

A.G. "We Do That Too"

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[20 seconds of ad libbing to open]

[A.G.]

Yo check me out yo, I doubt somebody on your team
Got a better flow, honey comin for the green
You gotta let her go, real niggaz move in silence
So you'll never know, I dead 'em slow, lay 'em low
So I'm the last thing you know, I blast at any foe
Dead 'em quick, as fast as the Henny go
Now put me in a place with freaks, gimme a tape with
beats
I'll be straight for weeks, shit I'll even hate to leave
I'm splurgin for props - "Money, Power, Respect"
Refer to The L.O.X., cop the hot three-quarters got
Converted to drop, and murder your block
When I came through, in the midnight blue, for chicks
like you
Bastard - that's what she say when she see me ridin
Past with - her best friend and I'm puffin on some
Black shit - yeah these rhymes is magnets
G.D. cats, way above average
Me and this beat is a perfect marriage, bat up, I'll hurt
your average
I'm a lethal, wea-pon, like Ste-fan
I'm ready as ever, for any I'm terror
I'll put 20 that's long money for any that's better

[Chorus]

You puff the bomb weed? YEAH WE PUFF THAT TOO
You tote the big guns? YEAH WE BUST THOSE TOO
You fuck with dime bitches? YEAH WE FUCK THOSE TOO
You roll with thug niggaz? YEAH THAT'S HALF MY CREW

[A.G.]

I blast for you? Blast-for-me/blasphemy, it has to be
Trust me, must be, glad to see us three
If not bring the drama, won't catch us, sing the drama
Bomb you with the 9 llama, you'll live if you're lucky
I'll crack you, like the dutchie, then I roll
You vested up, but from the neck up, you ass out
Like a centerfold, watch us wreck it and go
I'm second to no one, on Med's drums and these guns,

equal mo' runs
Sold coke, sold smoke, and sold junk
Coke run is a wet dream, nightmare when five-oh come
Suited up, but I get dirty and shoot it up
Catch me on Eyewitness News, in Santa Cruz

Officially, got beef with N.Y.P.D. Blue
MC's, see me who? They'll get these too...
Na na nah (so where them hoes at?)
Fat bitches wanna fuck with A (what?)
Dime bitches wanna fuck with A (what?)
Crime bitches wanna fuck with A (what?)
Y'all bitches wanna fuck with A (c'mon)
And y'all niggaz wanna touch my peeps (c'mon)
I take your seed and have him way upstate (c'mon)
Ransom notes just to give you a taste (what?)
And G.D. in the place

[Chorus]

We got the big guns? YEAH WE BUST THOSE TOO
You puff the bomb weed? YEAH WE PUFF THAT TOO
You fuck with bad bitches? YEAH WE FUCK THOSE TOO
You roll with thug niggaz? YEAH THAT'S HALF MY CREW

[A.G.]

This one here, is for my block
Like Chicago, I repeat, this is for my block
For those kids that hold heat, on my block, think it's
sweet
You'll be layin in the street from more kicks than beats
More slugs from the heat, niggaz hustle, hand to hand
(why?)
Cause every man gotta eat, on my block (my block)
And still we got no papers, all night bodegas
Dame chocha, esta loca, like Noreaga
We anticipate the putbacks
And the hood ain't the hood, without the hoodrats
With the Spandex, my mans rock gold chains
Smoke lah and feel no pain, and it's still no gain
We gotta runaway, we gotta do it now
And find a better way (what) so how that sound
Don't put the gun away, cause sheisty niggaz is foul
So I run away, and come away with the pile

[Chorus]

We got the big guns - YEAH WE BUST THOSE TOO
We smoke the dutches son - YEAH WE PUFF THOSE TOO
We cause the ruckus son - YEAH WE DO THAT TOO
We roll with thug niggaz - YEAH THAT'S HALF MY CREW

[A.G.]

Half my crew, half my click
And half y'all niggaz ain't bigger than half my dick
G.D., we straight dirt baby
Trigger Tone, where you at, where you at

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