

## Hassisen Kone

### "Lil' G's"

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[Chorus - Pharrell Williams]

All you little G's please, I carry the ghostmaker  
You just a rapper, a yipper, a yapper  
When shit get tight you let them boys wire tap ya  
Don't wake up with two eyes and two barrels pointing at  
ya  
I keeps the ghostmakers, uh! muhfuckers!

[Verse 1 - Boobonic]

I'm from 6-0, N-e-s-t, OG, A all day  
We're the coke fiends, don't fringe  
Try to leave, and them bullets gon to spray your way  
That barbershop talk'll leave a niggga laid  
Cause I cuts on em, straight off the top, no fade  
You hating niggaz put the S in Shade  
While I picture baby mams in that Escalade  
And give em the lean, you acting out your best scene  
From the flicks that you grew up watching as a teen  
Meanwhile on the block we gets cream  
Seen more than most niggaz will ever by sixteen  
Tap the work from Pharrell to getting all the fame  
40 cal in my Billionaire Boys Club jeans  
Back the fuck up chump, you ain't gon spray  
The last nigga woulda been 24 today

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Pusha T]

Pusha's in a foreign land wit SeÑ±orita  
White sand beaches with teal two seaters  
Niggaz wanna hate like they under white sheet-as  
But I'll really put their ass under white sheet-ah  
40 calibers delete ya! napttime!  
That nine turn that same wave line to flat line  
For just the calmest, bitches the fondest  
Canary color stones, diamonds look like they sick wit  
the jaundice  
Carefully match my neck like arm is  
Flash yellow trying to warn kids  
Hammers they could talk least I'll touch the Don kids  
We are three kings, y'all niggaz pay homage

EGHCK!! - ghetto Sam Cook  
Souls Terror push, my connect look like Pele look  
Uh! change my style wit ease, niggaz thieves  
Kiss life goodbye now choke on this Desert Ease

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Mr. Man]

Listen up, this is it homes  
The ghostmaker in my palm, that I grip on  
Shine chrome, wanna live, get ya sprint on  
Man it's best you run, like ol' G, Bobby Johnson son  
You get ya back treated gangsta  
Since a young buck, I had it sewn up  
But now I'm grown up, so you can hate that  
Or you can roll out, dope - I make that  
Used to take that, but show sold out  
Wollen Ave. is the place, where we hang out  
Shots rang out, pull that thing out  
You better bang back, or put you laid back  
Cause you ain't wit that, I make you fall flat  
Ain't no comin back, how you figure that  
Nigga see ya squad, won't support that, snort that  
Cause it's raw facts, I'm hooked up wit cats  
That will spit the Mac, outta Cadillac, shit like mmmm...

[Chorus]

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