

Styles P f/ Raw Buck

"Shoot Niggas"

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[Intro: Styles P]

Yeah! FUCK niggaz!
Grease whattup? Vacant Lot
I'ma EXPOSE these bitches!
You don't like me SET IT!!

[Styles P]

This ain't for the radio, nor for the video
This is for the nigga with his banger by his shitter hole
Comin out the box crazy bear cause his shit is swole
Ready to roll, no holds barred
Gettin amped up, just lookin at his old scars
Yeah, you know it's on when the real nigga hatin you
No sleep, think about, the steel penetratin you
He the type to break the blade off in you
Fuck a cage when you know that it's a cage up in you
What? Kinda hard to not, go on a murder spree
Paintin niggaz burgundy, put 'em to surgery
Go kill they family like the shit was a urgency
S.P. is back, call the state of emergency
Nigga get the N-G-O's, shit you bend in your rolls
The men in your holes, all of my foes
All you smell is gunpowder then the scent of a rose,
what!

[Chorus: Styles P]

Shoot niggaz, cut niggaz, fuck niggaz, what niggaz
Butt niggaz really shouldn't bop, you strut niggaz
Firearm touch niggaz, light him like a dutch nigga
Stop, look at your watch, you know that time's up nigga

[Raw Buck]

Fuck all these niggaz, let 'em die slow
Pistol-whip somethin 'til you break the raw{?} snow
Shoot a nigga throat out, hawk him in his eyeball
Let that nigga burn for tryin to run through this firewall
New world order, Raw Buck, S.P.
Twin tec ninas leave him wetter than a jet ski
I'm the rawest rookie, fire me where the vest be
I got a awkward offense, but I got the best D
Greatest man alive, no I'm not E.S.T.

Hoppin out the Nestle Crunch, color S.E.
Nod to the anthem, I'ma ride with the Phantom
Whether we in the fuckin Who-Ride or a Phantom
Real niggaz to feel it, fake niggaz'll fear it
I been with the real and I break fake niggaz spirits
All bear witness the truth nigga
I got no remorse, and I never been hesitant to shoot
nigga

[Chorus]

[Styles P]

Trust me, you don't really know who you fuckin with
The gun is called Dick, won't you go ahead and suck it
bitch
E'rybody fly, actin like a fuckin bitch
If you ask me then e'rybody's a fuckin trick
Let me ease up, these niggaz ain't G'd up
They more like E'd up, once that I re'd up
Shoot him in his face, while he rollin his weed up
You rap with security, you pussy
If you sell crack with authority you pussy
Nigga can't run a block cause them niggaz'll run over
you
Probably wouldn't jump, if they threw a gun over you
You ain't built for what you talkin about
You unworthy, oughta get hawked in your mouth
I got a white boyfriend that woulda called you a poser
Got a nigga in jail that woulda made you a dosier
You a wack-ass rapper nigga, fuck it it's over

[Chorus]

[Outro: Styles P]

Yeah, you know who the fuck it is
I got a story to tell
If you don't know it find out about it, bitch!
Nobody eats no more, hardest out point blank period
You don't believe me send all the motherfuckers at
once
YEAH!! WOOF!

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