

# Big Ed, We Some

[big ed]

Chorus

We some mob niggas  
Bust your ass out your hilfigers  
No limit mercenary killers  
We some thug niggas  
We some tru niggas  
What you wanna do nigga  
Stomp your ass till your black and blue nigga  
We some mob niggas  
Bust your ass out your hilfigers  
No limit mercenary killers  
We some thug niggas  
We some tru niggas  
What you wanna do nigga  
Rowdy rowdy bout to act a f\*\*kin fool nigga

[crooked eye]

Stick em up, how you like establish 98  
Big ed is the assassin, with a fresh cut cake  
No shakes, bet these mob niggas can't wait  
For sausa teach the hits from the south to the yay  
Lay em down, military minded made niggas  
Low to the last don still up we paid niggas  
Grave diggers be nothin on gods earth that bleed  
Stay tru to the game and keep close my enemies  
Pushing crates and tapes all across the states  
It used to be d, but now it's street rap cd's  
With made niggas, highly paid niggas  
Killers on the payroll, so step nigga, roll niggas  
Put a hit out on me I put one out on you  
You test one of my soldiers I take your whole crew  
Banana clip in, bavgate and sausa  
Commanded by the colonel p, don't like it we lost ya

[big ed]

Chorus

Nigga I say shit like dips quick to empty out clips  
Big ed and steady mobbin f\*\*k up your block in one dip  
It ain't no stoppin cause we military minded niggas  
My first phrase as a kid was momma pass the trigger  
The captian of this tank no limit soldier up in this bitch  
Making moves with my thugs nigga I plan to be rich  
Tatted up strapped tight with tek 9's and glocks  
I'm hittin switches in the four nigga make the front hop  
So nigga how many niggas wanna ride with me  
I call my niggas when my enemies collide with me  
Tank dawgs be the niggas that would for die for me  
Cause nina war make them hollow tips fly for me  
Steady mobbin got the ghost town riders  
And nigga I'm tru for life, so can't nuttin come beside us  
The colonel got the tank bustin on you niggas  
Ground troops of war got killers dumpin on y'all niggas

Chorus

[billy bavgate]

Bavgate screaming mary jane when I mob  
Nigga point to the west like sadaam  
Rowdy like the ? ? ? , nigga off the hook like a baker  
Ghost town niggas keep one up in the chamber  
I lived rough as a youth when I was growing up

Tryin to come up I hit a lick on a cigarette truck  
I ain't giving a f\*\*k  
I'm gettin loose your main mafia nigga in the movie  
Big ed pumpin lead till they dead  
I'm a gangsta gettin watched by the feds  
Bavgate gettin high till my last day  
No limit soldier till the comet hit the motherf\*\*king bay