

## Celly Cel

# "What U Niggaz Thought"

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What u niggaz thought  
Gots some bill like bitches on the under  
Tryin' to keep it on the slunder 'cuz I made you wonder  
If I was down 'cuz I rap, now what that mean?  
I'm 'bouts to raise up out the hood and leave my 17

Shot glock on the block like I want peace  
The only peace I'm gon' get is when I'm deceased  
So you still punkin' yeah if I got to  
Trigger finger itchin' and I just might pop you

Glock to a muthafuckin' head in the 9-5  
Oh so you gon' buck 'em down just so you can stay  
alive  
I thought you knew but these fools keep crossin' me  
And I be feelin' like the devil got lost in me

When I flash so nigga you a killa  
Mamas and babies, they say I'm crazy 'cuz I give a  
Nigga one chance not to fuck wit me  
'Cuz when you fuck wit me, I gots to take your whole  
family

Man you sick, naw I ain't got shit to lose  
It ain't no rules, I been locked up in county blues  
All they can do is send me to the pen with a lunch  
To get my guts and walk the yard with my folks  
I'm gettin' smoked but the judge give me 25  
When I get caught, I'mma blast what u niggaz thought

Bring the chalk  
(Bring the chalk)  
Scrape the bodies off the asphalt  
(Scrape the bodies off the muthafuckin' asphalt)  
It's on when you're in my zone, what u niggaz thought  
(What u niggaz thought)

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Man you nationwide, why you still kickin' it?  
'Cuz Niner Ross got a 30 round clip in it  
And we can take 10 paces then draw  
'Fore you turn around, I take 2 and blow off your jaw

Ain't nothin' fair in the hood  
I dare a nigga to stare at the barrel of my hair pin  
trigga and square up  
Watch his body flare up like some [Incomprehensible]  
Heart pumpin' kool-aid now he's sweet as sugar kane

I thought you was quiet but now I see you in the  
violence  
Killas don't talk, real niggas move in silence  
And I'mma silently creep upon these niggas slowly  
And split the funeral money, [Incomprehensible]

Homie don't ya know me? I'm that nigga wit the  
weapons  
Y'all can have them hoes, I'm thinkin' fuck the Smith  
and Wessons  
Just feel my nuts and get to splittin' half a bloody bath  
Is what you get for crossin' my path as I bail and laugh

Niggas like you get smoked everyday  
I'm one of the walkin' dead any muthafuckin' way  
I don't even trip when them fools be muggin' me  
They wanna see the thug in me, dead with a slug in me

It's do or die, slip, creep or be crept on  
Makin' 'em swallow 32 hollow tips when the swept on  
Rollin wit they heater if fools get smoked, it ain't my  
fault  
Plottin' and catchin' a mutha-fucka slippin' what U  
niggaz thought

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What they be thinkin' when they see you creepin'  
through the streets?  
They wanna split me but they know I'm boxin' wit my  
heat  
And under my seat, it's in my lap, I got it cocked back  
Whatever the destination, can't be lose 'cuz they be  
peelin' caps

Yeah, I feel you, naw, I don't even feel myself  
So quick to blast, I can't get smoked unless I kill myself  
Damn I lost my mind when I bought my nine  
Fill it up with a thirty round clip like thallon tips all on  
your blind

Say throwin' them thangs so fool, put your hands down  
Bailin' through your hood, then catch you slippin' wit  
your pants down  
'Cuz when you slip, you're put to sleep, it ain't no wakin'  
up  
I got these Betty Crocker ass niggas cakin' up

Peakin' out the window, smoked like indo smoked like  
[Incomprehensible]  
The shit that get you stuck when you see me raisin up  
outta the bush  
So you be creepin' on the late night, right  
Naw, the best way to kill a nigga is in broad daylight

Like dat I thought you knew me but you went soft  
Now it's 'bout time I cut your mutha-fuckin' water off  
Stompin' in my steel-toes, bailin' wit my H I  
Double L west niggas puttin' y'all to rest niggas  
Bring the chalk, scrape your bodies off the asphalt  
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