

Gap Band

"Half Steppin'"

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(Big Chiefa)
Hold ya tongue
Cuz you might say something I might not like (Uhmm)
And if you do
Then you just might lose your life tonight (Don't say
nothing nigga)
My big brother told me
Never let a nigga fuck me (fuck me)
And if I don't
He'll never let a nigga touch me (touch me)
Don't say nothing
If you really ain't about no answer (Hold ya tongue
nigga)
Cuz where I'm from
We be bout it
Them domes be smashin' (Domes be smashin')
I'm from West Dallas
Say bra
I'm gon' holla that (I'm gon holla that)
Lil' brotha Lucci and Mr. Pookie
They got my back (Look they got my back)
Ooh Wee
You betta learn who you fuckin' wit (what nigga)
Say bra
You betta hop off in some gangsta shit (Lay it down)
I'm talkin' bout
Ski-maskes (They don't want none)
And hollow tips (They don't want none)
4-4's, (Know ya role nigga)
choppaz wit extended clips
Whoa now
I don't think you want to fuck wit that
This ain't no movie
Once you get killed ain't no comin' back (This ain't no
movie)
So if you ever get tha nerves to disrespect (Any ya'll)
Disrespect tha Chiefa remember ya disrespectin' the
West

Chorus 2X (Big Chiefa)
You niggaz bet not come half steppin'

Cuz we got somethin' that'll split cha
And watch them hollow points eat cha up
Nigga What
You can't touch me
So I advise you niggaz
Don't try to fuck me

(Mr. Pookie)

Now, I'm gon' tell you like this
Betta be mo careful who you roll wit
Cuz I got crook niggaz
You think you know schemin' up on yo shit
Talkin' all that hoe lip
I won't be leanin' when I confiscate
Hit ya place
Wit a bunch of Crook niggaz while flashin' nickel plates
I see you niggaz half steppin'
Plottin' schemin' watch me think it up
Now all my mark Crook niggaz squeeze and bust
I leave ya crushed
Caught em slippin'
sippin' on yellow tusk
Swelled em up
Cuz in this game
livin' is hell for us
Can't let em be
Turn tha tables
He'll do tha same to me
Takin' fleet
And if you live
Say boy ya best tah be
Lucci please
Calm me down 'for I let bullets free
Shakin' leaves
And in tha mist of this
We takin' cheese
I make em bleed
Tell ya again boy if I have tah
We comin'
Ya runnin'
I'ma send these hollow tips right at cha
Feel tha wrath of three crook playaz
From tha North and West we holdin'
Keep on wit cha stuntin'
Watch out for tha big ol' bouldaz we throwin'

Chorus 2X

(Mr. Lucci)

Get up out my face
Quit crowdin' my space

Peepin' me from neck to waist
Knowin' you fakaz
Soft as cakaz
Pushin' Lucci tah cop tha case
Who in tha fuck do you think I be?
What in tha hell do you think you see?
If it ain't treal then it ain't me
Ain't nothin' but G'z about my streets
That's all I know
Clutchin' tha 4-4
And goin' toe foe toe
Straight blow foe blow
Makin' em bleed slow
While us Crooks take control
Me, P-O-O-K-I-E, and Chief
Goin' on a rippin spree
Triple deep
Knockin' these ol' hoe ass nigga right up off they feet
As we speed em up
And heat em up
Hollows steadily eat em up
The ones that's thinkin' it's free tah bump
The ones that's shakin' his feet in tha trunk
Talkin' all that nonsense
Fuck around make me bomb bitch
Unless you want tah see me strong arm shit
Keep thinkin' that I'm harmless
I see em everyday
Actin' like they born tah hate
When I'm blowin' my cake
What tha fuck is goin' tah take
Tah let these niggaz know
I wasn't born tah play
From tha North of D
It's Mista
AKA
Wig Splitta
Showin' these half steppin' niggaz
I'm serious bout my issues

Chorus 2X

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