

DJ Clue "Chinatown"

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Yeah, how many hitters can stand the rain? This is only
a test

I told you it was commin

We in front of the scenes and in back of the scenes

So what you gon do now

Bitches wanna front on me but know not to come to me

I keep ten glocks, ten rots up in front of me

Like they sprayin' sumin', like they sayin' sumin'

I gets my bark on like I'm DMX or somethin'

My reach is like Louis, stiff eighty-four

Yours is like Evander, seventy-seven slow

Thanks to Taebo, I'm thirty-two and O

When I catch a knock out bitches bring the cops out

Two for five spots, I tear the rocks out

Pop the tops out then clear the spot out

Nigga or bitch, you don't want no problems

My revolver is the quick problem solver

Don't never think I'm slippin', bitch, I ain't dumb

I carry a stun gun inside of my hair bun

Hatin' ass niggas, I treat you like a bitch

Strap on a fake dick and stick you where you shit

I got warriors that's three time felons

Leave ya body swellin', leakin' from the melon

And it ain't no tellin' when the bodies start smellin'

Somebody took the story, sold it to Helen Kelly

The guns and thing you sing about, bring 'em out

Like I thought y'all havin' a gun drought

I'm a millionaire, I ain't rhymin' for the cash

I'ma relax and let my niggas get in the ass

All y'all niggas is narrow straight parrel

Nigga like Banger make you swallow the barrel

Criminal, I ain't tryna battle on a ground or gravel

Through four make the hollows travel

I got Montana nines, more tangled lines

Who wanna wine and dine with Bris, get in line?
I fight like I rhyme, niggas thirsty to shine
Can't jack mine, I'm one of a kind

Die slow, y'all niggas is dust like pyro
You sleep with your eyes close, might as well be blind
fold
See how much my nine hold blast my one
Dos tres to the cuatro cinco, reload, bitch

How you want it? Head or gut, you soft like baby butt
When these Brooklyn niggas come through
Their jewels they tuck for what?
Intimidated how we hop out the truck
Or the S type Jag, y'all niggas straight fag

This is for my niggas who ain't never have shit
Ridin' around town with gun in masses
Copped out the ten years but only had six
All the ghetto hoods with only one bad bitch

This is for my bitches who ain't never have shit
Settin' niggas up for all they stashes
Love cats with Roleys and Carti glasses
Nasty hoes who take it in they asses

Aiyyo, I ain't gotta tell y'all niggas where I'm from
I ain't never tell no bitch when I cum
I'm far from a lame you will never see me run
You know how we do it, beef jump into it

Mafia's the gang, max out the squadron
Nine millimeter team, mack 11, mobs men
Who said we ain't rich? Kim's bling cost a fortune
Queen Bee niggas shootin' anything crawlin'

From now on, it's on when I catch you niggas snorin'
Any fresh event you can bet niggas sportin'
Betta leave town, catch a flight in the mornin'
Get the cold out ya eyes, somebody 'bout to die

Three niggas got beef, three niggas got to go
Hit 'em all in the row like, tic tac toe
Where you start is where you finish at
Show y'all the meanin' of fam, remember dat

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