

Steady Mobb'n "Niggas Like Me"

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featuring Mystikal Silkk The Shocker

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There we go

(gangsta shit gangsta shit niggas like me into gangsta
shit)

[Crooked Eye]

Chorus

Niggas like me make the world go 'round

Beats by the pound is them niggas droppin' platinum
sounds

Niggas like me roll wit extra clips

Cuz niggas like me be in some gangsta shit x2

Niggas like me quick to pop that steel

Because niggas like me, haters trying to kill

And uh, niggas like me used to slang birdies

Before niggas like me was into R-A-P

You see niggas like me ball wit nuthin but thugs

30 deep, strapped muggin, in the back of the club

It be niggas like me posted up in the cut

Ready to lite this shit up cuz I dont give a fuck

Niggas like me role wit Master P

And that red ass gangsta Mr. B-O-Z

Niggas like me from the west to south

Niggas like the M-O-B and Mystikal

Chorus x2

[Mystikal]

Muthafucker better hump in your back

Clock the glock, hold up the buzz, tear up the club

Make these weak ass niggas know the fuck you at

When they see you wit yo beer banana

Nigga you skipped the line, you get yo shine

Make yo money don't play no time

Yo hoe big fine, torture line

Them niggas dont trip they respect yo mind

Excute us to see ya, follow the leader

Looked up to a lil trill, wanna be ya

Black tuxedo wit a 9 milimeter
Call Steady Mobb'n we all ready now

[Silkk]

Mistah hold up

Type a niggas goin behind his fiance goin out n' creep
And at the weddn', any reason why these two shouldn't
be married, she a
freak

I be the tyga nigga that holds his own
That tyga niggas block be holdn' his own
Ya know I be sayin buzz, holdn' the crome
Below holdn' the dough like, what went wrong
No findn' jail I box the more
I just knocked poped on the door
If I don't kill us, live that pop smoke
Who you think I am, fuck ya'll, steady mobb'n

[Crooked Eye]

Chorus x2

[Billy Bavgate]

Niggas like me got you smokin' dat weed
Sellin' dat D, north south west to tha east
They say, a nigga like me, I put the funk in tha streets
My lig go broke, I put the broke in the streets
I'm a public enemy on my enemies
Drug dealers feeln' me I'm smokn' my weed
Til these jealous niggas bury me
Bury me real in the pine box
Put me next to moms and pops
One love to the niggas dumpin shots at cops
For the crooked shit they do man it's got to stop
And they say, a nigga like me am I a menace on the
streets
Cause I handle my business when we meet

[Crooked Eye]

Chorus x2

Yeah, this dedicated to them real gangstas.
Mystikal, he into gangsta shit.
Steady Mobb'n, we into gangsta shit.
Silkk The Shocker, he into gangsta shit.
C-Murder, you into gangsta shit.
And the Colonel Master P into gangsta shit.
Big Boz, he into gangsta shit.
N-O L-I-M-I-T into gangsta shit.
Yeah, Beats By The Pound.
Puttin it down.
You other producers back up and put them drumsticks

down.
Craig B, O'Dell, that nigga KL.
Mo D, and beats by Los.
Don't even play these niggas close

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