If you say some fake shit about ya brother  
Thats a petty-ass, spagetti-ass, fake-ass niggas  
You don't know whats going on snake-ass niggas  
But I'm.. not.. stoppin for y'all  
Four 15's keep it knockin for y'all  
If that don't work then nigga move on  
Get the fuck good luck and I'm glad that you gone

Go down, go down, go down