

Techniec

"Lb 2000"

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(feat. Soultre')

[Techniec]

Yo, I'm a M.C. nigga for real
That's my label
Lay it on the table
And get jumped like cables
I swear I'm gonna remain the shit
Let everything I'm on remain a hit, and bang the clip
Don't wanna get hit, get out my lane and shit
Fuck you and who-ever you hanging wit
Let's see how insane it get
It's not like me to like me
Niggas jeopardise their safety to hate me
Ride on safety
Peep the whole thang like safeties
My nigga, cause shit been way off the hook lately
Every little high class bitch wanna date me
Hoes feel I'm real lucky
(Can I drive your car?, you can trust me)
I've got a dollar seventy five bitch, that's the bus key
You must be thinking that I must be
Some type of hook
I read bitches like books
Keep my riches tight, look
Slow down baby, don't rush
These diamonds is for sure, hoe don't touch
And these cowards is more than sick for
Talking shit I spit and kill niggas like orsenit
My squad, kill niggas for flossing shit
Choose not to tug your chain
They buck your brain
If you ain't a hard rider
You punk and lame
Try to play the top dollar
Get turned to change

[Chorus: Techniec w/ Soultre' singing in the background]

I'm one hard-ass nigga
I pull the glock out

I be the one everybody talking about
So watch your mouth for '99
Everything mine, everything fine
Yeah
I'm one hard-ass nigga
I pull the glock out
I be the one everybody talking about
So watch your mouth
I Hoo-Bang, like butane, from here to Ukraine

[Technic]

I ain't know over four niggas
Making over four figures
Never met a gold digger
All I did was poke bitches
Shit, that was the class I was in
Now I might fuck around and blast your kin, for no
reason
Give a hard look, smash 'em in
You see this little .44 find the spot and splash your men
Tried to hit Vegas wit them liquid chips, and cash 'em
in
Nigga got big bready, flossed a little
Now they think I'm big headed
They way they talked about it, like a bitch said it
Just wanted to show the homies that I, came up
But they, hated, twisted and tried to fuck my name up
Don't wanna see a nigga have shit
I'm like fuck it, bring the 9 at ya
Fine apples, and plastics
Explosives, double holsters for those toters
The way I spit shit, they are wide when I roll close

[Chorus]

I'm like what?, when he pointed to the T on my hat
My Hoo-Bangin' medallion, Long Beach shirt after that
As I went down, I rose up, showed him the gat
Then asked him, "Now do you got a problem wit dat?"
Sat down, put the mack down
Steady looked at this coward
Dead in his face, ready to crack down
Guess no-one can help him, I backed down
Get crowned and downed, young nigga I pack pounds
I ain't trippin' no mo', I'm getting my dough
Same nigga at the show, plotting on getting my hoe
Like I give a hoot about the bitch
Especially if I couldn't give a hoot about the bitch
You a trick-ass nigga, and I doubt you rich
Gang bang boy like you, gang claiming you're all goin
insane

It's a new age, new time nigga
And I really predict this shits all mine nigga

[Chorus]

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