

Half-A-Mill "Tuff Guy (Feat. Ali Vegas)"

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F/ Ali Vegas

(Half-a-Mill) We got a lot of guys out there tryin' to
disrespect the
Family

(Ali Vegas) what they gon' do with us? nothin'...

(Half-a-Mill) do you know what we do to guys that
disrespect the family?

(Ali Vegas) We rub 'em out...kill 'em.

(Half-a-Mill) We cut their fuckin' throats....

(Ali Vegas) I feel you...so lets just do it...who the
problem now?

Verse 1: (Half-a-Mill)

Six Million ways to die, which way you want?
Spray at players, have 'em runnin' with one gator on
Gunmen come in and kick the doors to your Hummer in
Mafia style, nothin' but sin
You poppin' Cristal
I pop Four-Fifths, pow!!
Push your cap back
Send your head back to the hood in your knapsack
Mobster traits, Billy the Kid robbed banks
Me? I put the scar on Tony Montana's face.

Verse 2: (Ali Vegas)

Aiyo, Half-a-Mill
They got Cat and Will trapped in jail
They found mad concealed crack and steel inside the
Black Deville
Somebody had to squeal
So here the shotty and the hitlist
Do what you wanna with the informer just make sure
you body the witness
They call him the Don of luck
We ride around in a army truck armored up
It won't take much to get in his crib, all we gotta do is

put the X on
His duck.

Verse 3: (Half-a-Mil)

Fuck it dun, bomb him up
I already done marked him up
Barked him up, bodies is ready for the garbage truck
Son, their heart is stuck
They followin' the same path that left their Fathers
fucked
Brain blast, bulletproof Five, I spray through the glass,
it's hard to
Duck
We mobsters, what
White wine and Lobster shells crushed.

Verse 4: (Ali Vegas)

The informers name was Rudy the vet
Him and his young team of gunslingers palm Uzi's and
Tecks
We could bloody up his Coogi's and sweats
And mail his family a head attached to a Koofi and
specs
Yo Half, lets start a crack war
Run in the crib, put the gun to his wig and body him as
he exit the
Trapdoor.

Verse 5: (Half-a-Mil)

Son, what the fuck you think I got the MAC for?
Packin' guns that only blow backs off
You know the crack law
Who ever broke it their necks are supposed to get axed
off
Smoke the culprit
Ali Vegas, close associate
Polly with players who hold bricks

I'll probably shoot the whole click
Building lobbies filled with bodies and shit.

Chorus (Ali Vegas) -

No matter how much you keep it real
You gotta sleep with steel
'cause if your foes don't kill Lord knows your peoples
will
Think you a tough guy 'cause you puff lye?
Everyday around my way bullets bust by.
(Repeat)

Verse 6: (Ali Vegas)

The young Don 'll drench you
Sneak up on you calm and gentle
Inside a Lincoln Continental
Thing I'm into is beyond your mental
Ali Vegas will hunt for you
Send a violent ho to every talent show to make you
uncomfortable
Get approached by Multiples
Half of my peers' scarred catchin' a beer charge for a
open brew
Snipers scopin' you from out of stairwells
When it comes to my Fam there ain't no fair ones it's
only farewells.

Verse 7: (Half-a-Mill)

Uzi in my hand
Two-piece suit with Coogi pants
Fuck a hooptie, two seater with my Mira
I'm rollin' weed up
Niggas holdin' dough, slowin' me up
I'm'a see him when he go and re-up
He's a wild out cat who supposed to be nuts
And that's what I bust, especially over these bucks
He's in a Cherokee with Melanie
He don't know she tellin' me every place he ever be
and stay though
Sniffin' Yayo
Eyes red like two Tomatoes
Hidin' from the FEDS
Plus he lied on Lopez
Old school cat, used to stick guys on Mopeds
Coke head who used to rock Pro Keds
Thinkin' he Gotti, he's about to be a body with no head,
cold led
This Man's brains are 'bout to be like Champaigne, mo'
wet
No vest, poiliticin' next to a Gold Lex
Cock the oowop
Make his squad bounce like Doowop
Take it to the heart with a few shots
Blazed their cars, turned 'em into two drops when I
blew off the tops
I'm rollin' out but when will this holdin' out shit stop?
It seems like it never ends 'till a nigga gets popped
But yo, we still holdin'
Nothin' can stop the dollar bill foldings
Raw deals will cause your grill to blow in
Concealin' dough Men usually get thrown in Oceans
Foldin', Toast to their chin and they roll to the cement.

Chorus 2X

(Half-a-Mill) Ask around in the old
neighborhoods....they know about
Half-a-Mill...they know about Ali Vegas...fuck with the
Bulls you get
The horns...

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