

Dj Pied Piper

"Tha Anthem"

Visit "[Tha Anthem](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Chorus 1)

Y'all don't know who ya fuckin' wit, baby
Y'all gon' fuck around and make a nigga go crazy
Y'all don't know who ya fuckin' wit, baby
Y'all gon' fuck around and make us all go crazy
Say...

[Verse 1]

Yo
I roll wit niggas that blow 'dro and blow holes in yo
torso
Deveras, mama, te digo la verdad
I ain't tryin' to impress ya just to get under ya dress
Nor am I tryin' to worry yo ass to leave you caught up in
stress
I'm The Real Mc Coy, I'm as real as they come
Other niggas can talk about it, but nigga be silent wit
their tongues
Instead of yappin' gums, how they be holdin' guns
How they be sellin' drugs and how much niggas give
'em love
Don't they know that I don't give a fuck about what they
got
Braggin' about yo shit in front of me can get ya just got
I ain't playin' no games, I done said it before
I'm taking niggas' platinum plaques and puttin' my shit
on they walls
I'm like the...
Best kept secret, that nobody knows
Only movin' about in these streets and carried out by
these hoes
See some niggas out here, they only care for
themselves
My and my niggas are the opposite: we catch this
bread well
And if cats don't realize this, they ain't compliant
Never had no real cheese up in they muthafuckin'
pocket
Papa taught me never be greedy, wit the money you
hold
But watch out for fake niggas, and them gold-diggin'

hoes
Now these are the words that I'ma live by, till the day
that I die
Fuck the nigga that doesn't understand, and has to ask
why
Has to ask why, has to ask why, fake ass muthafuckas
have to ask why
Now...

(Chorus 1)

(Chorus 2)
la la, la la, laaaa, la la, la la, la la, laa laa, la la, laaaa
Now all my thug muthafuckas say...
la la, la la, laaaa, la la, la la, la la, laa laa, la la, laaaa

[Verse 2]

Ay yo I'm tired of being broke, and not havin' nothin' to
show for
I'm tired of poppin' ecstas. sippin' on too much liquor
I'm tired of niggas makin' promises they can't keep
I'm tired of all this stress that's unabl'n me to sleep
I gotta...
get on top of things, make some moves in this game
Anyone can lay the track, but only I can bring the fame,
and for as
long as I reign, I'ma bang on the brain
Makin' it hard for modern niggas in the streets to
complain
Listen to the ones who, smoke Lala, and sniff up all the
powda
And sell it for hot dollar, and don't give a fuck about
nada
Gemini, the greatest, I'ma ball till I fall
And I'ma, reassure your thought with a fuckin' plaque
on the wall
Mutha-fuckas...

Y'all don't know, who ya fuckin' wit, baby
Y'all don't know, who ya fuckin' wit, baby
Say...

(Chorus 1)

(Chorus 2)

Visit [Dj Pied Piper](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.