

Laava

"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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