

Gwyneth Paltrow & Huey Lewis

"Smash"

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[Young Noble] (talking)

We got Bad Azz in this mother fucker (Outlawz!)
Spiggity Spice 1 in this mother fucker (Oaktown)
The Low-Lifes in this mother fucker (Still thuggin)
You know The Outlawz in this bitch (hahah.. it's on)

[Napolean - Verse 1]

Once again
Another fat nigga fried
Do a drive-by if you wanna fuck with mine
Cause we swallowed inside
My feet stuck to the ground
And ain't shit that move me
Dog, I'm heavy bound
And I done seen niggaz get touched by the pair
Runnin they mouth with only one to the ground
I blow my shit cause I can back it up
Fuck poppin the trunk
Let's throw some hands up
Now how many real niggaz gonna stand up?
I thought so, niggaz better shut up
I'm five-six, hearts bigger than me
But I'll fuck you up so destructively
Thoughtfully, my mack ten pop for me
Got my glocks with me, come ride my block with me
Intoxively, I bought that hennese
Come ride with me or homicide with me
Outlawz nigga

[Bad Azz - Verse 2]

Shit a nigga still breathin hard from the last song
Cause out here it's either mash or get mashed on
Rest In Peace to all those who done passed away (R-I-P)
Cause with the beat that's in the streets life don't last
long
All in between you need to eat, you need some wheat
You needs to heat, the beat, cause you's a condon
savage street to shit
You got to mash to sleep a week or snooze
Stay on my feet, I'm tryin to keep em in some shoes
Stay outta jail, this nigga fucks hard and twos again

Let's get this money like we ain't never got it again
Let's keep shootin em like we ain't never shot it again
You got your life but you promised to die
Life is death at the end, you put the rest inside
Life is death at the end, you put the rest inside (come on)

[Chorus - Young Noble (normal) and Bad Azz (indented)]

Life's short young nigga, get your mash on
Hustle on little nigga, get your cash on
If you see death around the corner, get your blast on
You gonna die anyway, life don't last long
We still feelin pain from the last song
Shit, we still feelin rain from the last storm
Homie either mash or get mashed on
Little nigga either blast or get blast on

[Young Noble - Verse 3]

I see how you got to play it now
You got to lay it down
And clown for your crown, have respect now
That's a test just to see if you gonna bring it to em
Then come a whole lot of please when you bring it to em
We keep it movin, motivation is the money
Ability to feed niggaz hungry is so lovely
But that ain't it, we got some soldiers locked down
It's been perfect for what we doin when they drop down
It's hot now and we right up in the thick of it
Picture this, all of us, eatin chips
Sittin on the porch by our house, leavin something in a stash
How do we outlast? Always keep cash

[Spice 1 - Verse 4]

Sittin on the scene, with the nine
Never would of thought, I'd be gettin mine
Bossilini, straight murder dog
Plotted my magazine, master cream
Discenegrates niggaz who blast me
He didn't know I was trapped
He didn't know I was ready
Plug a hole in his chest
And check out with the niggaz vetti
Do a dirty shit, smokin bomb on the dock
Cut your ass up in pieces, throw your meat to the sharks
I got that, hold up
Got a glock and I be puttin niggaz in comas
You's a mother fuckin fool

Cause you dyin for runnin up on me

[Low Lives - Verse 5]

You want beef bitch nigga, see me face to face
After the case, my niggaz travel state to state
I'm on a mash with case, so I can't procrastinate
There's so many lives in state, lord I'm always gonna
take
My fate keep guessin, Smith and Wesson Stressin
The lesser the charge, the shorter the yard, I'm dodgin
bullets
Rest In Peace to those who couldn't, I'm not gonna run
Keep on mashin and keep on blastin
I'm lastin my time here
Nigga I'm a be a legend in my own time 'fore a die here
You wanna smoke, I'm a note to keep my mind clear
And every nigga that I know mash with no fear
Come on

Chorus

[Young Noble - Verse 6]

A yo, I takes no, no slope, that slope
Livin with no breath
Who wanna go next?
No stretch when it's time to sprint
Time limited
They want my life but I ain't givin it
Outlaw, Low-Lives, taking your life
We blow mics and I'm breakin in with soap dice
I'm baitin now the nigga you hate now
Full steam ahead, my beam is red
Niggaz wanna fight dirty
I'm clean as them
Stay hurtin in the part
You wanna bleed instead?

[Low Lives - Verse 7]

I'm Mister Shorty to the K, the K, f-fantastic
And I'm out here mashin like a nation-wide assassin
I'm kickin ass and takin names later
Better yet, call me Shorty, the motivator dominator
Great rhymes sayer, whole cappa drug dealer
Low-Life nigga, I'm twenty-one and gettin bigger
Roll with niggaz, mine's as big as nine figures
Yeah, them low life niggaz, them five-five niggaz,
nigga
You'll get high, roll by, once in a while
I see ya lovin my style
You know I can take it, roll with a stand-by for nothin
Divide, lay low until the ride be out

The four-five on the ground, forty and out
To fourteen days hard time, Low Lives!

Chorus x 2

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