

Celly Cel F/ Kevin Gardner

"What U Niggaz Thought"

Visit "[What U Niggaz Thought](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

10b5

What U Niggaz Thought

Gots some Bill like bitches on the under

Tryin to keep it on the slunder cuz I made you wonder

If I was down cuz I rap, now what that mean?

I'm bouts to raise up out the hood & leave my 17

Shot glock on the block like I want peace

The only peace I'm gon' get is when I'm deceased

(So you still punkin) Yeah if I got to

Trigger finger itchin & I just might pop you

Glock to a muthafuckin head in the 9-5

(Oh, so you gon' buck 'em down just so you can stay alive)

I thought you knew, but these fools keep crossin me

And I be feelin' like the devil got lost in me

When I flash

(So nigga you a killa)

Mamas & babies, they say I'm crazy cuz I give a

Nigga one chance not to fuck wit me

Cuz when you fuck wit me, I gots to take your whole family

(Man you sick) Naw, I ain't got shit to lose

It ain't no rules, I been locked up in county blues

All they can do is send me to the pen with a lunch

To get my ?

And walk the yard with my folks

I'm gettin smoked

But the judge give me 25

When I get caught, I'mma blast

What U Niggaz Thought

[Kevin] (Celly)

1 - Bring the chalk (Bring the chalk)

Scrape the bodies off the asphalt

(Scrape the bodies off the muthafuckin asphalt)

It's on when you're in my zone

What U niggaz thought (What U niggaz thought)

Repeat 1

[Celly]

(Man, you nationwide, why you still kickin' it?)
Cuz niner ross got a 30 round clip in it
And we can take 10 paces then draw
'Fore you turn around, I take 2 & blow off your jaw
Ain't nothin fair in the hood
I dare a nigga to stare at the barrel of my hair pin
trigga & square up
Watch his body flare up like some ?
Heart pumpin' Kool-Aid
Now he's sweet as sugar kane
(I thought you was quiet but now I see you in the
violence)
Killas don't talk, real niggas move in silence
And I'mma silently creep up on these niggas slowly
And split the funeral money, ???
Homie don't ya know me?
I'm that nigga wit the weapons
Y'all can have them hoes, I'm thinkin fuck the Smith &
Wessons
Just feel my nuts and get to splittin half a bloody bath
Is what you get for crossin my path as I bail & laugh
(Niggas like you get smoked everyday)
I'm one of the walkin dead any-muthafuckin-way
(I don't even trip when them fools be muggin me)
They wanna see the thug in me, dead with a slug in me
It's do or die, slip, creep or be crept on
Makin 'em swallow 32 hollow tips when the swept on
Rollin wit they heater
If fools get smoked, it ain't my fault
Plottin & catchin a mutha-fucka slippin
What U Niggaz Thought

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

[Celly]

(What they be thinkin when they see you creepin
through the streets?)
They wanna split me, but they know I'm boxin wit my
heat
And under my seat, it's in my lap, I got it cocked back
Whatever the destination, can't be loose
Cuz they be peelin' caps
(Yeah, I feel you) Naw, I don't even feel myself
So quick to blast, I can't get smoked unless I kill myself
(Damn) I lost my mind when I bought my nine
Fill it up with a thirty round clip
Like thallon tips all on your blind
Say throwin them thangs
So fool, put your hands down
Bailin through your hood, then catch you slippin wit

your pants down
Cuz when you slip, you're put to sleep, it ain't no wakin
up
I got these Betty Crocker ass niggas cakin up
Peakin out the window, smoked like indo
Smoked like ?
The shit that get you stuck when you see me raisin up
outta the bush
(So you be creepin on the late night, right)
Naw, the best way to kill a nigga is in broad daylight
(Like dat) I thought you knew me but you went soft
Now it's 'bout time I cut your mutha-fuckin water off
Stompin in my steel-toes, bailin wit my H.I. double L.
west niggas
Puttin y'all to rest niggas
Bring the chalk, scrape the bodies off the asphalt
It's on when you in my zone
What U Niggaz Thought

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

Visit [Celly Cel F/ Kevin Gardner](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.