

## Crimson Glory

### "That's Me"

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[Chorus 2x]

[Lil' O] (H.A.W.K)

Hey nigga that's me (that's me)

I stay underground so I can shine and stack G'z (stack G'z)

these coward ass niggas ain't got the heart to jack me (jack me)

and when it to guns nigga I pack three (pack three)

nigga that's me (that's me)

[Lil O]

Hey I live la vida loca (yeah)

Slanging coca (yeah)

Stay out on Barre and in and out the Cold House (for real)

They say stop hustlin' but I don't know how (I can't)

I'm trying to get the six big body chromed out (uh-huh)

Cause I want more bitches than a damn hoe house (come here)

Hop out the limo with two broads like whoa now! (whoa!)

Fat rat with the cheese man he off the hook (uh-huh)

When you see the fat rat man you stop and look (uh-huh)

You need work call fat rat he got them books (uh-huh)

You better not try to jack fat rat got them crooks (uh-uh)

That be knockin' on a nigga door (nigga door)

And make them suckers feel the pain like the figure four (bitch!)

In two thousand I ain't playing with these nigga roes (yeah)

All these haters gone start respecting little O (what!)

I'm a gorilla (yeah)

That's untamed (what)

I let my guns flame (booa!)

And bust fifty shots through land and wood grain

[Mike D]

Nigga, Nigga, Nigga that's me! (That Mike D!)

On the trill you dummies!

Froze up the whole block on dots and a hummy

Young mommies want a hog that ain't cuffing the  
puttee  
They want a jigga with figures sittin' swole with them  
goodies  
So follow me now to the land of the brick lick hitters  
Go getters and wig splitters and a little game that  
gives shivers  
Playboy how you figure you can step to a hog  
Let off a hundred rounds drums punishing you and yo  
dogs  
My platoon issue wounds that don't heal up  
Nigga when the Mack-9 reel up you better throw your  
shield up  
We dope runners and cake runners  
All out big head hunters three glots and sixin it off the  
chain young stunners  
Better slow down lil daddy before you fuck around and  
get pegged  
Run you off like a scared dog with your tail between  
your legs  
Wanna be a baller when this G-shit go down  
This my time when I clown that yo click out in one  
rhyme

[Chorus 2X]

[H.A.W.K]

I'm a outlaw (outlaw)  
I'll bring it to you raw  
Southpaw (southpaw) bone knuckles to the jaw  
Above the law and all military forces  
A hustler run the block like obstacle courses  
I stand taller than Sasquatch  
Rolex my wrist watch  
And when the gloat cock it's strictly head shots  
If a nigga got beef I knock out teeth  
Steal you like a thief make the asswhippin' brief  
Bring your family grief if the situation is getting sticky  
My trigger fingers itchy cause my business is risky  
You better not miss me (don't miss me)  
Or you ass is history (Bye-bye!)  
Yella tape the lot on an unsolved mystery  
I can't deny pull more stunts than fog eye  
Snitch and you'll die like bacon you will fry  
My alibi "I wasn't even on the scene"  
But bullet shells left a trail from the M-16

[Chris Ward]

I'm one of the ones (that's me)  
That's an usual suspect  
A thug that hang on an infested drug set

And stack chips, stay strap and pack clips  
With hollow tips that will make you niggas do backflips  
And If we go toe to toe I'll break your jaw  
In three or four places like I break the law  
Ghetto dope man yellow stone smokes man  
Got killers and dealers on my team from here to  
Oakland  
That's movin' more powder than Johnson and Johnson  
I'm a death wish to niggas just like Charles Bronson  
I'm uncut and lethal like LSD  
Cocaine mixed with acid and PCP  
Rap game assassin  
If I raise I blast and bury niggas six feet deep in the  
grass  
So if anybody ask  
Tell Chris Ward is dangerous  
For the fact my profile is mob style and gangsterous

[Chrous 2X]

[Lil' O] (talking)  
Nigga that me nigga  
I'm tired of playin games nigga  
We gon sperate the the monkey from the gorillas  
The cowards from the killers  
The roach niggas from the go getters bout they scrilla  
The fake niggas gon hate us but the thugs gone feel us  
man  
You boys gone respect this and remember you ain't got  
to like it nigga  
But you gon respect it nigga  
Whoever don't want to respect it we gon come and take  
it nigga  
So if we don't fuck with you nigga don't ask why we  
don't fuck with you nigga  
Get on your fuckin' note nigga  
We puttin it down the way it's suppose to go down nigga  
Don't ask why we don't come around nigga  
We ain't friendly nigga we ain't ya motherfuckin friend  
man  
We trying to get this paper nigga  
You out here playin games  
You do what you suppose to be doin  
I'ma do what I'm suppose to do what I'm supposed to be  
doin' nigga  
That's for real nigga  
That from the Fat Rat with the cheese that's gonna  
answer all your questions  
Why we ain't called you and why we ain't fuckin' with  
you nigga  
South-seea-for-lea sucka!

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