

## King Africa

### "Niggas Like Me"

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There we go  
(gangsta shit, gangsta shit, niggas like me into  
gangsta shit)

[Crooked Eye]  
Chorus  
Niggas like me make the world go 'round  
Beats by the pound is them niggas droppin' platinum  
sounds  
Niggas like me roll wit extra clips  
Cuz niggas like me be in some gangsta shit x2

Niggas like me quick to pop that steel  
Because niggas like me, haters trying to kill  
And uh, niggas like me used to slang birdies  
Before niggas like me was into R-A-P  
You see niggas like me ball wit nuthin but thugs  
30 deep, strapped muggin, in the back of the club  
It be niggas like me posted up in the cut  
Ready to lite this shit up cuz I dont give a fuck  
Niggas like me role wit Master P  
And that red ass gangsta Mr. B-O-Z  
Niggas like me from the west to south  
Niggas like the M-O-B and Mystikal

Chorus x2

[Mystikal]  
Muthafucker better hump in your back  
Clock the glock, hold up the buzz, tear up the club  
Make these weak ass niggas know the fuck you at  
When they see you wit yo beer banana  
Nigga you skipped the line, you get yo shine  
Make yo money don't play no time  
Yo hoe big fine, torture line  
Them niggas dont trip they respect yo mind  
Excute us to see ya, follow the leader  
Looked up to a lil trill, wanna be ya  
Black tuxedo wit a 9 milimeter  
Call Steady Mobb'n we all ready now

[Silkk]

Mistah hold up

Type a niggas goin behind his fiance goin out n' creep  
And at the weddn', any reason why these two shouldn't  
be married, she a  
freak

I be the tyra nigga that holds his own  
That tyra niggas block be holdn' his own  
Ya know I be sayin buzz, holdn' the crome  
Below holdn' the dough like, what went wrong  
No findn' jail I box the more  
I just knocked popped on the door  
If I don't kill us, live that pop smoke  
Who you think I am, fuck ya'll, steady mobb'n

[Crooked Eye]

Chorus x2

[Billy Bavgate]

Niggas like me got you smokin' dat weed  
Sellin' dat D, north south west to tha east  
They say, a nigga like me, I put the funk in tha streets  
My lig go broke, I put the broke in the streets  
I'm a public enemy on my enemies  
Drug dealers feeln' me I'm smokn' my weed  
Til these jealous niggas bury me  
Bury me real in the pine box  
Put me next to moms and pops  
One love to the niggas dumpin shots at cops  
For the crooked shit they do man it's got to stop  
And they say, a nigga like me am I a menace on the  
streets  
Cause I handle my business when we meet

[Crooked Eye]

Chorus x2

Yeah, this dedicated to them real gangstas.  
Mystikal, he into gangsta shit.  
Steady Mobb'n, we into gangsta shit.  
Silkk The Shocker, he into gangsta shit.  
C-Murder, you into gangsta shit.  
And the Colonel Master P into gangsta shit.  
Big Boz, he into gangsta shit.  
N-O L-I-M-I-T into gangsta shit.  
Yeah, Beats By The Pound.  
Puttin it down.  
You other producers back up and put them drumsticks  
down.  
Craig B, O'Dell, that nigga KL.

Mo D, and beats by Los.  
Don't even play these niggas close.

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