

Crossfire

"Still the Same Nigga"

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"Hey pull over there dawg them my niggaz over there"
"Aight"
"What up niggaz? Y'all seen that punk ass nigga Ren?"
"Yeah that nigga came through yesterday"
"Y'all seen that nigga video?"
"Na, I ain't seen that nigga's shit yet man"
"Man, that nigga's shit whack any way, aight dawg"
"Aight nigga"

"Hey nigga put this in"
"Though you didn't like that nigga, man why you
always listenin' to his shit"
"'Cause nigga, I'm on his nuts fool, just turn that shit
up"
"Man pass me the phone, yeah man what's happenin'?"
"Yeah, so, we be there in a minute"

"Hey man, turn on the TV"
"Yeah nigga roll up that weed"
"Fool, you got some papers?"
"Yeah it's in the room on the dresser"
"Hey man I don't see 'em"
"Hey man look in the closet"
"OH!! Damn nigga, what the fuck you doin' in the
closet, fool?
Scared the fuck outta me, whassup?"
[BANG!!!]

(CHORUS)(repeated)

And check it out y'all (Yo, I'm still the same nigga)

This nigga be creepin' on fools all day and night
I got determined millimeters nigga, fuck a fight
'Cause niggaz don't scrap no mo', that's a no no
Fools get hot, they shoot yo' ass on the spot
'Cause bitch made niggaz get fucked like a ho
But be outta work like that nigga Arsenio
'Cause niggaz be talkin' shit behind my back
Wishin' they could get they hands sweaty on my nut
sack
I ain't from Ohio, but I'm a player

So pussy ass niggaz what the fuck ya gotta say a
Poppa gotta brand new bag when I rock
'Cause niggaz on the corner sellin' shit out the ziplock
Uh, but me and my niggaz sit back and relax
While I fuck it up bustin' on them tight ass tracks
Yeah, you niggaz know where you can find me
I'm kickin' back in Compton with my niggaz behind me
Still the same nigga

(CHORUS)

I used to be a magician, but a nigga gave up tricks
'Cause my assistance was fuckin' too many dicks
So I start my mission, leave my residence
Fuck it, nigga makin' dead presidents
But niggaz be wantin' they hands in my pocket say
gimme
For a penny, all they feelin' is the jimmy
Like Rick James I'm bustin' out on the funk
Nothin' up my sleeve, the shit is in the trunk
But don't make me bop that shit, and it's on
'Cause I can get rocky like Sylvester Stallone
Niggaz shootin' stones, motherfuck a sly
If I wanted to I could hit ya with my third eye
Then you'll be in a deep sleep
So bring the band by, 'cause nigga chokin' like I mad
fly
I'm still takin' niggaz out
With the shit that's droppin' out my mouth
'Cause, I'm still the same nigga

(CHORUS)

Yeah minute you win it, a nigga ain't a loser
It's a black nigga hittin' corners on a beach cruiser
Or you might catch a nigga in a Chevy
'Cause my motherfuckin' shit is so heavy
Rap skits kicked to the curb, they gets no play
When I'm rollin' in the 4-54 in L.A.
Fuck the radio and they format
I got bitch made nigga killa wrote on my doormat
So niggaz don't ring my bell
I gotta bad attitude and I'm mad as hell
'Cause I break God damn necks with my rhymes
Niggaz in the street don't wanna fuck with mine
Devil's be askin' what I did
Tell 'em I make funky ass records, plus I built pyramids
But niggaz in the streets I'm a good fella
In the trench like Gotti, and the umbrella
Still the same nigga

(CHORUS)

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