

# Ya Boy "Hang Ya Self"

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[Intro:]

Aye yo! (Aye yo! )  
Aye yo, tell nikkas to move tha fuck over!  
Tha fuck goin'?  
I'm in tha buildin', Ya Boy in tha buildin'  
I'm fuckin' fiiya, you fucka  
Let's ride tha fuck out nikka  
Haaa!

[Verse 1: Ya Boy]

You betta ask around (Chyea! ), my niggas packin'  
pounds  
I used to play wit waterguns, now I'm packin' rachets  
pow (Brrraatt! )  
We keep +Heat+, you'd think Wade & Shaq in town  
3-57 big enuff to knock back a cow (Brrraatt! )  
They claim to be tha best, and I'm askin' how?  
Ya Boy done hooked up wit tha virus, call me Westnile  
(Chyea! )  
Call the sirens, shells flyin', hope your vest around  
Shots fiiyyed (Ahhh! ), leave em paralyzed from neck to  
down (Unh! )  
I'm talkin' wreckless now, hit tha booth and wreck it  
down (Yeah! )  
Alwais made stacks, instead of crack I'm sellin' records  
now (Unhh! )  
I eat beef like a double deck of checkers burger  
I ain't scared to do a murda, I'm'a weapon squirta  
I'll let tha weapon squirt'cha, wet'cha like a f-in surfa  
Aye we keep work, hope ya nerves is good lesson  
lerna (Yuh! )  
Two niggas, four burnas like a stove top  
Aim tha fif' and leave tha sucka stiff like a blow pop  
Cock and dump, pop tha trunk, stuff him like stove top  
Rolled around fo' two weeks and got tha Range Rove,  
Haa!  
I'm like Moses how dem O's spark  
Make tha coke go hard on tha back of tha bus, like Rosa  
Parks (Chyea! )  
And duck ki's like Mozart  
Tha way fo's spark, ya betta be on tha look out like tha  
coast guard (Yeah! )

Be quiet, we'll shootcha (Brraatt! )  
Have ya hooked up to mo' wires then a back of a  
computa  
BITCH!

[Cyssero: talkin']

Ya Boy!

(Yeah) it's my turn now mayne

This was tha mothafucka virus (Aye Ya Boy, I gotchu  
nikka! )

We takin' this shit tha fuck over

lonn give a fuck bout non of dat violence shit

Non of dat nikka (Bay Area stand up! )

You wann' see me nigga? (Yuh! ) Then walk nigga,  
walk!

[Verse 2: Cyssero]

Chyea!

Movin' thru tha hood wit tha choppa on deck (Deck! )

Pounds of dat skunk burryed down in tha trunk (Trunk!  
)

Red-fitted, white-T, over tha brim

Highly-intoxicated from tha doja and gin

Ridin' like tha rolla-coasta, holdin' toasta wit him

Hollow-point, two 2-3's, loaded in a min

Somethin' used wit wit tha scope so I can focus it in

Hit his head and dissapear, hocus-pokus wit him (Yeah!  
)

I'm from tha hood where they give rock to go to tha  
penn'

Tha grave where a lot of em go, but jail is where most  
of dem been

It's so damn pathetic, I'm coppin' hammer after  
hammer

Gotta hammer fetish, beef - I'll let tha hammer get it

If you talkin' - I'm sparkin', him and his mayne a get it  
(Brraatt! )

A head shot, numb his body like a anastetic

I got, money on my mind and got plans to get it  
(Chyea! )

Brain stormin' in a 'coupe, smokin' grams of relish

Hardest nigga out, ask - tha fans'll tell ya (Chyea! )

I'm tha shit (Smell It! ), even ya gurl can smell it  
(Hahaha)

I'm mach 5 movin' - I am not human

I'm already been chosen, you can stop choosin'

Yes! I'm tha most cleverly experienced, line-fo'-line  
lyricst

Point blank, period!

Listin when you're hearin' it, mayne I'm somethin'  
serius

Full beard, A.K., I move like terrorist  
Give you 36 like a square when I'm air-in it  
So while you're still breath-in air, you betta cherish it  
(Chee-Yuh! )  
You think you betta then me? I think he hillarious!  
(Hahaha)  
I'ma pittbull off tha leash, capiche? (Yeah! )  
Neva broke, I got work I could sell (Uh huh)  
And workin' wit dat workin' got me workin' wit skulls  
Where I'm from, they eitha end up in a hearse or in jail  
I spit piff, you could roll this whole verse in a "L"  
NIKKA!

[Outro:]  
(Yeah, Nikka! ) From Killa-Cali to Killa'delphia (Ya Boy,  
Cyssero! )  
Pussy azz nikkas! We got tha mothafuckin' body bags  
readi fo' you bitches,  
Nikka! (Uh huh)  
If you ain't like it, fuck you and ya momma nikka!  
Dat's how we get tha fuck down nikka! (Put a make up  
on dem nikkas, show em  
How fuckin' freaks they are, nikka! )  
2007's owned nikka! (East to tha West)  
A young nikka's turn, nikka (It's dat fuckin' crack musik!  
)  
You old azz nikkas mayne, turn ya fuckin' microphone  
up mayne  
Ya digg? (Huh! )  
Mayne, this from tha hearth nikka, you ho' azz nikkas  
mayne! (Yessirr! )  
Get tha fuck out tha way nikka!  
G-Block, fuck tha hood nikka!  
Sell tha pound, get tha fuck down!  
Ya dig! (Ahhh! )  
Whole Up-town stand tha fuck up!  
Whole North stand tha fuck up!  
Bay Area stand tha fuck up, nikka!  
This where it started! Fo' us!  
This where it ended fo' you, lil' fucks!  
You got a fuckin' problem, holla at me!

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