

Finley Quaye**"So Ruff"**

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Geah
Geah
Geah
Hoo-Bang, nigga
Some of that futuristic shit
For that ass
Keepin it thuggish, though
Check it out

[VERSE 1]

The concrete streets bring heat, it's so rough
Niggas test everyday, calling your bluff
Eiht had enough, I'm smoking my fluff
Spitting game, letting you know my turf is tough
My theme is I push music to driveby
I slide through, scoop up four and ride high
Strap under the seat my hood technique
As I destroy your block like _Dante's Peak_
Feel me, partly a killer, clocker for fun
On my turf puttin in work since day one
Y'all ain't heard enough about a nigga singin the blues
Niggas bendin in two's while y'all watch the news
John Walsh, wash me up, you're crazy
Havin my face captured 180
Can't go there, ain't havin that, man, fuck
The strap turned me corrupt, so prepare to duck

[CHORUS]

Sometimes in the hood it's so rough
That makes niggas from the hood stay tough
Slings packs, pack straps, quarters and halves
16, double the stash, you do the math (2x)

[VERSE 2]

I guess my mind's on the track, gotta get me a stack
And in fact, homebody, you know what gun I pack
Keeps y'all enemies close that stay cheatin
When they ask make fast and start heatin
Niggas ain't fuckin around - dodge mine
Drop yours, bitch, and lay that ass down
Keep your face to the ground, don't even look

No positive ID and all the money was took
Shook the hell up out the spot and kept away from
snitches
Took a trip across town just to floss my riches
Bitches turn into niggas and start yappin
One more hit on your house where y'all nappin
Dumpin one, catch you in the midnight, the late night
hour
The hollow point shower
The sweet success thatt you taste has got sour
Straight, Eiht regulate my thug power

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

My niggas disappoint me thinkin y'all can fade it
Still player-hated, wishin y'all made it
Stay down, Hoo-Bangin niggas takin over
G's in lows puttin holes up in a Rover
Told ya, stop tryin to walk in our shoes
Real thugs hail from the west, first rule
In fact, we the first Bloods and Crips
First niggas to drive by sendin tricks on trips
First niggas to hit yo town and set up shop
Bring the prices down low, y'all pick the rest to cop
Copy cats, now y'all dippin lows with heats
Pepetratin Fresh Coast, tryin to roll our streets
Hate your sight, catch you on a red-eye flight
Commence the sweatin the groove just for spite
Lucky though, I give you a pass and let you go
I'ma catch you on the road at another rap show

[CHORUS]

Geah
Hoo-Bang, nigga
That makes niggas from the turf stay tough
Geah
Westside, you know
Sometimes in the hood it's so rough
Geah, you know what we do
That makes niggas from the turf stay tough

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