

Celly Cel F/ Kevin Gardner, What U Niggaz Thou

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Miscellaneous

What U Niggaz Thought

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Gots some Bill like bitches on the under

Tryin to keep it on the slunder cuz I made you wonder

If I was down cuz I rap, now what that mean?

I'm bouts to raise up out the hood & leave my 17

Shot glock on the block like I want peace

The only peace I'm gon' get is when I'm deceased

(So you still punkin) Yeah if I got to

Trigger finger itchin & I just might pop you

Glock to a muthafuckin head in the 9-5

(Oh, so you gon' buck 'em down just so you can stay alive)

I thought you knew, but these fools keep crossin me

And I be feelin' like the devil got lost in me

When I flash

(So nigga you a killa)

Mamas & babies, they say I'm crazy cuz I give a

Nigga one chance not to fuck wit me

Cuz when you fuck wit me, I gots to take your whole family

(Man you sick) Naw, I ain't got shit to lose

It ain't no rules, I been locked up in county blues

All they can do is send me to the pen with a lunch

To get my ?

And walk the yard with my folks

I'm gettin smoked

But the judge give me 25

When I get caught, I'mma blast

What U Niggaz Thought

And split the funeral money, ???

Homie don't ya know me?

I'm that nigga wit the weapons

Y'all can have them hoes, I'm thinkin fuck the Smith & Wessons

Just feel my nuts and get to splittin half a bloody bath

Is what you get for crossin my path as I bail & laugh

(Niggas like you get smoked everyday)

I'm one of the walkin dead any-muthafuckin-way

(I don't even trip when them fools be muggin me)

They wanna see the thug in me, dead with a slug in me

It's do or die, slip, creep or be crept on

Makin 'em swallow 32 hollow tips when the swept on

Rollin wit they heater

If fools get smoked, it ain't my fault

Plottin & catchin a mutha-fucka slippin

What U Niggaz Thought

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

[Celly]

(What they be thinkin when they see you creepin through the streets?)

They wanna split me, but they know I'm boxin wit my heat

And under my seat, it's in my lap, I got it cocked back

Whatever the destination, can't be loose

Cuz they be peelin' caps

(Yeah, I feel you) Naw, I don't even feel myself

So quick to blast, I can't get smoked unless I kill myself

(Damn) I lost my mind when I bought my nine

Fill it up with a thirty round clip

Like thallon tips all on your blind

Say throwin them thangs

So fool, put your hands down

Bailin through your hood, then catch you slippin wit your pants down
Cuz when you slip, you're put to sleep, it ain't no wakin up
I got these Betty Crocker ass niggas cakin up
Peakin out the window, smoked like indo
Smoked like ?
The shit that get you stuck when you see me raisin up outta the bush
(So you be creepin on the late night, right)
Naw, the best way to kill a nigga is in broad daylight
(Like dat) I thought you knew me but you went soft
Now it's 'bout time I cut your mutha-fuckin water off
Stompin in my steel-toes, bailin wit my H.I. double L. west niggas
Puttin y'all to rest niggas
Bring the chalk, scrape the bodies off the asphalt
It's on when you in my zone
What U Niggaz Thought

Repeat 1

Repeat 1