

The Lox, Felony Niggas

Verse 1

Shhh (Two guns up mothafucka, Two guns up mothafucka (overlap)
Real shit...Styles P Shit..
If P want you dead, I aint comin' wit niggas
Just a blunt and a tre pound, plenty of liquor
So ya homies got something to pour
That's that old school shit
I aint tryin' to put you under the floor
I'm tryin' ta bang niggas over the clouds
and I heard you say you rich
so you can't get lower than Styles
kill everybody dead just so noone can smile
play the streets my whole life and i been flowin' a while
biget i rock, ever since my nigga was shot and my other nigga
was shoot shit i'm tellin' the truth
If I lie, may I die in the middle of the verse
My niggas hustle from first to first
Twelve months in a year
Gun on your waist, Blunt in your ear
Pat in your sock, Trade at the back of the block
With a fein watchin' for knorx till the shit get dark
We jump in the hoop ride, instead of the six
While you lookin' for a bitch, we lookin' for a brick
That we can cook by six and give the whole block a fix
Catch me on "gettin' sixty a shift
Holidy Styles, nigga I aint nothin' but streets
Just as hard as the shit, that be under your feet
And the only time i front is with a blunt and a beat
To show niggas that I'm nice and they aint fuckin' wit me

Chorus

Felony Niggas
Cop Cock Heavily Niggas
That'd arm rob seventy niggas
You know
Murderin' niggas
You want doe, they servin' you niggas
Stay on fifth, Gettin' swervin' on niggas
You know
Wheather we ryde or we die we gonna get this doe

Verse 2

All I know is drugs and guns
and plenty of weed
and that bitch that suck dick
and niggas that bleed
and if you're rich before you go
get a watch and a drop
you better hit the court house
and better bail out the block
if your son aint worth shit
niggas'll smuggle your daughter
I come through in a Porshe
The same color as water
I got weight, what you want
I can cover the order
They call me Boss when I cross the border
Six shot "caught her"
I hear niggas say my face is screwed
But I'll put six in your stomach nigga
lace your food

Scream "Fuck Every Rapper" that hate that I'm rude
But that's that SP shit, you can take it or move
We can let the bullets spill, till we all get killed
There's only six nice rappers
If you wanna be real
Niggas die everyday from talking that dumb shit
That where they're from shit
All that mean to me is you can get your gun quick
Just another dumb bitch
Go to church to get the holy ghost
I did my dirt and got the holy ghost
Look at the world through a niggas eyes
Dont be a bitch, you gonna live and die
Rivin' in the sky, but no love when you slither by
I pray to god that we make it to heaven
But the only thing we makin' is channel eleven
You know four, five and seven, hot as fuck
And every rapper be dead, if they were hotter than us
But since niggas still alive they should be tellin you somethin'
You aint hear from Holiday, he aint tellin' you nothin'
You know..cocksucker..

Chorus (2x)
(skit)