

## Cross

### "Tuff Guy"

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(Half-a-Mill) We got alot of guys out there tryin' to  
disrespect the  
family

(Ali Vegas) what they gon' do with us? nothin'...

(Half-a-Mill) do you know what we do to guys that  
disrespect the family?

(Ali Vegas) We rub 'em out...kill 'em.

(Half-a-Mill) We cut their fuckin' throats....

(Ali Vegas) I feel you...so lets just do it...who the  
problem now?

Verse 1: (Half-a-Mill)

Six Million ways to die, which way you want?  
spray at players, have 'em runnin' with one gator on  
gunmen come in and kick the doors to your Hummer in  
mafia style, nothin' but sin  
you poppin' Cristal  
I pop Four-Fifths, pow!!  
push your cap back  
send your head back to the hood in your knapsack  
mobster traits, Billy the Kid robbed banks  
me? I put the scar on Tony Montana's face.

Verse 2: (Ali Vegas)

Aiyo, Half-a-Mill  
they got Cat and Will trapped in jail  
they found mad concealed crack and steel inside the  
Black Deville  
somebody had to squeal  
so here the shotty and the hitlist  
do what you wanna with the informer just make sure  
you body the witness  
they call him the Don of luck  
we ride around in a army truck armored up  
it won't take much to get in his crib, all we gotta do is  
put the X on

his duck.

Verse 3: (Half-a-Mill)

Fuck it dun, bomb him up  
I already done marked him up  
barked him up, bodies is ready for the garbage truck  
Son, their heart is stuck  
they followin' the same path that left their Fathers  
fucked  
brain blast, bulletproof Five, I spray through the glass,  
it's hard to  
duck  
we mobsters, what  
white wine and Lobster shells crushed.

Verse 4: (Ali Vegas)

The informers name was Rudy the vet  
him and his young team of gunslingers palm Uzi's and  
Tecks  
we could bloody up his Coogi's and sweats  
and mail his family a head attached to a Koofi and  
specs  
Yo Half, lets start a crack war  
run in the crib, put the gun to his wig and body him as  
he exit the  
trapdoor.

Verse 5: (Half-a-Mil)

Son, what the fuck you think I got the MAC for?  
packin' guns that only blow backs off  
you know the crack law  
who ever broke it their necks are supposed to get axed  
off  
smoke the culprit  
Ali Vegas, close associate  
polly with players who hold bricks  
I'll probably shoot the whole click  
building lobbies filled with bodies and shit.

Chorus (Ali Vegas) -

No matter how much you keep it real  
you gotta sleep with steel  
'cause if your foes don't kill Lord knows your peoples  
will  
think you a tough guy 'cause you puff lye?  
everyday around my way bullets bust by.  
(Repeat)

Verse 6: (Ali Vegas)

The young Don 'll drench you  
sneak up on you calm and gentle

inside a Lincoln Continental  
thing I'm into is beyond your mental  
Ali Vegas will hunt for you  
send a violent ho to every talent show to make you  
uncomfortable  
get approached by Multiples  
half of my peers' scarred catchin' a beer charge for a  
open brew  
snipers scopin' you from out of stairwells  
when it comes to my Fam there ain't no fair ones it's  
only farewells.

Verse 7: (Half-a-Mill)

Uzi in my hand  
two-piece suit with Coogi pants  
fuck a hooptie, two seater with my Mira  
I'm rollin' weed up  
niggas holdin' dough, slowin' me up  
I'm'a see him when he go and re-up  
he's a wild out cat who supposed to be nuts  
and thats what I bust, especially over these bucks  
He's in a Cherokee with Melanie  
he don't know she tellin' me every place he ever be and  
stay though  
sniffin' Yayo  
eyes red like two Tomatoes  
hidin' from the FEDS  
plus he lied on Lopez  
old school cat, used to stick guys on Mopeds  
coke head who used to rock Pro Keds  
thinkin' he Gotti, he's about to be a body with no head,  
cold led  
this Man's brains are 'bout to be like Champaigne, mo'  
wet  
no vest, poiliticin' next to a Gold Lex  
cock the oowop  
make his squad bounce like Doowop  
take it to the heart with a few shots  
blazed their cars, turned 'em into two drops when I  
blew off the tops  
I'm rollin' out but when will this holdin' out shit stop?  
it seems like it never ends 'till a nigga gets popped  
but yo, we still holdin'  
nothin' can stop the dollar bill foldings  
raw deals will cause your grill to blow in  
concealin' dough Men usually get thrown in Oceans  
foldin', Toast to their chin and they roll to the cement.

Chorus 2X

(Half-a-Mill) Ask around in the old

neighborhoods....they know about  
Half-a-Mill...they know about Ali Vegas...fuck with the  
Bulls you get  
the horns...

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