

4 Stories

Obie Trice

Niggaz claim to be hard
But deep down inside, you know you the pussiest nigga out of your squad
Type to get stuck up, start prayin to God
Like if I don't get popped, I'm in a Mas' with a law
No more street dreams, your brain like to focus on them street things
As if street niggaz wouldn't strip your street dreams

"Know what I mean?"

Niggaz claim to be tough, shit, that's a bluff
Niggaz know if they solo in the club wouldn't budge
Since you with your man all of a sudden you a thug
That comes with mean mugs and flesh gettin plugged, nigga
Everybody "2Pacalypse Now"
But everybody hate the thought six feet down
And everybody tough, dog you ain't tough
You's a drunk with one gat and a crew full of chumps
Frontin hardcode when your body left in lumps
Lucky the hospital in that nigga's trunk, that's what you want?

"Know what I mean?"

Niggaz still kills me
Portrayin, Tony Montana, man, it was just a movie
Niggaz don't move me
Y'all niggaz' faker than a bitch with implants in her tits and booty
How the fuck you gon' shoot me
When you got the clip backwards in the Uzi?
Niggaz feel they real thugs, then feel them real slugs
And feel that the streets, really wasn't for us
Y'all cats is really hilarious
But ain't shit funny when your dick's in the dust and the ambulance come

"Know what I mean?"

The bullet strikes your dome
For thirty seconds, your twitchin, your body in a zone
After that you're gone, everybody lookin
Niggaz and bitches, everybody shook and
Homicide late, chalk in the pavement
Around your physique, in the streets you're layin
Your baby mama screamin, bitch went hoarse
'Cause your life was divorced at one forty-four
A.M., ambulance here [siren], can't save 'em
You at the County Morgue by six in the a.m.
Your mother get the phone call, drop the horn
She boohooin 'cause her Boo Boo is now gone
Tryin to be strong
She at the County Morgue, in the conference room, with the TV screen on
Screamin "my baby! "
All 'cause your stupid ass wanna be crazy