

Benzino, We reppin y'all

[Benzino]

Uh, yo (We!)

Uh-uh, uh uh uh

Uh-uh, uh uh uh

Uh-uh, uh uhhh!

Mr. Gzus, Twice Thou

Ray Benzino!

I spit that thug shit, the whole world wanna bang to

Amazin, Mr. Benzino from the Made Men

Half Peurto Rican, half black, still blazin

Steel bangin on the handle of my gun

I be Hangman (Hangman), Mr. Bang-bang man

Catch you in your hall, while you Mr. Slang-thang man

Fold you up like a bangy pair of Guess jeans

I guess you know what I mean, 9-15

Be the murderer, niggas that I be rollin with

Control shit, we thirty dirty deep Bonie clique

Light that blunt, burn that hash, keep it movin yo

(Made Men catch wreckin anybody studio)

[Twice Thou]

Your days are numbered nigga (what?) you better bounce

Got thirty-two rounds in my twenty ounce

Blue nickel, new pistol performs in the physical form

Squeeze slugs 'til the gun jam, any mission I'm on

Black leather doo-rag, two Mags with speed loaders

I'm a weed smoker, my cylinder spins, chillin ya mens

Loudmouth niggas catch it the worst, for example

I'll shoot the shit out of you -- and ya man too

Leave ya bodies in the gutter, cut up for the streetsweeper

Hack you the fuck up with a meat cleaver, retreat nigga

Take a seat dog, while we bang to this beat dog

Or pose, I'll pump holes in ya meat dog

[Chorus]

To city kids and pretty bricks, saditty chicks

Hood rats and them killa cats, we reppin y'all

For niggas that's locked for 'ricks

GD's on blocks that got nine's to spit, we reppin y'all

These streets that be keepin it real, throwin money in ya grill

Strapped with the steel, we reppin y'all

To niggas that's gettin mil's, playin ball

All my ladies and all my dogs, we reppin y'all

[Mr. Gzus]

I'ma keep it crackin like the Earth from it's axis

Non-stop spittin hot shit with no practice

With this iron, I'm a blacksmith

With shit to make ya backflip

From the clap you do the twist and then you don't exist

Just for being a hostile, thug imposter

On sight, fuckin pop ya (Pow!) Drop ya

Hit a nigga proper with these shells made of copper

Hollow's, Made Men what? The gunfire follow

My sharp shooters mentally ill, in Bentley's we chill

Got cash and bought everything we ain't steal

And many clips to fill cuz these streets stay real

We bring the heat, now you know how gettin burned feel

Yo get peeled

[Benzino]

We stack right?

Benzino catch you while yo creepin, try yo' best right?

Just make sure you don't get caught sleepin, whistle deaf right?

You not believin what you seein, infrared right?

You niggas dead right? Slippin in clips right?

These niggas wanna go to war, it's time to ride right?

But when it's time to get it on they run and hide right?

They gonna make me run up in the crib and flip right?
My niggas rip right? See I'm on top now
And if you wanna fuck around then you'll get shot now
Don't let me send my Boston niggas to your block now
Then make 'em strip you to your knees and take your glock now
We got it locked now... (Nigga)
[Chorus]
[Repeat to fade]