

## **SAY F/ Pete D Moore**

### **"Felony Niggas"**

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#### 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)

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