

Idiots

"What Now"

Visit "[What Now](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus 2x *(Messy Marv)*

All my niggas in the ghet-ta
acceptin no losses, no cheats an no let downs
foul cats mess around get the wet down
in yo city
leave yo whole turf shut down
(Sucka What Now?)

Verse 1 *(San Quinn)*

It's lethal
the streets'll take ya where ya don't need to go
ammunition
bullet proof
ghetto blastas slammin roofs
straight loot an pursuit
to survive be bout politics
we not ruthless for suckas it's bound to make me
contradict
conflict of intrest
because my Mobb is relentless
suckas don't wanna see us in this or win this
splended
less suckas to worry bout
broke niggas make the best crooks
crossas an killas
more scrilla I accumulate
enough to feed my reals
not concerned about the murder rate so when I'm a get
drilled
I be prayed up
over raw
wakin up's enough for me
but when I rhyme my minds on the grind
strictly hustlin
I'm back to bust
it should be lavishly surroundin
naturally reboundin from the loss cuz you thought I was
grounded
this how we do it

the truth gets screwed gets ???
me retire, the file wit ridas that remain at.

(Chorus) 2x

Verse 2 *(Messy Marv)*

Bow down to the west world
in the bucket flossin wit yo best girl
wanna turn up in the pearl
now you muggin when you rollin by
wanna get wet by the Tech cuz you lookin dry
seen the hate up in yo eye
be on the flight the next mornin
suckas flex in Kanas, Seattle an Oregon
I got game
doin thangs in 25 states
no condition we straight
ammunition we hate
kept it up in the case
gangsta
in body armor
we rappers say "This is fake" when people's quick to
bomb on ya
an bet a dime on ya
befo' ya make a false move
then get lost in yo crew
now they all boo-hoo
ya stay in doo-doo
fucked around an got flushed
out of line
out of time
thinkin you can't be touched
we quick to rush
cuz suckas sit in concrete and calmly
blow bomb-diggy on my way back to the big city.

(Chorus) 2x

Verse 3 *(San Quinn)*

Respect
we check the neck
you next
Seff an Mess
Elliot finess
at yo front steps, God bless
lyrics you fearin no non-sense we far fetched
leave you outlined stretched
wit yo mind wrecked
I Rolex, you Timex

watchin time tick
if it rhyme hit yo target sucka
accurate
my limits
have no maximum
mashin 'em
runnin down the platinum
half of 'em rappin
I be surpassin 'em
my squad do the job
let them do rappin
they rob
we gon' survive
while you dispise
Frisco playas live
eyes wide scopin
hopin we ain't touchin
then we high rollin
high side wit our mouths open
gold showin
I'm representin the playas an pimps
playin simps
pursuin mill tickets, bangin my hits
still we kill 'em this is like 11-Feev (11/5)
keep it real like the 6-9 Vill you suckas best believe.

(Chorus) 4x

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