

Cseh Tamás

"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 mummies 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
anwser 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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