

Crowded House

"Fillmoe"

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[Verse 1]

They say they want me locked up or dead in the dirt
They got me ballin' spendin' dollars tryin' to get me off
erk
Cause me and my cold click we come real shit, we got
to work
And money ain't a thing, we dealin' with change and
them first
And at the worst can get I lost a punk bitch
I dumped that the folks tryin' to get at some bullshit
Who said we gay, who said us niggas don't play
Menace City and the PB niggas is a un-soft case
And if ya niggas got something to say
Bitch ass niggas we don't play
Say it in my face, if it's negative talk game
And positively I let the glock ring man
We don't bang, we get bitch niggas out the lane
Before the next motherfuckin' lane cross game
Or try to sprinkle salt on these young niggas name
That's why we makin' a statement, fuck everything

[Hook x2]

In Fillmoe, Fillmoe we don't play
Fillmoe it goes down every day
In Fillmoe, where every man stacks pay
Fillmoe, only the strong survive man

[Verse 2]

It's time for action, my main focus is only the stackin'
Stuck in this ghetto habitat without a way out
We ghetto platinum and no doubt ya get addicted to
the street life
Hustlin' heavy tryin' to duck and dodge from three
strikes
Caution cause niggas is shady from here to Boston
Sometimes flossin' talk shit behind ya back often
I spit the truth in every line that I speak
It's hard times nigga, get your's cause I'ma get mine
completely
From city to city and coast to coast
We man-made ghetto stars that y'all bitches wanna

toast to

Y'all can't even come close to, we larger than life
Don't dare to step up to this squad here, it's lonely
after midnight

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

It's all hypee, knowin' these suckers never liked me
Rather see me in a jail cell with a federal indictment
Nigga, copyin' mafia on my own two
When I come through ride for the West, we all up on
you
Ya whole crew, hate and despise when they look
through the eyes
Of this real one, rushed through the dirt and pulled him
out
And that's for real son
Never be at rest and that a lesson
When the beef hit and when ya get that ya get the
blessin'
That's round talk, when shit get thick we see who sticks
And half of the click jump ship and straight split
Ice in the grip, they sell you out of yo location
Ya set back, wakin' ya up with home invasion

[Hook x2]

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