

The Wombats

"Metro Song"

Visit "[Metro Song](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus]

They smile in our face, yet they playa hate, but it takes
a Hustla

They're sad, they're sad, they're sad, they're so sad

[Boogy Nikke]

I puttin' the pressure on all of the bitches

Them snitches, no riches, no love for Mo Thug

Nigga, what, what? It takes a Hustla, muthafucka

Put in a script, and runnin' the business

Watch my eyes, you punk, muthafuckin' nigga

When it's a nigga flippin' the script and ready to pull
the trigger

Also, don't give a fuck - if ain't rollin' with Mo Thug

We on top, now - a nigga like Boogy Nikke gon' always
be here

I've been there, but differences is I kept it real

I always will - I let my nuts hang like a mack

Word is bond - I didn't do if I said I didn't do it,
muthafucka

Check my eye, they never lie

I'm ready to spy inside your heart

I knew it's hate from the start

You know who you are

You grab your click-click-bang, swang them thangs

It really don't matter, you doin' a rain check, nigga

Two-for-two on stretchers This humbleness will fool ya

Not lettin' me do ya, do ya in for them sizin' up your
box, put in a shock

I knowin' that you was a punk-ass bitch

And all bitches ain't women, nigga

[Chorus]

[Hook: Tony Tone]

It's the message Poetic is bringin'

[Mo! Hart]

Punk muthafucka

[Tony Tone]

It's the message Poetic is bringin'

[Boogy Nikke]

Bitch-ass nigga, uh-huh

[Tony Tone]

It's the message Poetic is bringin'

Mo Thug is what we screamin'

I came on the scene with this Hustla click

So I take my peace to heart

Been down from day one

Didn't run, whether or not they fell off 'bout screamin'

It really kills me when suckas lie

I seen it in your eyes, want in the business

Despite you fake yet you try

For Tony Tone, really we roll with the Hustla three deep

I never sleep - thank You, Lord, to let us be

Keepin' us safe on these streets

'Cause strugglin' wasn't all the bad with brothers that I
never had

Our dreams were sighted in God's, I ?, united we stand

We are so tall, we ready to brawl by testin' them balls

Niggas be talkin' that shit, that's why we don't like

fuckin' with y'all

You wonder why, but I see inside

On the side, I'm just a nigga you despise

You must wanna die right now

Let's put 'em on the pave, now

Lay 'em in grave, 'cause they just wanna keep us down

Fakin', playa hatin', it's smilin' in our face

And fuckin' with nigga, 'cause I'm just an average
paper-chaser

[Chorus]

[Mo! Hart]

Up in my mind's another world

I watched 'em serve, seldom is heard

Watch what I see, pay close attention around me

Never rely on the one to intentionally clown me

Never speak evil when spoken to

My mind is so clear my thoughts will ride through to
you

Call it success, call it intuition

My visions that I see are premonitions

Here I am stuck in this dead-ass dimension of things to
come

Searchin' the past, lookin' for clues

The choice is obvious - what next to do?

Try to scream and holler - it's all so useless

Paths of destruction is what they chose

Eyes closed - here I am, standin' in front of your face
Nigga, what you gotta say?
Look at you, muthafucka
You a disgrace!

[Chorus] [Hook]

Visit [The Wombats](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.