

Hitman Sammy Sam

"Uh Huh"

Visit "[Uh Huh](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1]

It'll be like ran over; the impact of an 18 wheeler

There's no surviving this dirty game yet I'm the killer

Finna gather my niggas, some gorillas, supply they
nigga

Finna make one call, they coming to get'cha, got 'em
nigga

Told them Diablos take a chill, I got this here

Mixed in the crowd, searching for ya, I'm over here

Swear to God I ain't running I ain't never been scared
of no busta

You phony as hell, I'm ATL you from Augusta

We take this shit far as you want make a call on you
self

We can WCW Nitro and I take them damn belts

[Hook]

That nigga done growed my beard ain't he (uh-huh)

That nigga listed where I live ain't he (well uh-huh)

That nigga ain't real he be fakin ain't he (uh-huh)

That nigga from Augusta by Macon ain't he (well uh-
huh)

That nigga done growed my beard ain't he (uh-huh)

That nigga listed where I live ain't he (well uh-huh)

[Verse 2]

Wanna know what I ride, deuce deuce's, Monte Carlo
Chevy

Wanna know what's inside, AK, and I'm Ready

That nigga couldn't beat me in a tennis game with 20
arms

That nigga couldn't beat me in a shootout if he had 50
guns

Any nigga try to help him and write his raps you fucking
up

We walk in the Bodytap you there, you ducking us

That nigga done switch from the Nike's to them Reebok
classic's

That nigga got me so downpacked I'm laughing at him

As far as a major company, I don't give a flyin fuck

They ain't offering me enough cause I'm looking at you
ain't came up

[Hook]

That nigga done growed my beard ain't he (uh-huh)

That nigga listed where I live ain't he (well uh-huh)

That nigga ain't real he be fakin ain't he (uh-huh)

That nigga from Augusta by Macon ain't he (well uh-
huh)

That nigga done growed my beard ain't he (uh-huh)

That nigga listed where I live ain't he (well uh-huh)

[Verse 3]

That nigga don't know bout my city, cause he's a
country nigga

That nigga don't know we'll come get him cause we
some mobster niggas

Them niggas he got in his corner, them straight lobster
niggas

We loading up ready to ride y'all, we mafia niggas

You think making a song with Baby D, make 'em put me
down

Who you think crunk Oomp Camp, now whose the
rookie now

I put this rock-n-roll shit against every last label

It'll be like 4 old chairs at a brand new brass table

[Hook]

That nigga done growed my beard ain't he (uh-huh)

That nigga listed where I live ain't he (well uh-huh)

That nigga ain't real he be fakin ain't he (uh-huh)

That nigga from Augusta by Macon ain't he (well uh-
huh)

That nigga done growed my beard ain't he (uh-huh)

That nigga listed where I live ain't he (well uh-huh)

Visit [Hitman Sammy Sam](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.