

## **Finley Quaye**

### **"Any Meanz"**

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Geah (check it out)  
In the muthafuckin' house (geah)  
For the paper  
Mr Tony back in the house regulate y'know I'm sayin'  
Half Ounce hoodlums in the house  
Geah

Deadly decisions is what I'm bringin'  
Be's the problem solver when my revolver starts singin'  
A thin line between life and death you're stuck  
When my mind turns corrupt so I'm mentally fucked  
I be bringin' the pain like Meth  
Inject the meth in your vain you're seeing thangs  
insane  
Hollow points start to spit  
Regulate your block no bullshit  
Bust a U-turn the tyres burn rubber G  
Retaliation of the robberies after me  
No aftermath  
Instead the bloodbath keep steerin' the B.G.'s on the  
West path  
Chest blast  
Buckshots touch yo' whole side  
N 2 deep no sleep when we ride claim that West gang  
Always the side of ridahs  
Gang of arms out the windows is if we responds  
Homicides: points chalked up for the victory  
Y'all know it's Compton 4 life, ain't no killin' me

Chorus: (x2)

For years we've been accustomed to serves the fiends  
On the streets keeps the works stuffed away in jeans  
Bitches and niggas do damnest things  
Buck buck for the paper by any meanz...

I needs cheese no bullshit you better know it  
If it's a contest to be the greediest I'ma show it  
It's all for the scrilla  
Divine, Cristal, no wine, top biller  
Seven digits is the destiny

Don't let the feds, the clock-heads get the best of me  
You know who got it, heavyweight  
No sacks premium shit  
Bitches beg Mr. Tony: you just don't quit!  
Cash flows to make fat flips since '86  
Where the cash connects Western Union through mix  
Hoes got the pick up straight back and no stoppin'  
And watch out for the bird  
Cause they just might got the word  
Who runs to West Side got the bitches on deck  
Check it, for 20's and 50's they gettin' naked  
Y'all knows the deal it's complication nines I tote  
On a mission, premonition, money flips to coke

Chorus...

One Time got me on a foot pursuit  
Yell freeze in the air as they start to shoot (get up!)  
Money that I loot thus begins the chase  
Plea's no contest when I'm slapped with a case  
Judge put my bail at a mill  
Free as a bird, lawyer tryin' to fight appeal  
Still got the co - nnections which direction  
Fly birds straight through your intersection  
Reflections of the way life used to be  
Where me amigos gave lots of love on the kilos  
Servin' the G way  
Five hun' floats on the freeway  
In the D-game got a street name blowin' the chronic  
Too difficult to get with the West ebonics  
No gin and tonic, situations ironic  
Bullets spittin' too fast like my fingers bionic

Chorus...

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