

Bran Van 3000**"Niggaz"**

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[Intro - DJ Clue]

Yeah y'all

This the Triangle Offense

Ghetto Fab

Paul Cain, Joe Buddens

We all "Street Dreams"

At one time or another

Fast cars, cash

Money, hustlin...

C'mon y'all

Desert Storm

[Chorus - Paul Cain]

Some niggas thug, and some niggas is bitch

Some niggas'll rob, and some niggas'll pitch

Some niggas ain't got shit, some niggas rich

Some niggas do the time, and some live as a snitch

[Verse 1 - Paul Cain]

Now some niggas like to pull out and talk, some niggas
pop off

Some niggas found they way to the top, some niggas
got lost

Some niggas keep it thorough in jail, some niggas got
soft

Some niggas ride hard top Coupe, I pull the top off

And quick to speed off on the jake

Quick to back, any nigga gettin money, come up off of
the safe

Fuck the city, I'm extortin the state

I'm like O. from the "Wire", walk wit a sawed-off and a
.8

When I was taught, never talk wit a snake

When you kill a nigga you love, you pay for the coffin
and weight

Get you wrapped up, and tossed in a lake

If you can't get the whole pie, just take ya portion and
skate

Don't fuck wit niggas, if they soft or they fake

Only jail cats, and niggas going back and forth to court
could relate

Fuck wit me, and I'ma alter ya fate
Send some wolves after ya girl, I specialize in torture
and rape
We in the game most dudes ain't built for
Cain talk the type of shit, niggas get killed for
Whatever it's gon' be, let it be, I ain't waistin a slug
And time is money, and when it come to mind, take it in
blood, nigga

[Chorus - Fabolous]

Some niggas thug, and some niggas is bitch
Some niggas rob, and some niggas'll pitch
Some niggas ain't got nothin, some niggas rich
Some niggas do the time, and some live as a snitch

[Verse 2 - Fabolous]

These niggas act like, I ain't sling the clip at the last
lane
And ran to the cops, to bring the tips of the last names
(Nigga!)
Like I ain't bring the shipments, and past caine
And sticky that'll leave ya finger tips wit the grass
stains (Nigga!)
Like I don't swing and zip through the fast lane
Would you believe, this ringer chipped me a fast Range
(Nigga!)
Like I ain't sling on stips, till my past fame
And stacked it up, like the Pringle chips, when the cash
came (Nigga!)
Like I ain't fling and dip, when the task came
I knew these niggas sing like pits, so I stash change
The singles chipped in my ass changed
But this player never pay for, them rings and whips,
just to gas dance
I'm why you stay in touch wit ya writer
Even made you pick up ya pen, and start clutchin it
tighter
I ain't much of a fighter
But I know, everything about rollin up, like a Dutch in a
Spyder
My dope is much more than whiter
One hit'll have the fiends yellin out, they need crutches
and lighters
The Fed's can't touch us indict us, and the hoes can't
even get numbers
They wanna stay in touch, they could write us, nigga

[Chorus - Joe Budden]

Some niggas thug, and some niggas is bitch
Some niggas rob, and some niggas'll pitch
Some niggas ain't got shit, some niggas rich

Some niggas do the time, and some live as a snitch

[Verse 3 - Joe Budden]

Listen, listen, I lived that life, of click-clack life
The kidnap life, the kid's the wise, I did that twice!
You prolly see that through ya bitch ass eyes
Still I'm that nigga that you get at why
Man forget that they knew me, remeber me thug
I'm from that same block, rips snorkle on ja dip in a
Lucy
'Member they back you down, when knives was out
.45 was out, scully ya eyes come out
But now could you hear nigga all in this place
That when you see him in the streets, you gettin all in
his face
More you give a nigga, the more that he takes, and you
wanna beef
Knowin I'm slower than do so, cause I got much more at
stake
HUH!?!... that's why I'm ignorin ya page
I can't respect you no more, you's a fraud and a snake
But you noticed that's the hate that I love
You see me eating off rat, that same feat you think you
capable of
Don't get me worng, I would like to get it
But you acting like, I ain't blow my show money on a
rifle fetish
And my pop's voluntarily, surrendered to the Fed's
This is the wrong time to fuck wit my head
I'm tryna tell you, friends are ya worst enemies
So if I make friends wit my worst enemies, that'll
maybe even things out
But one in ya dome is easy, get it on if need be
Chrome for sheezy, please, DON'T believe me

[Chorus - Fabolous]

Some niggas thug, and some niggas is bitch
Some niggas'll rob, and some niggas'll pitch
Some niggas ain't got nothin, some niggas rich
Some niggas do the time, and some live as a snitch,
nigga

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