

Partners N Crime, We Be Hound'n

(feat. Tre-8)

[Chorus: Partners-N-Crime]

We be houndin' shit,
Come around tear your whole hood down and shit,
Tell me niggas do you really wanna fuck with this?
We got the K's in the trunk, 50 rounds will spit,
Pop in the clip, bullets flip

[x2]

[First Verse: Misdemeanor]

I'm the one with the red nose,
Comin' through I'll bust your head and leave your eyes closed,
A real dog make you beg for your life back,
But we ain't cool with too many, just one cat,
Believe that, cuz them hounds like to go and get,
But we be on some niggas ass like a vicious bit,
The bullshit that you spit will get your wig split,
Watch out for the banana cuz you bout to slip,
I'm bout to pop in this clip, and let it go,
And when I let it go I promise there won't be no more,
Not a crew or a clique in some gangsta shit,
And we don't give a fuck about these that's noise spittin',
You should have switched and made a move for some better thangs,
We some dogs, we got nuts, we gone let'em hang,
And if you really bout some drama, you can bring it mane,
Ain't nothin' to it but to get it dog and get it done,
This shit you like to rap about, we do it for fun

[Chorus]

[Second Verse: Kangol Slim]

You don't really wanna fuck with this,
Many niggas done got flipped,
>From runnin' on a hound, done fuck around and got bit,
P-N-C we on a raid, runnin' on anything,
Even if it's a steel tank,
We'll blow it out the bank,
The muthafuckin' hounds nigga,
Gert-Town, and we came to lay it down nigga,
You mess around, you'll be six feet underground nigga,
Remember the name, H-O-U-N-D, hound nigga,
You fuck around and you get gutted,
Waitin' on my nigga Full Blooded,
And we'll leave your face muddy,
Nobody know who did it or done it,
We'll be runnin',
With twenty left up in the drum and,
Ready to take on whatever comin',
So if you niggas comin' then come get me,
Best believe I got my red-nose nigga with me,
Me and my niggas houndin' for the cash,
Like some bitches, pimps lockin' and shakin' on that ass,
When we mash it's full blast

[Chorus]

[Third Verse: Tre-8]

Y'all don't want it to get ROWDY in this bitch, brah,

Like that chopper leave it cloudy in this bitch, brah,
Sorry for ya,
I penetrate like heat seekers,
Houndin' people, dog it's on for anytown,
You coward I got you swole up, hold up
You better bob, weave, and duck, brah,
Cuz them bones that I be throwin' get'cha fucked up,
Tough luck,
Left them hungry like a sandwich man,
After the cheddar, cream cheese, and the cabbage man,
I ain't playin', I'm sprayin', everything ya know?
When I come up in this bitch you better hit the floor,
Fa sho, we gonna get down, when you get down,
If you weak, you better sit down,
You don't wanna fuck with this nine I tear this bitch down,
From the roof to the floor hoe,
Tre-8 with them Gert-Town hounds, we puts it down hoe,
Me and my dogs is around hoe, act like ya know,
When I come up in this bitch see I ain't gonna say it no more,
We be houndin'

[Chorus x2]