

T-Pop f/ Buddah Man, Thomas

"Datz Dem Niggaz"

Visit "[Datz Dem Niggaz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook - 2x]

That's them niggaz, it's best you don't test them
niggaz
Fuck around, and leave your brains in your head rest
nigga
Have your ass in a body cast, on bed rest nigga
We some designated grave diggers, that's them
niggaz

[Buddah Man]

Them blood spillers, that's that nigga infested with
game
Affiliated with thug niggaz, mafia style trained
Off the chain, gangsta strutters sitting on cutters
Suicide do' shutters, some thoed mo'fuckers
It's hazardous, verbal assault and battery
Flipping a foreign, riding with a wide anatomy
Skating down your block, like it ain't no gravity
Mouthpiece off the leash, I must live lavishly
Bust open your chest cavity, I'm trained to smoke ya
Snub nose out the holster, and ready to toast ya
All braggers and boasters, get hit with the nine mili'
22 inch rim peeler, untamed gorilla
That's them niggaz, watch out don't test them niggaz
They the type to leave your dome, where your chest at
nigga
I'm from that dead nigga, where we tote techs nigga
Disrespect and we leaving boys, with broke necks
nigga

[Hook - 2x]

[T-Pop]

Como estas, oh-oh that's them niggaz
Pablo's my connection, that's my nigga
Fucking niggaz in the game, I'm that nigga
I'm the head honcho, squash that nigga
Move it swiftly can't read, or scat ass nigga
Dig a ditch for Pablo, about to crack this nigga
Plus it's no bitch to be hot, I'ma address this nigga
How he feel if we even come, contest this nigga

I'm a killer, and I know how to finesse this nigga
Break a nigga down like sticks, where it hurts at nigga
Leave a nigga in the dirt, where the curse at nigga
I hate you, because where I was birth at nigga

[Hook - 2x]

[Thomas]

What's wrong, what y'all think we don't mob no more
Ride around in hoo-doo's, or get high no more
What y'all think we ain't gangsta, we don't rob no more
What just because I rap, that ain't my job no more
I'll drop you hoe, straight pop you hoe
Keep some shit up on my waist, that'll stop you hoe
Straight knock you hoe, like a son of a bitch
And that's just from being hard nigga, in front of your
bitch
Look what I done to you bitch, I know you feeling it now
And that gunshot to the leg, I know she healing it now
I know you feeling me now, tal'n bout killing me now
You don't even own a pistol nigga, telling me how
So you stealing me now, so it's you I got's to call out
Nigga bring the whole squad, I'll take you all out
Plus the wall out, God bless them niggaz
So when you see us coming niggaz, say that's them
niggaz

[Hook - 2x]

Visit [T-Pop f/ Buddah Man, Thomas](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.