

Angie Martinez, Silly Niggaz (Interlude Featuring

On any day, in the hood
In front of any building, you can find some chicks
And what will they talk about? Niggaz
Yo, yo get the fuck outta here
Yeah, that fuckin bum motherfucker
Pico and shit from around the corner, that nigga be wildin
Uh-huh, yeah
I know this player named Ricky, push an 850
Light-skinned, slim, with a head like Sticky
All you gotta do girlfriend is slip a mickie
And in a quickie, Ricky turns into tricky
Aiyyo but what about his man? 'Cause named Stan
Run around town in the plush Benz van
Ice all around his Rolex band
But runnin his mouth bout his credit card scams
Yeah jerk that nigga, I heard of that nigga
The crew of quick niggaz wanna murder that nigga, shit
He must be listenin to too much Jigga
Buddy Longdough, he got no figures
Yo, aiyyo I know you know Ralph, up on T (?)
He a Puerto Rican cat, yeah you know he eat out
Walk around town with the weed and heat out
And he loco in the coco, dank weed out
All over the world, niggaz got a story to tell
Is you fly as fuck, or you broke as hell?
What set you claim nigga, is you thug or what?
What set you claim nigga, is it love or what?
Rude bwoy name Brian, nigga stay lyin
Got regular, but he swear it's Hawaiian
Part time dealer, part time client
Smokin up what he should be supplyin
And yo that kid Black, don't know how to act
Wanna keep the Timbs on when he hit it from the back (oop!)
Pullin on my hair, almost loosened up a track
But I like that kid, he can keep comin back
Everybody back up, back up off the ropes
All you silly niggaz are gonna have to back up
We're gonna need all silly niggaz to back up off the ropes
Move back back back back