

Partners N Crime, 17 Shots

[Misdemeanor]

Full pack, P-N-C and we back,
Forever

[Partners-N-Crime:]

When I bang, I bang, it ain't nothin' but a thing,
We can swing, let's swing, I'm a man I can hang,
Don't get buck, get stuck,
Walk that ass like a duck,
Now you fucked, what's up?
That's the player haters luck

[Chorus: Partners-N-Crime]

Don't try to knock or jock, we bring the funk like a fart,
You get popped and dropped, by these 17 shots

[Misdemeanor:]

How you gone like me and hate me? Playa haters playa fake it,
This game is shaky too many niggas be hatin',
That's how it is ya dig?
Cross me wrong lose your wig,
Kidnap your kids, that's how it is in this bitch,
If you fake, you fake,
Real niggas don't play, we know where you stay,
We bring the funk with a K,
We'll tear down you clown,
It's them boys from that town,
We don't joke around, you hear them sounds from that round,
We don't fake the funk, we got the K bullets pumped,
When we lock the trunk, be stankin' shit like a skunk

[Chorus x2]

[Misdemeanor:]

Thinkin' you can soar like eagles but you ain't nothin' but some pigeons,
It's busta niggas like you hurtin' niggas with indecision,
We know, you hatin' niggas can't STAND US,
Because you know no other group can HANDLE US,
I keep a four five cocked when I'm bustin' at'cha block,
Non-stop and had your fuckin' head to get dropped,
My adversaries be gettin' sent to mortuaries and cemetaries,
Get filled with niggas that I, had to bury,
It's scary livin' the street life, not thuggin',
Nigga's think in my heart is fuckin' really it wasn't,
Four five bustin',
Niggas buckin' shouldn't been playin' with my Mama's baby,
They pushed me to the ledge, and now they got me goin' crazy

[Chorus]

[Kangol Slim:]

We got a glock it's cocked, bustas run you get chopped,
We disperse the shots to leave your whole body hot,
See that nine milli, will split your shit like a phillie,
Bullets, burn really, so don't be silly,
If you tags the back, you split the shit like the fats,
We retracts the macs, crime lab got the rest,
If you do it, you do it,
Real niggas true to it,
That's why we do it, cuz real niggas pursue it,
If you real you real, fake niggas play deal,
And fall down the hill, banana clips, brains spill,

We on that illy ill, sportin' straight from the Iberville,
Big deals make meals, if niggas war we bustin' grills

[Chorus x6]