

# Slangin'

## Fiend

Yo, what's up nigga, this the colonel, mp.  
But uh, fiend nigga, it's your muthafuckin time to shine.  
You gon mix this shit up with bun b and pimp c.  
U.g.k. and fiend? this straight for all the niggas in the hood  
Niggas on the corner, every nigga in the penitentiary.  
Nigga, this busta muthafuckin free. this for all the real  
Niggas and bitches out there, ya heard me? no limit style.  
Told y'all muthafuckas ain't no limit.

You muthafucka, I don't feel where you comin from  
I don't like your zone, bitch, your microphone bitch  
Your tone switch sound like you wanna dig your own ditch  
It's my pleasure to bring the shovel  
You been lookin for trouble  
So me and c and fiend gon bust your bubble on the double  
Hut one, hut two, march nigga, fire off that torch nigga  
Straighten it out like starch nigga  
When I'm parched nigga, take a sip of some kerosene  
Mixed with promythsene, turn your block to a terror scene  
Shit you ain't never seen  
Twenty millimeter tank rounds eatin up everything  
Nowhere to run, hide, or back down  
I put my mack down, picked up my ass kicker  
Cause it blast thicker, hose and get off in that ass quicker  
The last nigga figured, he had a chance  
To make it to that chopper, shit in his pants  
Make the murder man dance  
We shine like clusters, to leave you in the dust  
Cause we tryin, to get rid a all you haters  
And you muthafuckin bustas

Boy, we down south bangin  
Rollin with these hustlers  
Tryin to get rid a you hatas and you bustas

x 3  
Down south slangin  
Rollin with these hustlers  
Tryin to get rid a you hatas and you bustas

I got the cocaine lady, white lady, by the key  
I get them whole for ten, double up for seventeen  
Two outta one, step on it to win  
They essay's is my partna, mafia stamp on the end  
Two block solid, each one worth one  
I rock it up my seven and I chop it up with bun  
A pocket fulla stones, hollin bout a wrong  
Smokin, ridin dirty, got a chip up in my cellphone  
Keep this shit pumped  
Get to pop the trunk  
Feelin light headed off some california skunk  
And bitch I come from texas and love that shit to lean  
I'm down with dj screw and bitch it's u.g.k. and fiend  
And we ridin with some killas, niggas bout they drama  
Pimp like a wheelers, and bitches like pirahnas  
I'm sweet james jones, a pimp and a hustler  
Tryin to get rid a all you hatas

And you muthafuckin pussy ass bustas

x 4

What's the sense of it all?  
Pimpin, powder, and pussy tryin to make pennies  
Payin off, so friendly to flip with my people give me  
If any doubt, the south, in every show today, blown away  
From the wrong way, I'm killin these niggas the jones way  
Let the psalm say, he died as a hata  
Sooner than later, shoulda pop em since the incubator  
My life is droppin heron, at the sharon  
Lookin, death dead on  
Knowin I was dead wrong  
From the sad songs, have you been to my city?  
If you ain't got shitty, everything is far from pretty  
But I'm one bad fucker that's always claimin tank  
Niggas know n.o., dank, and elevate  
My rank, what you call it?  
Bustin out the expedition  
Fiend pimpin, blowin up corns coke and cat emissions  
My livin, resist the no limit and stashin a duster  
Servin the cluckers, poppin it undercover  
We gettin rid a bustas

x 6