

## The Archies

### "D-3 Niggaz"

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[Ake]

I won't stop I won't quit, till these niggaz admit  
That I'm the shit, platinum placks everytime that I spit  
I'm on this mic and on a mission, cause I gotta get  
mine  
And if a nigga try to stop it, then he gotta lay down  
See I'm like the Clipse, cause I stay on my grind  
Everytime I fall up, niggaz stop and rewind  
I'm still that Dirty 3rd Nigga, that squeeze Dirty 3rd  
triggers  
And if you ask me what I'm bout, I tell the world I'm  
bout my figures  
Fuck you haters, y'all ain't nothing but mini men  
I'm trying to keep my shit folding, while you stack your  
fin's man  
And I ain't even playing, yeah I'm down with my killas  
Yes in person it be like, that's the wrecking poo-poo  
realer  
It's the thousand dollar spenders, your body on the  
curb  
You can't get in my car with drank, or you'll waste all  
your syrup  
I be so hard, people be like Ake a vet  
Don't ask them whisperings, they can't hear the shit  
and I wreck  
I never spit whack, man don't make Ake a tech  
But when Ake a tech nigga, you better be way back  
Or you'll get hit by the mack, and I ain't talking about 10  
I'm talking bout my gun, do you wanna meet my little  
friend

[Tite]

Ake it's in my bloodline, that's why I spit so raw  
And I done lost my best friend, due to a nigga he  
fought  
I seen some shit, that most cats just rap about  
And I done felt pain, I'm still trying to factor out  
Streets is real, sometimes these streets'll kill  
But at the same time, these streets is how you eat your  
meals  
Hustled the block, to make it cause the times is hard

The only peace a nigga get, is the time with the Lord  
I often pray, for something just to better my way  
Feeling Pac when he spoke, about a better day  
I gotta get it dog, cause ain't nobody giving handouts  
And if you got it, I'ma take you and your man out  
Nigga the hood is my life, the hood is my life  
I'm a fiend, and this hood is my pipe  
See I done been through hell, and I done been through  
jail  
Most of my life, was broke without I been through mail  
I done smoked the weed, and I done sipped the drank  
All I know is cutting dope, trying to flip this bank  
That's why I move, like a real G suppose to  
You want proof, then motherfucker I can show you

[Chalie]

This is for you hateeeeeeers, let me tell you  
You gotta sin, and I done smell you  
One on one is cool, but if you talking bout jumping  
I'll act a fool, but until then what I'ma do  
Is sit on the sideline, my time yes I'm about mine  
Until my name is brought up, in a situation  
Present yourself, I'ma get up swang up  
Cock back and bust, and put a dent in your head  
Don't hold your breath, I'm only throwing stones  
At a pack of wolves, if you get hit bitch then bring it dog  
Well just speaking of chrome, or using verbal tones  
It really don't matter, cause it's gonna burn in your  
bones  
My zone and section is filled  
With haters and chrome, and plexing but still  
I try to maintain, possession of skill  
So that I may gain perfection, and that's reeeeeeal

(\*talking\*)

Yeah, Big Rob the Rhino  
FK2K3, real man

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