

## Limp

### "We Gonna III"

Visit "[We Gonna III](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

"You know we gonna ill" -->scratched  
What...set it off what  
My nigga Prim  
Black Poet

[Verse 1]

Fuck the dumb shit, niggaz want drama  
You know who to come kid, the cappital P the o-et  
Smash motherfuckers up, crush motherfuckers up  
Leave your body in the closet for a motherfucking  
month  
Niggaz know my flow's relentless I said it I ment this  
Niggaz get high, bitches get bent  
Everybody knows Poet's on some hood shit  
I wake every thug around the world tryin' to get rich  
If you're doing your thing then slinging your thing  
You know and I know nigga better bang  
Watch them hoes, watch them snakes  
Real niggaz in the game, fuck who ???  
Real niggaz in the game knows what it takes  
And real niggaz let you know what's real and fake  
Like my nigga Primo, he reach stile to me yo  
Whereever he goes, I go, se, he me amigo  
And we gonna ill

[Chorus: scratching by DJ Premier]

"You know we gonna ill" 2X  
"With love to those who died in the field  
So many names we don't got room to spit them"  
"This ain't a game nigga"  
"You know we gonna ill" 3X

[Verse 2]

What, what, aha, yeah, yeah

I sat back I watch ya niggaz and clacked ya niggaz  
Played you on my box since I put rocks and figures  
Got it through this life, drugs chop my shit, nigga  
Lyrics gotta throw blood kill ya weak niggaz  
Represent, all thugs and all money getters

I live some green and blings and shit that glitters  
And plus, the word on the street is  
I hotter then 2 blaze of 9 millimetres  
You can't belive this  
A&R's, they pullin out their heads  
They get fierd 'cause they havd a nigga right there  
CEO's screaming "why the fuck yu didn't sign 'em?"  
"He brought in a mansion and a hot boy diamands"  
Should have gave me the world, stupid fuck  
Look how I'm rhymin', wildin', calmin', poundin',  
grindin'  
I ain't lyin'  
Mad niggaz try with me, die with me  
Belive it nigga, you don't wanna have to colide with me  
We gonna ill

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Yo, got it together now, Mo' to them now  
Rest in peace pops, and my moms, I can't let it down  
Queensbridge representative, style's unlimeted  
Hot shots, hot rocks, I'm sendin' it  
Who else you know get flow like Po'  
For the love of this shit, and not the dough  
I write my own rhymes 'cause I like this shit to death  
Niggaz don't got respect, they just writin' the ceques  
I might sell 10 mill if I learned some stacks  
And bleach my skin and front like I'm from the projects  
But all I can be is me, and catch wreck  
As far as the eye can see, my whole set  
Screwball gang-stars, comin' in planes and cars  
Moet bottles with your brains on the ??? at the bar  
From now on, shit is gettin more real  
My niggaz in QB, I'm leaving you to heal  
'cause I'm off the wall and I'm Illmaticly ill

[Chorus]

Female singer:(X2)

You know and I know, shit is real  
Poet and Primo, them niggaz gon' ill  
The whole industry's about, blacks and feal  
Poet and Primo, them niggaz gon' ill

You know, I know, we gonna ill (X2)  
We're gonna ill...

