

The Outlaws, Outlaw 2000

Uh uh
Outlawz
Who
Why don't y'all niggas move the fuck over for a minute
Let us get in
Time's up
Outlaw nigga

Verse 1: Napoleon

I was trained to bang
Your life over
Catch a game that Pac told you
Fast lane
Can't stay sober
Get the money
Then flip it over
But honeys we lace that
Nigga we stay strapped
You take another step and I'll move you 8 back
For the money I mean mug
You hog and I'll hold a grudge
I'll meet you in the parking lot
Handle some mutha fuckas
Solution, there ain't none
Nigga I can't run
It's something gonna be done
Then fuck it lets dump some
You wastin your breath
And I'm surprised there's some left
I got my nine on your chest
And you got your mind on your gat
And I got this shit up inside of me
Holdin on like its riding me
Telling me to get this money
Fuck y'all 'cause you trying me
I bust yall
'Cause you eyeing me
What dog
It's inside me
I blame my shit on society
Stackin money inside of me

Verse 2: Edi

Where the fuck is my niggas at (right here)
Where the fuck is my bitches at (right here)
For the live
We about to enter this game one more time
Now uh
Throw up your mutha fuckin hood and make it shine
And a
Give up the mutha fuckin goods 'cause they mine
Uh huh
We done forgotten
Dirty niggas from the block
Rotten
Leaving niggas rotten
It's a mutha fucka plottin
Uh huh
We keep it poppin like pussy in the south
Disrespect the Lawz
And we'll see fifty to your mouth
We the OUT-LAWZ!

Damn right
Stand Tight
We the OUT-LAWZ!
Smackin these niggas who can't fight
OUT-LAWZ!
Nigga we don't give a what!?
OUT-LAWZ!
Remember we Hit 'Em Up

Chorus: Kastro (Young Noble)

How many mutha fuckas here
Gonna show no fear
When there's death in the air
My man
I seen to many crack
Soon as they seen a gat
Even though they be strapped
That ain't G (That ain't G)
I've been all around the world
In every hood that stir
Without a worry in the world
That's me (That's me)
And this Outlaw gang
Gonna do a Outlaw thang
Till we six feet deep
Six feet deep (Six feet deep)

Verse 3: Kastro

I wake up with a new 4
Sleep with 2 4
And a 12 gauge pump
Waiting for something to jump
Y'all must be kidding me
Talking about ridding me
Faggot
This world is mines and I ain't having it
Listen
How it feel trying to steal
A nigga you can't kill
A nigga so real we make time stand still
That's me
Lil' OG
I Oded
And one more
My balls hang
And I bang
Till I'm stiff on the floor
Oh no
Yo
They must have did it again
Talking they self to death
They gonna feel it again
And that's that
That's all
That's it
No more
We the realest to ever did this shit thus far

Verse 4:

Dirty jersey only breed
Killers and dogs
Since I'm both I'm in your driveway

With gauge in the fog
Ain't shit sweet about
A nigga from New York
Accept the not guilty verdict
That you hear in the court
Bang you from the car
Rocking Me Against the World
And the blood from your face fly and land on your girl
I'm gunnin grown
Even bag up coke when my mother home
Just got the new gun
That bust off with another tone

Chorus: 1x

Verse 5: Young Noble

Yo
Make a move young homie
If you choose young homie
We school young homies
Who the fuck is us homies
We OUT-LAWZ!
Chewing D mutha fuckas
And we about to ball
Best believe mutha fuckas
And it's like a bid
I know y'all been waiting to bump this
We raised your kids with this mutha fuckin thug shit
Noby the holiest
The cripin and the blood shit
Stripper club shit
Bitches giving love quick
Fuck this we gonna take it there
Nigga you wants no part of this
We trade your shares
Make it clear
Where you going
Face your fears
A lot of money to be made this year
Over here
And we hate the cops
We catch you niggas slippin
Then we take your block
My homies stay creeping
And we ride for 'Pac
You know it ain't a thang
And we ride for Yak
You niggas know it ain't a game
'Cause we bleed for this
And if you don't believe in nothing else
Believe in this
Outlawz is it
So come and get it nigga

Chorus 1x