

## Enemy

### "Can You Hang?"

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\*(Ager Man talking)\*

Sacramento loc, all the way to Fresno nigga  
It's Ager Man, Lunasicc, an Killa Tay  
Top dolla bitch. We get paid hoe

Verse 1 \*(Lunasicc)\*

Uh, prepare to bow down when I hit yo shit, danger  
multipule rounds when the caliber spit  
like my folks BO I mash on tracks to get the paper  
money by the ton stack the loot as high as a skyscraper  
I'm makin moves, doin you fools wit the tech  
when it all goes down these AWOL niggaz get respect  
yo threats don't mean shit everythangs on a bitch  
twins on a BM-dub O, AMG chrome kit  
I rush up in yo face, no doubt I bring the pain  
unstoppable when I drop my load get smacked like a  
run away train  
I do kick it wit real niggaz from Sac-Town, thought you  
knew  
like my folks Yuk, I blast on fools so I  
dish the body smash off wit my posse bangin the curb  
young phsyco wit the ghetto bible I'm bringin the word  
Sicc, Tay, an Ager Man out to do big thangs  
top dollaz y'all, now mutha fucka can you hang??!!

Chorus \*(Lunasicc)\* x2

Top dollaz, nigga can you hang wit my team??  
we got the plug, on everythang that you need  
money, cars, drugs, hoes, (each is repeated)  
label me a drug deala fo skrill that's the way it goes

Verse 2 \*(Ager Man)\*

I got yo punk ass yellin.... AHHH!!  
wit a phat ass strap in yo mouth, the gat in yo mouth  
got you swallowin crack in yo mouth  
pistol whippin to knock yo punk ass out  
an go fo tha scratch in yo house

that's why I never keeps stacks in my house  
back at that ass point blank range  
none of you mutha fuckin bitches wanna cross this  
game  
I hear you bumpin that Krazy shit  
tired of the pain, I fuck wit assassins  
killaz that'll blow out yo fuckin brains  
Eastside til I die, I'm hittin on the gas  
sumpthin fo that ass hoe, sumpthin fo that ass  
heaters under the two seater Benzo wit tinted glass  
9 millimeter on my lap, shit some puff I'm ready to  
blast  
full of traps, hopin that my gun don't get smoked  
if I go broke, he bring me back  
I'm deep in this game of sellin dope  
these niggaz out here be strapped  
this nigga right here be strapped wit a mini  
open fire on yo bitch ass, tough love that I'm sendin  
test the testicals, serve the team an I'm grippin  
the hoe from Oakland to Lick Mode  
wit a four-four, searchin til the day I go all out fo the  
cash  
an be out like nuthin, ever happened, I'm smashin  
on the gas it's murder shit, this goes further than  
rappin  
dealt wit the jackin, empty yo pockets time to pay yo  
turf taxes  
after the blastin if you niggaz get to flashin  
we puttin hot ones in yo asses  
3 Times fo you mutha fuckin niggaz  
doin it to you in yo ear, say what I can wit a can of beer  
top dollaz, when the double O block  
an the four-four stop, when a nigga pop, cowards  
it's Ager Man, an Lunasicc surrounded by money an  
power  
you know, you know, you know, it goes down, uh game

\*(chorus)\* x2

Verse 3 \*(Killa Tay)\*

Got the mic I'm gettin freaky like a demon Nina  
millimeter my weapon when I'm steppin through yo  
section  
strictly fo protection  
wreckin, checkin, disrespectin niggaz bigga than me  
stoppin yo family, plot yo death like Brandon Lee  
million dolla Mobb hits, Mobb shit, bustaz all die  
wipe the bitch made g's off the mack strap when I ride  
high, power fuck a coward  
top dollaz cuz I'm bout it

while you hatin I be celebratin, elevatin my mind  
off that bomb green, no visine, eyes red like blood  
clots  
get off in that ass like buckshots  
pockets phat like Chubb Rock  
shiney gold medalins no more freestylin  
it's all about these pay styles  
gotta get mine, now we ballin big time  
still throwin them clips down from the Bay down to  
South Central  
bout my riches, dodgin bitches like a base half rental  
no reason fo squeezin the trigga  
these niggaz is goners, insane fo the skrilla  
I'm a killa, realer than real  
bringin em pain, all off in the game, top dollaz, uh

\*(chorus)\* x3

Money (money)  
cars (cars)  
drugs (drugs)  
hoes, hoes, hoes, hoes... nigga. x2

Top dollaz biatch!

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