

Southside Playaz f/ C-Loc, E.S.G., T-Pop

"Get Ya Issue"

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(*talking*)

Uh-huh you bitch you, (Tre-Deuce in the house
Clay-Day in the house ha-ha, C-Loc)
Na-na-na-na, (and E.S.G.)

[Hook]

What up whoadie, what up soldier
We young G's coming up, taking over
What up whoadie, what up soldier
Worldwide Laff-Tex, taking over

[C-Loc]

Now flipping nickles to dimes, and 22's to 30-30's
Catching dope case after dope case, but motherfuck
the jury
Cut throat, in a city full of white folks
Fucking round with Laff-Tex, you get your fucking neck
broke
Ha-ha money moves mountains nigga, so cease the
clowning
So lil' daddy you like playing with killers, so look
around ya
From C-Loc to 3-2, to T-Pop and Clay-Doe
You ain't said nothing you'll get your issue, you bitch
you you heard me
In Laffeyette, the killers hollin' pass the tech
No need to wear a vest, strictly banging shit above the
neck
Get your mind right or lose, you wanna kill some'ing
then do it
You got a answer for that shit, I thought you knew it
For the last time, we blast on punks and haters just to
pass time
Killing family, for disrespecting mine
Like sunshine it's mandatory, no need to worry
Two bodies found dead in the cut dog, you know the
story you heard me nigga

[Hook - 2x]

[Mr. 3-2]

Get buck get buck, everybody get wild
Boot up boot up, check the gangsta profile
Mr. 3-2 the Governor, ready to dump
With a fully automatic, from H-Town to the swamps
Fuck around get stomped, so baby don't come at me
wrong
I'm trying to leave that gangsta shit alone, and bring
some platinum song
For Michael Corleone, and all my Southside Playaz
With that boy C-Loc, so how you do that there
All my peoples on welfare, still getting they issue
All the lil' mamas who break these trick pockets, I ain't
forget you
You bitch you, now bring it all to daddy
I'ma chop some'ing up with ya, and let you floss with
me in a Northstar Caddy
A lot of haters mad at me, they can bring that shit on
Cause I peep through the streets, and my game is
strong
Backbone affiliated, Laff-Tex/Street Game
It's a black monopoly, verbal uncut cocaine

[Hook - 2x]

[T-Pop]

Cables I'm pulling, in the hood and the flats
C-Loc popping neck, Laff-Tex bout our respect
T-Pop holding glocks, in the land of the trill
New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Laffeyette how you feel
Bout to tear the club up, while these hoes body rocking
H-Town Southside, fifteen's knocking
Hoes on dick, and bouncing that ass
Fuck slob bitches, Laff-Tex bout cash

[Clay-Doe]

Down South where it's tough, where these drugs got it
rough
But it always been this way in this Gulf, so we ain't
giving a fuck
Times use to be hard, until I start dropping white broad
In the 3rd Ward, and from the Laff-Tex mob
It's a hard job to be a S.S.P., but best believe
If strapped is the way to be, then that's the way it's
gonna be
If it takes coming through your women to get you, to
get the picture
I bend my concentrated Laff-Tex miss ya, and get your
issue

[E.S.G.]

We ride fo' deep, as we creep through each block

In the Bentley sipping my Henny it's the E, Clay and T-Pop
Nigga we drop some shit, half of them niggaz can't fuck with
Black hearted getting it started, I'm the pitbull of the click
Sipping my syrup by the gallons, fucking yellowbone stallions
Chanel set Rolex, with my baguettes and matching medallion
Space age throwing my town, in Lexus Texas Arkana
Fucking the freak hoes doing greek shows, by your classic in Louisiana
Now every nigga, trying to get closer to E
All at the show with the E, but nigga this show ain't for free
I won't deposit anything, so you best to have my shit
When you get your hustle on young nigga, I'm bringing a half a brick
But if you short with my issue, you young ass lil' bitch ya
You best to hope, this motherfucking tech and a scope
gon miss ya uh

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