

Era**"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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