

# Fiend, What Cha Mean

(Fiend)

What up out there kenfo

This be Fiend coming at like this here here

I brought a couple of my people with me

Fiend, Mac, Soulja Slim, Kane and Abel

A couple of No Limit soldiers to help me out with this here

Chorus

What cha mean, mean, heard about

Soldiers got some daily clout

Slangin in the dirty south

What we really worried about x2

(Soulja Slim)

(Peep this shit) I know you heard about this nigga from the 3rd

Raw, then a uncut bird with bad tempers and bad nerves

Serve, dope to a dope fiend gotta get more cream

than the rest of the dealers

Every nigga that I fuck with gotta be from killas

Fill up in this shit, that was ever smokin, you can catch me smokin

On some shit that will have me broken, (cough cough),

I'm so high, I can ride, barely need to slug some dealing

No optimos, no keep moving, fuck it, pass the feeling

Real niggas feel me, cause I'm bout as real as it get

Son or stranger, no love for that studio shit

All my little partners gone, I'll be damned if I G-O

But if I do I'll grab my gun shoot like and pull let em know

Chorus x2

(Kane & Abel)

You know I'm from the ghetto, hit the glock

and pop my shots clean up your block

Red beam, maintain my aim, bullet holes in your brain

When I stop that motherfucking clock, Kane

Usual suspect, down south niggas bout respect

Choppin off slugs like a mailman in a corvette

like the weed when i lower my tek

Niggas is seeking, pump down like bricks, in the trunk of the 626

Is something you hate cause your boy

just got flipped, AK with a strong clip

In the hood I bust you with the tank,

in the pen I trust you with the shank

My mind go blank, I'm a soldier smokin dank

all the way to the motherfucking bank

Chorus x2

(Mac)

Now what yall mean, niggas on my team

they all about the cream

And my enemies, we take it to the street

to get the green, knowa mean

Came here with Slim, Mac and Fiend

I still scream WOAHH!

In the drop where my nigga walk

runnin from the cop who was trying to meet his quota

I'm young and I'm black, I'm a soldier

so he thinking I'm slanging that baking soda

You ain't heard about, nigga from that dirty south

where the po-po's scout

Everybody, everybody that knows what your bout

won't leave your house

Cause at night, nigga freaks come out

Grab your gat with that extra clip cause if you catch us slippin  
You might connect the grip  
shots there cut up strip bout a couple of ship  
Like the peoples in summertime agent trip  
Lets take a trip to the land where the niggas  
do the murderman dance on their enemies  
And fake niggas pretend to be a, they be them friends of me  
Woah, slow your roll and daddy I'm camouflaged  
I'm psycho warden I stay on my guard and bitch I never die

Chorus x2

(Fiend)

What the world don't know is I'm a hurt  
A soldier without a pause  
I'm prayin about cause, break jaws and all laws  
My bullet scars didn't heal, my tatoos reveal  
Bout to ride explain a million of hostile  
The burn feels like almost a step from death  
Fuck spending lives, I barely leave a minute of breath  
I'm set, families with teks, release my stress in thier chest  
Wouldn't know where I'd be without my god and my vest  
Killers, we the best fuck all the rest, here hit the cess  
Snort, c'mon the test  
with the charge the best, cause I open your chest  
God bless, I made my way back so I can say that  
Me too whatever, should have known that Fiend believe in payback  
Do it for haystacks, me, Slim, twins, and Mac  
Gotta attack, with the jest to ask, deftly in the act  
I doubt that, I'm strange cause I'm with the right change  
After soldier consediration, I'm the live range

Chorus x4