

Tricky F/ Terry Hall "Niggas I Hang Wit"

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[* Gangsta Pat talking *]

[Verse 1]

We be the baddest motherfuckers on the block,
wreckin' shop
Makin' hoes drop they ass and these big bodies drop
The cream of the fuckin' crop, we be soakin' like a
fuckin' mop
Crooked as a fuckin' cop and we never gonna stop
Slangin' rocks out out socks and our pistols cocked
Thinkin' when we plot
On these motherfuckers, money on the table
You can label us as gangstas, pimps, and killers
Thug, chronic demons, Crown and Moet sippers
Bumpin' out the frame bringin' street pain to busters
Then Hell take us under, we be mobbin' cause we
rugged
Niggas I hang with down with 187, 211's
And our minds is fuck the world cause we not half
steppin'
Some of us got P.O. some of us on parole
All of us takin' tolls, in control so behold
Life is the lyrical of murder, hit where it hurts
These niggas I hang with like these bitches but money
first

[Hook x2]

These are the niggas that I hang with (Hang with)
These are the niggas that I bang with (Bang with)
These are the niggas that I slang with (Slang with)
These are the niggas that I'm in a gang with (Gang
with)

[Verse 2]

If you niggas ain't scared, throw yo hood in the air
It's Mr Loo, I'm coming through with the braids in my
hair
The Blackhaven zone, where niggas smoke every day
I from Little Rock but I'm in Memphis tryin' to get money
man
We on a mission tryin' to come up to that million spot

But how the hell we gonna do it with these hatin' ass
cops
Including these bitch ass niggas, I'm down to kill you all
Come to these South Coast hustlers and get that bitch
ass tossed
Take a walk on my side, ya punk ass might not survive
I'm a die hard nigga and ready for the hoo ride
Day and night, we can slide and handle low down
business
On my life, I blast I can't leave no witness
See picture this, the niggas that I hang with
They take no bullshit, and ain't afraid to empty out a
full clip
Shit, you better try to get a grip
Need something on ya hip, fuck with these niggas that I
hang with

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

I'm in the back of the box, bustin' at bitch niggas in my
path
Disrespect my click, we resortin' to blood bath
In yo neighborhood, corruptin' ya block with them
glocks
And I'm thick as the plot, die hard lickin' them shots
Fuck niggas gotta duck when we bust ain't no missin'
We aiming point blank range and got you cowards
pissin'
In ya pants, tak a chance, violate
Watch us diolate
With these drive by's and homicides in ya eyes
Can't you recognize, we for real so what's the deal
The more that the rap get real, the more that these cats
can feel
I thinkin' perhaps you feel you can get some
Teflon bullets through the jaw quick
You know that I am with some
Murder crosses my mind, my hand touches my nine
Got niggas rushin' for cover, bitches rushin' us fine
Our hidin' spot, the shit don't stop and we gon'
continue
Comin' we buck with some fucked niggas on the menu

[Hook x2]

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