

Y&T

"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 skells
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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