

A+**"Some Other Shit"**Visit "[Some Other Shit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

West Coast Mafia
100 percent
Mob Figgaz n' real niggaz
We M-O-B L-I-F-E
My nigga ap9
Bgeezy
Food Free
Killa Tay trick

[Killa Tay]
I never hearda these fools
I'm quick to murder these fools
Dude if you hop off on this gangsta shit
Study the rules
Or get bloody and bruised
Tied up jacked and kidnapped
My fo thugs wit no love savagely raising big straps
We git em Lloyd
Trigga finga itchy like the hemmroids
Snap you like a polorioid
Somebody better hol'ja boy
Flawless like Roy Jones
Destroy bones on contact
Life ain't shit
Witout some pussy and a bomb sack
Million Dollar contracts
Comin' and goin'
But y'all aint knowin'
Bank account swollen
Picture me rollin'
In the Escalade
High starin death in the face
Heart fulla hate
Puttin work in but aint catchin no case
I got my game tight
Cuz big homey, laced me as a young G
Hungry for my chedda cheeze
Pushin OZ's
Make a profit hoes
Gots to got my name in they mouth
They bumpin guns and smokin murda blunts

When the guns come out
They poppin' please don't shoot
But ain't no git back when the shit crack
Murda man like Al Capone
Bust him wit the big gat
Hit him high
Feel the ride
Aint givin a fuck about Genocide
When this song is on
I gotta ride for mine
When the war pop off
Niggas die
Like fay days
Kill em all from the OG's to the Bebe's
When the gun blaze
Like sun rays
Doin drive by's on the run ways
Feds tryin to hunt Tay down
In every town
From Philly to Compton they investigatin
My stomach rounds

[Chorus] 2x

All my niggas smuggle shit
I'm on some otha shit
Like fuckin' over the government
My ghetto politic thug niggas lovin this
Leavin u open like a hollow tip
Inside ya nigga
Swollow this
Hollow Hollow

[AP-9]

I don't give a shit
Still lettin off clips
Gimme the mike and let me touch some shit 'till I love
I get a headrush
When the lead go bust
Kickin up dust
Man that's a must
Sometimes on the mike I cuss
Kickin up dust on the mike I buss
I know my people's know who really run
Smokin' up on a Philly Blunt
Slappin' a sucka wit a gun
Crushin' up shit just like Big Pun
North to the East
South to the West
I most confess
I gotta get a piece
Betta yet a hoe can't settle for less

I don't discriminate
Every fake nigga perpetrate
Concentrate on makin' papes
Shakin' fakes in the month of gate
Keepin' em as I contemplate
These high stakes wit a runnin' mate
Takin' it to another climate
For those that ever try to draw me
Rent em off to Bombay
Feelin my way
Fuck you in the hallway
My rhyme pays
'Sides Bombay
My Do or Die day nigga
Livin it up
Im givin' it up
For my niggas that been tearin shit up
Nigga What

[Chorus] 2x

[AP-9]

I been doin this shit since '89
They still hatin' on debatin' on tryin' to play P-9
I see fakers on then its on
Wanna spray P-9?
All around my neck strapped tough flee
For the niggas that wanna touch me
Tryin' to fuck me
Wit' no vasoline
I get the gasoline
For niggas that's after me
5 G's is what I need on the M-I-C
Half a that before I breathe on
Niggas like you get peed on
So speed on
And be gone
To the cut with your fleet on
Or all of your teeth gone
Missin
No description until we bust
And you didn't listen
Rollin' wit the funk I think I bust cuz im thug livin'
Never give in
Nothin'
But takin' the bacon wit no mistakin'
I got some killas
On the pay roll
In day low
When it's time to handle business
Never miss it

Nigga lay low

[Chorus] 2x

Fades out

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