

## Half-A-Mill

### "Some Niggaz"

Visit "[Some Niggaz](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus]

Some niggaz Blood and some niggaz Crip  
Some niggaz thugs and some niggaz is bitch  
Some niggaz ain't got nothin some niggaz rich  
Some niggaz die frontin and some livin the shit

Chorus 2x

[Verse 1]

Ayo, we play for keeps, taught from day one how to  
blaze the heat  
Three-hundred and sixty ways to eat, razor blade your  
knee  
I'm getting something, if not, then I'm hitting  
something  
Definetley, especially if my ribs is touching  
Out for mine, for your shines I'll blow you out your mind  
You could throw a thousand signs,  
I'm only concerned about the dollar signs  
Stashing my cheese, stashing my crack in back of my  
Fi  
State to state, nationally!  
Actually, factually,  
I'll fracture every member of your faculty, send your  
cavalry!  
I got M1's and macs with me, send your cash to me  
I'll have them niggaz scared to ask for me  
Throw your man off the cap of zee  
Other members of your running, where the traffic be?  
Highland, he busting big guns, they coming after me  
I'm wilding, real live shit, ain't no acting B  
It's not a game, we ain't playing  
Dun, we spraying, won't stop till everyone laying on the  
pavement  
Every nigga you came with is getting painted  
We specialize in wetting guys, technicalize  
Smith & Wessun-ilize, I've seen the best of them die  
Especially, testing I, put the teck to your eye  
So you can see death, take a deep breath  
And say goodbye, Why!?

Chorus 2x

[Verse 2]

Streets is too real, thug nowadays is to ill  
Fuck a hundred thou, I need a few mil  
Even if it leaves you killed  
You resting in peace, I rest with blue steel  
I'm even wetting police and Navy blue seals,  
How crazy you feel!?  
Militant click, ten in the whip  
I know Bohemians with, plenty of chips  
Pull this off and we'll be rich, filthiest top billing milkiest  
In the Hamptons, out on the mansions where they live  
They on some ram shit, Hindu niggaz, reading sanscrit  
I want a man by every exit so they can't split  
Rush the crib, all we see is candles lit  
Yo, they got gold cows, gold owls, on some chanting  
shit  
Tie them up, red dot them up, fuck the ransom shit  
Hit the safe, chips in the case, back to the whip  
Dun, we laced, back to BK, orally relaxed in the PJ's  
Splitting mathematics on a weekday  
South of P chases stuffed inside of briefcases quiet  
money!  
Keep our mouth shut like freemasons paid men

Chorus 2x

[Verse 3]

We from the housing bricks pushing year two-thousand  
whips  
We went from ounces to bricks, house on the cliff  
Thousands on the wrist, got a crew of rivalers  
That's down to flip, down to spit  
Real live thugs above the counterfeit  
Real live drug, under the counter shit, a pound a hit  
Who you riding with might be the nigga you dying with  
Shot on fire we shot niggaz cause they was wired kid  
New drops up, pull rooftops up  
Shoot your spots up, put pirranas in your hot tub  
Might be a bomb under the cork next time you pop bub,  
nigga!

Visit [Half-A-Mill](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.