

El Peyote Asesino

"All My Niggz"

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(Chorus)

[Russell Lee]

All my niggz, get yo hustle on (get yo hustle on)
And you punk police, needa leave us alone (needa
leave us alone)
See, I don't give a fuck, and I don't play no games (and
I don't play no games)
Cuz all my niggz, they 'bout havin' thangs (they 'bout
havin' thangs)

[SPM]

Nasty hoes, and goofy niggas
Everybody tryin' they best to get wit us
Ruthless friends, and a crazy family
Niggas try to sue me for assault and battery
Crooked judges and expensive lawyers, I'm
surrounded
by muthafuckin' news reporters
Cocaine snorters and drug importers
If I leave the city, I break my court orders
Was a kick door burglar, and teenage murderer
My house be filled up with dope fiends' furniture
Mathematical, attack like animal
In my new whip, bangin' Barry Manilo
Totally radical, my flow is magical
She don't suck dick, then we ain't compatible
Quick to shoot, foo, then go to his funeral
Sippin' pharmaceutical, I feel so beautiful

(Chorus)

[Merciless]

You mi vida be closed captioned (uh-huh)
Been runnin' wild (yeah)
Addicted to them streets, my criminal lifestyle
A juvenile delinquent got no fuckin' manners
Smokin' wee 'till my eyes bleed (gettin' drunk and
crashin')
I swear my family tree, got roots that be rotten
If you dare to step on my block proceed with caution
(uh-huh)

You see we all loc.s (yeah) clicked up we all folks
Slangin' stolen merchandise crank shrm. and coke
Quick to blast shit I catch as good as skank nothing
With the big black whip they at the po po service
No second chance, when you dance with death
As your body gets cold with hot slugs in your chest
Merciless, no remorse, no pity,
See I come from a city where attitudes be shitty
And nothin worse in this world, than a vato that's broke
(uh-huh)
Mad at the world and got nothing to smoke

(Chorus)

[Max Minelli]

Maan with so much drama poppin' on my sets
It's kinda hard bein' that nigga M-A-X, but I
somehow still run my shit so proper
You can spin this 'till your fingers turn the color or
copper
Keep a soviet chopper, layin' across my dresser
The outlaw ain't crackin' under police pressure
So, I'm wit whatever that's gon' keep my shit flippin'
Me and Hap. thug together like Gore and Bill Clinton
From the streets gettin' smoked out and syrup on
sippin'
Cookin' more hoe chickens than Popeye's kitchen
My old lady bitchin' and for 17 minutes
I'm in the muthafuckin' game, y'all niggas still in the
scrimmage
That boy young Minelli keep a hustlers image
Nice piece and chain, hundred fifty dollar tennis
With drag and strings, pants saggin' man
Cuz them niggas on my block 'bout havin' thangs

(Chorus)

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