

Half-A-Mill, Some Niggaz

(Chorus)

Some niggaz Blood and some niggaz Crip
Some niggaz thugs and some niggaz is bitch
Some niggaz ain't got nothin some niggaz rich
Some niggaz die frontin and some livin the shit

Chorus 2x

Ayo, we play for keeps, taught from day one how to blaze the heat
three-hundred and sixty ways to eat, razor blade your knee
I'm getting something, if not, then I'm hitting something
Definetley, especially if my ribs is touching
Out for mine, for your shines I'll blow you out your mind
You could throw a thousand signs,
I'm only concerned about the dollar signs
Stashing my cheese, stashing my crack in back of my Fi
State to state, nationally!
Actually, factually,
I'll fracture every member of your faculty, send your cavalry!
I got M1's and macs with me, send your cash for me
I'll have them niggaz scared to ask for me
Throw your man off the Tapanzee
Other members of your clan running where the traffic be
Hollerin, he busting big guns, they coming after me
I'm wilding, real live shit, ain't no acting B
It's not a game, we ain't playing
Dun, we spraying, won't stop till everyone laying on the pavement
Every nigga you came with is getting painted
We specialize in wetting guys, technicalize
Smith & Wesson-ilize, I've seen the best of them die
Especially, testing I, put the teck to your eye
So you can see death, take a deep breath
and say goodbye, Why!?

Chorus 2x

Streets is too real, thug nowadays is to ill
Fuck a hundred thou, I need a few mil
Even if it leaves you killed
You resting in peace, I rest with blue steel
I'm even wetting police and Navy blue seals,
how crazy you feel!?
Militant click, ten in the whip
I know Bohemians with, plenty of chips
Pull this off and we'll be rich, filthiest top billing milkiest
In the Hamptons, out on the mansions where they live
They on some ram shit, Hindu niggaz, reading sanscrit
I want a man by every exit so they can't split
Rush the crib, all we see is candles lit
Yo, they got gold cows, gold owls, on some chanting shit
Tie them up, red dot them up, fuck the ransom shit
Hit the safe, chips in the case, back to the whip
Dun, we laced, back to BK, orally relaxed in the PJ's
Splitting mathematics on a weekday
South of P chases stuffed inside of briefcases quiet money!
Keep our mouth shut like freemasons paid men

Chorus 2x

We from the housing bricks pushing year two-thousand whips
We went from ounces to bricks, house on the cliff
Thousands on the wrist, got a crew of rivalers
thats down to flip, down to spit
Real live thugs above the counterfeit

Real live drug, under the counter shit, a pound a hit
Who you riding with might be the nigga you dying with
Shot on fire we shot niggaz cause they was wired kid
New drops up, pull rooftops up
Shoot your spots up, put pirranas in your hot tub
Might be a bomb under the cork next time you pop bub, nigga!