

# Y'all Gone Make Us

Haystak

They talk a lot of shit, then no show like fema  
Havin a hard time commin back just like fila;  
Un-prepared for me like hurricane katrina  
Jumpin up outa beamers wit divas I can't belive it!

Believe it got a whole crew a a-game killers  
Fingers gripped tightly around ak triggers;  
Bustin at bitches who think it's just a buncha fiction  
I'm the type ta get ta beefin muthafukka buncha friction!

Talkin back an forth like some hos in a cat fight  
If he cross the fucken line? catch em at the red light;  
Kill tha headlights an roll up slowly... (silence & crickets chirping then s  
hot gun cocking)  
What up homey? (shot gun blast)!

We bring out tha lil kidz and old ladies, mama in the street like (screams)  
oh my gawd!  
Burn rubber throw tha dubs(cwb) so they kno it was us;  
Aint nobody sayin nuthin got the hood on hush! what!

Chorus:x4

(Ya'll gone make us do somethin to ya, ya'll gone make us shoot somethin thr  
ough ya! )

I aint the chief of tha tribe I'm a scout,  
And I was down by law as a sprout;  
And as I grew they knew one day they'd have a problem'  
And they will feel the anguish from l.a. to harlem!

Now I'm back like no one ever expected,  
Record after record I wrecked it... record executives,  
Slept it they gone pay the dues later;  
Old ass men they gone make a move later.

But the records unquestionable the ethics impeccable,  
And the word on the street? "man the cracker incredible",  
I get mine like no one ever did in the game,  
I'm about to sit down take a shit on the game ewww  
That's nasty naw that's classic  
Put it in plastic when it gets drastic!

Keep in mind that you don't kno me,  
Be careful when u mention my name! homey!

Chorus:x4

Whoo man I represent the poor man the 'dro man  
The blow man, no man, gone stand in my shoes'  
An do what I do like I can understand?  
I'm in demand, catch me gone off the shelf,  
"man they sold out. we gotta go somewhere else!

Download it motherfucker git it anyway u can homey,  
I been fucked up too believe I understand homey.  
I'm a git mine it aint u that I'm worried bout,  
It's these suckers wit my name in they mouth

My style in they mouth.  
Wigga round in the south hold it down like what?  
Catch u at the after party an u git fucked up!  
Big stizzle, stak mack, crackervelli the old g,  
Don't act like u don't know me boyyy!  
Dam near a decade I held it down,  
Three hundred fifty-six pounds  
Straight shakin tha ground! huh!