

Box Car Racer

"Family Thang"

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(Intro)

Nigga

Who a real rider is?

My family fool!

That's right

Puts it down on any hood or clique

That's real trick

(Verse 1)

It's the young mackola, slangin crack to stackola

The chip motorola holds the .44 to blow ya

Dohja smoke ignites the fire like lighters

The drop 64's catch the hoes on sighta

Let's take a trip to where the homies puts it down

They get (?) and say I never come around

But I'm in traffic, tryna make a proper come up

Livin in this hell hole makes me wanna blow my dome
up

My baby mama is more righteous than they come

The hood's on my back, the child support don't help me
none

So now I'm on a mission, niggas in my rear view

Damn it's the homie, what the fuck them niggas up to

I bust a U. and still the homies on my backside

I grab the .44 hit the petrol in a G-O metro

And damn, I still got payments on this muthafucka

I lost all the hub caps and the homies I don't trust 'em

(Chorus)

Well Young Prod if these niggas start trippin

And Twin I got your back too if it's mo' than two

And if it's mo' than three they gotta fuck with me

And that's how it's gon swing with this family thang

(Verse 2)

Y'all niggas kill me, feel me down when you up around

Clown me, down me when your ass not up around me

Now tell me G who's the fuckin playa hata

Mad 'cause I put my family up on some paper

My homie Joe gave me the 'fo on your bitch-ass

Hey troop I got your back loc, so won't you put the

smash
Down, clowns like you I call haters
Mad 'cause you jock us but still can't fade us
It's young trip on a creep as I tips down, man
They got nothin to lose but 50 G's to gain
If I maintain a low profile like a Pirelli
'Cause niggas be schemin like evil side and wicked
dreamin
Night after night be havin a nigga straight plottin
Like "Oliver Stone" out to get a grip of his own
And it's on and ain't no fakin niggas out for the takin
But if they come at me wrong Rata-tat-tat, ain't no get
bacc

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Now from the gate I gots to skate block to block when
I'm swervin
Puffin up on that herb and still down for curb servin
Cutlass on deck, niggas trip, I'm a winner
Khakis and Chuck T's, gold D's as I bend the
Nigga's block, batteries hot, lockin a 40
Gold Rhimeson packin heat and it's on
Niggas playa hatin 'cause I stack the chip, dippin in a C-
low
Puttin my bang down with my kinfolks
I see them half-ass hoes so damn down I used to figure
But now I'm hearin shit, it makes me wanna pull a
trigger
Nigga, I put you down when you had nathin
Nigga, but now I'm hearin 'bout your playa hatin
Rollin in my low-low '64 loc, with my kinfolks
Fake-ass locs they get smoked tho'
We still deep, we be tight like Vice Grips
Collectin chips, dumpin clips on niggas who set trip

(Chorus)

(Outro)

BiAtch
Westside and Eastside
Takin your ass on a gangsta ride
So peep this shit out nigga
It's the "in-a-cut-gang", baby, baby
And it's the South Central Cartel, baby
And it's the Young Prod thang, baby, baby
And all them niggas can't fade me
I'm crazy
Yeah, we be puttin it down for the 199-muthafuckin-6
You know what I'm sayin?

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