

## Mil "Some Niggaz"

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PK nigga

Some niggas blood and some niggas crip  
Some niggas thugs and some niggas is bitch, what?  
Some niggas ain't got nothin', some niggas rich, you  
heard?  
Some niggas die frontin' and some livin' this shit, for  
real

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Ayo, we play for keeps, start from day one  
Hot we blaze the heat, 360 ways to eat  
Razorblades you need  
I'm gettin' somethin', if not then I'm hittin' somethin'

Definitely, especially if my rims is touchin'  
Out for mine, for your shines  
I blow you out your mind, you can throw a 1000 signs  
I'm only concerned about the dollar signs

Stackin' my cheese  
Stashin' my crack in back of my feet  
State to state, nationally, actually, factually  
I fracture every member of your faculty

Send your cavalry  
I got and 1's that match with me, city capture me  
I have them niggas scared to act with me  
Throw your man off the Tapp-an-zee

Other members of your clan runnin'  
Where the traffic be  
Hollerin' and he bustin' big guns  
And comin' after me

I'm willin', real live shit, ain't no acting B  
It's not a game, we ain't playin'

Dunn we prayin'  
Won't stop till everyone layin' on the pavement

Every nigga you came with  
Is gettin' painted  
We specialize in wet-in guys  
Technical lies, Smith-n-Wessunalise

I seen the best of them die  
Especially Test and I, put the tek to ya eye  
So you can see death  
Take a deep breath and say goodbye, why?

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Streets is too real, thugs nowadays is too ill  
Fuck a hundred thou I need a few mil  
Even if it means you kill  
You restin' in peace I rest in blue steel

I'm even wet-in police and navy-blue seals  
How crazy you feel?  
Militant Click, ten in the whip  
I know Bohemians wit plenty of chips

Pull this off and we'll be rich  
Filthy as top, bill the milkiest  
In the hamptons  
I know the mansions, where they live

They on some rims shit  
Hindu niggas reading Sanskrit  
I wanna man by every exit so they can't split  
Rush the crib, all we see is candles lit

Yo they got gold cows  
Gold owls on some chain shit  
Tied them up, red dot 'em up  
Fuck the ransom shit

Hit the safe, brick city case, back to the whip  
Then we lace, back to BK  
All beneath, relaxed in the PJ's  
Splittin' mathematics on the weekday

Sound of pee traces  
Dust the side of briefcases  
Quiet money, eat by my chef  
Like Free Masons, pay me

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