

Atemlos

"Only 4 My Niggas"

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[Chorus x2: all]

Life is a struggle, with so many hustles
That we can juggle, we all wanna bubble
So just to get richer, we sit and sip liquor
And plot to get figures, only with my niggas

[Crisis]

Late night, LAPD lurkin like a great white
In bloody waters, yo we doggin cuz my click stay tight
Pull up at the liquor sto', cuz we gotta get some Mo'
40's and blunts, smoke til I'm high, drink til I'm drunk
Bout to school Monk, cuz he like my right hand
Grab a can for Sandman
He runnin by a parked van, smoked up on the dark plan
Devious plot, know how to get a knot
Nothin major, just runnin up in the local spots
I grab the blunts and the box of Newport's for Doc
It's vice night, every block infested with cops
I jumped back in, what's crackin?
You said he had heavy traffic for 3 months
You know he got dough stackin, stop playin

[Sandman]

Nigga I'm not playin
They got heavy traffic, closed shop at 11:30
Heard where the money be from a little birdie
Don't hesitate to speak, I've got 17 slugs
Let's make it in and out, and get the money and drugs
If you scared then go to church, where the Simpleton
at?
He leave his bitch up in the house with a virtilo strap
And she timid with it, wouldn't tell that she knew who
did it
We on the quest to survive, my niggas be the fittest
Let make it happen, rap, scrap or keep it cappin
Licks nice sound, cheques will keeps the goods lappin
Safe spot, lace Doc, and Monk he know what's
happenin
It's just a little nappy nigga always been
trigger-happy

[Interlude: Crisis (Monk)]

(It's on, what's poppin?)

Hey, that nigga Sandman told you how it's goin down?

(4 Sho) He did? (Yeah)

Fuck it, let's go nigga

Chorus

[Doc Doom (Sandman)]

So S-man, what up? We gon' do this or what?

I know he sittin on somethin, we been watchin for months

(Plus his man just rolled up, he's about to Re-Up)

Let's hit em both at the same time

(Damn it's like you read my mind)

11:29, time to move out, ring the doorbells

Soon as he open the door, we whip the two's out

Everybody hit the floor, scooped up the drugs

Pistol-whipped his hoe, he said the money's up under the rug

in the master bed room (Check it out Monk)

But if you lyin, tonight all of y'all gonna be sleepin in a tomb

Monk what the hell we got?

[Monk]

Bingo, we hit the jackpot

60 G's, 80 pounds, 2 brick, crack rocks

2 glocks, fresh out the box

It's time to smash out

Kill a bitch, empty the clips, and then shake the spot

The homies in the car, let's go, it's time to get home

Back to the spot, divide it up, so we can stack on

Sew the block up, bubble up, cuz times it's tart

Slippin in the streets, your ass'll pay to serve charge

Cuz it cost to be the boss

Tough talk and get your braces charmed

Spot Rusherz rush the spot, what the fuck you thought?

Chorus x2

[Outro: all]

We all wanna bubble, only with my niggas

We all wanna bubble, only with my niggas

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