

We Ain't Scared

Lil' Flip

We ain't scared, especially if you come up to us
And try to bust and when you think we aint gon' care
We ain't scared, and just because we
Serious, mysterious and curious

You niggas acting like hoes, wearing eachother clothes
Bragging about platinum, nigga that's white gold
Fake niggas talk, and real niggas hush
Fake niggas run, and real niggas bust
Y'all got me fucked up, I been a street nigga
And when it's cold outside, I bring my heat nigga
Don't beef with me nigga, cause I get down and dirty
I make a call at one o'clock, you gone by one-thirty
Nigga I ain't scared I pack, infrareds
My enemies like batteries, half of em dead
You heard what I said, I'm down with trigga play
Cause all you see in convicts and killas, where I stay
I know Hump, got my front and Redd, got my back
I know Bizzy, got a tech and I'm coming with a mac
So start riding your wheel, we coming with the steal
And it's a fact, that most niggas mouth get em killed

I cock and spray, hit you from a block away
We ain't scared, believe me we got a lot to say
And if you see me in the club with a smile on my face
That don't mean shit cause I got a nine on my waist
So you can play Superman and get your ass paralyzed
Cause when it comes to my guns, they all super-sized
You better recognize we ain't Sucka Free for nothing
So when I say I'ma get you, you know I ain't bluffing
Cause niggas turn into hoes when you pull a gun out
And if I pull a gun out, I'm trying to knock a lung off
Now who the boss, nigga you already know
I got a team of headbusters, where ever I go
And if you got beef let me know I'm ready for war
I got a semi-automatic that'll machete your car
And next time you talk down, I'ma teach you a lesson
So call mama, and tell her she gone need her a reverend, what

Papi cholo, cops sniffing co-co, my deadly remedies
Like hot topics, hit that body look like frishchami
And that Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, telling everybody
Hit the floor, so what in the fuck you think I came here for
Warrior, ain't no other character, for the love of money yeah
When I'm down in Houston, Texas niggas are gut playas
Some of these niggas is dinosaurs abducted like flying saucers
Niggas don't think like that, lick it down, on my alters
The most of my grave suite, model mama, put em up now
Daddy use to beat you deeply I stay on my tech with die-yah
Tupac to Bob Marely, my six the holley Halle Berry touching my braids
They ain't giving justice's name killing em black bald and all
Game recognize game, fame recognize fame
Niggas they hang, niggas they bang, niggas they slang
Pick up your Mac 10 quickly and bring the pain
One in the brain, one in the body it's an everyday thang