

# Only 4 My Niggas

## Black Knights

Life is a struggle, with so many hustles  
That we can juggle, we all wanna bubble  
So just to get richer, we sit and sip liquor  
And plot to get figures, only with my niggas

Late night, LAPD lurkin like a great white  
In bloody waters, yo we doggin cuz my click stay tight  
Pull up at the liquor sto', cuz we gotta get some Mo'  
40's and blunts, smoke til I'm high, drink til I'm drunk  
Bout to school Monk, cuz he like my right hand  
Grab a can for Sandman  
He runnin by a parked van, smoked up on the dark plan  
Devious plot, know how to get a knot  
Nothin major, just runnin up in the local spots  
I grab the blunts and the box of Newport's for Doc  
It's vice night, every block infested with cops  
I jumped back in, what's crackin?  
You said he had heavy traffic for 3 months  
You know he got dough stackin, stop playin

Nigga I'm not playin  
They got heavy traffic, closed shop at 11:30  
Heard where the money be from a little birdie  
Don't hesitate to speak, I've got 17 slugs  
Let's make it in and out, and get the money and drugs  
If you scared then go to church, where the Simpleton at?  
He leave his bitch up in the house with a virtilo strap  
And she timid with it, wouldn't tell that she knew who did it  
We on the quest to survive, my niggas be the fittest  
Let make it happen, rap, scrap or keep it cappin  
Licks nice sound, cheques will keeps the goods lappin  
Safe spot, lace Doc, and Monk he know what's happenin  
It's just a little nappy nigga always been  
trigger-happy

(It's on, what's poppin?)  
Hey, that nigga Sandman told you how it's goin down?  
(4 Sho) He did? (Yeah)  
Fuck it, let's go nigga

So S-man, what up? We gon' do this or what?  
I know he sittin on somethin, we been watchin for months  
(Plus his man just rolled up, he's about to Re-Up)  
Let's hit em both at the same time  
(Damn it's like you read my mind)  
11:29, time to move out, ring the doorbells  
Soon as he open the door, we whip the two's out  
Everybody hit the floor, scooped up the drugs  
Pistol-whipped his hoe, he said the money's up under the rug  
in the master bed room (Check it out Monk)  
But if you lyin, tonight all of y'all gonna be sleepin in a tomb  
Monk what the hell we got?

Bingo, we hit the jackpot  
60 G's, 80 pounds, 2 brick, crack rocks  
2 glocks, fresh out the box  
It's time to smash out

Kill a bitch, empty the clips, and then shake the spot  
The homies in the car, let's go, it's time to get home  
Back to the spot, divide it up, so we can stack on  
Sew the block up, bubble up, cuz times it's tart  
Slippin in the streets, your ass'll pay to serve charge  
Cuz it cost to be the boss  
Tough talk and get your braces charmed  
Spot Rusherz rush the spot, what the fuck you thought?

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