

Fields Of The Nephilim

"Slangin'"

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[master p]

Yo, what's up nigga, this the colonel, mp.
But uh, fiend nigga, it's your muthafuckin time to shine.
You gon mix this shit up with bun b and pimp c.
U.g.k. and fiend? this straight for all the niggas in the
hood
Niggas on the corner, every nigga in the penitentiary.
Nigga, this busta muthafuckin free. this for all the real
Niggas and bitches out there, ya heard me? no limit
style.
Told y'all muthafuckas ain't no limit.

[bun b]

You muthafucka, I don't feel where you comin from
I don't like your zone, bitch, your microphone bitch
Your tone switch sound like you wanna dig your own
ditch
It's my pleasure to bring the shovel
You been lookin for trouble
So me and c and fiend gon bust your bubble on the
double
Hut one, hut two, march nigga, fire off that torch nigga
Straighten it out like starch nigga
When I'm parched nigga, take a sip of some kerosene
Mixed with promythsene, turn your block to a terror
scene
Shit you ain't never seen
Twenty millimeter tank rounds eatin up everything
Nowhere to run, hide, or back down
I put my mack down, picked up my ass kicker
Cause it blast thicker, hose and get off in that ass
quicker
The last nigga figured, he had a chance
To make it to that chopper, shit in his pants
Make the murder man dance
We shine like clusters, to leave you in the dust
Cause we tryin, to get rid a all you haters
And you muthafuckin bustas

[chorus:(1) fiend]

Boy, we down south bangin

Rollin with these hustlers
Tryin to get rid a you hatas and you bustas

[chorus:(2) fiend] x 3
Down south slingin
Rollin with these hustlers
Tryin to get rid a you hatas and you bustas

[pimp c]
I got the cocaine lady, white lady, by the key
I get them whole for ten, double up for seventeen
Two outta one, step on it to win
They essay's is my partna, mafia stamp on the end
Two block solid, each one worth one
I rock it up my seven and I chop it up with bun
A pocket fulla stones, hollin bout a wrong
Smokin, ridin dirty, got a chip up in my cellphone
Keep this shit pumped
Get to pop the trunk
Feelin light headed off some california skunk
And bitch I come from texas and love that shit to lean
I'm down with dj screw and bitch it's u.g.k. and fiend
And we ridin with some killas, niggas bout they drama
Pimp like a wheelers, and bitches like pirahnas
I'm sweet james jones, a pimp and a hustler
Tryin to get rid a all you hatas
And you muthafuckin pussy ass bustas

[chorus:(2)] x 4

[fiend]
What's the sense of it all?
Pimpin, powder, and pussy tryin to make pennies
Payin off, so friendly to flip with my people give me
If any doubt, the south, in every show today, blown
away
From the wrong way, I'm killin these niggas the jones
way
Let the psalm say, he died as a hata
Sooner than later, shoulda pop em since the incubator
My life is droppin heron, at the sharon
Lookin, death dead on
Knowin I was dead wrong
From the sad songs, have you been to my city?
If you ain't got shitty, everything is far from pretty
But I'm one bad fucker that's always claimin tank
Niggas know n.o., dank, and elevate
My rank, what you call it?
Bustin out the expedition
Fiend pimpin, blowin up corns coke and cat emissions
My livin, resist the no limit and stashin a duster

Servin the cluckers, poppin it undercover
We gettin rid a bustas

[chorus:(2)] x 6

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