

M People

"211-187"

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Chorus: {U.N.L.V.}

211s at night 187s in the day light
Nigga we just don't give a fuck
211s at night 187s in the day light
Nigga we just don't give a fuck

Verse One: {Lil' Ya}

Nigga's be try'na rep and some fool's
Be try'na buck but Lil' Ya that type of
Nigga that just don't give a fuck
But Nathan and if you hatin' then
You's a hater but I'm straight out that three
So how the fuck you gonna fade her
Soldier with a heart made of steel
Like my nigga B, I handle business on the real and
Then I chill make my rounds, pick up my car from
My bitches cuz I be hittin' 'em regular like
Dre be hittin' his switches
Clockin' my riches as I stroll through my hood
Puffin' on a blunt givin' love where it's all good and
For you nigga's who ain't go no love
I ain't got no love for you chumps
Cuz I'm a smoke 'em and choke 'em
Like a Philly Blunt
Yeah, I'm gettin' my grove on
I'm ready to move on
To another level rob some nigga's or
Whatever I got big nut's
I got a big heart like I said it's been that way
Since fuckin' start, you know me from my
Fuckin' crew, you know what I'm bound to do
I got a pit, I'm ready to spit,
I'm ready to serve to uhh!

Chorus

Verse Two: {Yella Boy}

I even got's the boogy bangin' at'cha

Grab my Zookie if I have to
Daze you up like Daz
I don't give a fuck like Kurupt
I'm dismantlin' MC's that come against me
Me and the Tecster in broad day light
We comin' to do thee fuck it
Of course, I'm a show no remorse
Don't mean the boss, I never forget hoes

Verse Three: {Tec-9}

I'm gettin' skiet like that, I'm slippery like ease wax
I chop ya down, like a disciple, with my riffle
As if a white boy you disrespected my a-gender and
Called me a nigga

Verse Four: { Yella Boy}

I'm dumpin' you bitches out like Boss Hog
I don't give a fuck about y'all
You don't know what I would do to you
But I know what'cha will do to you
I would serve you, I would fuck clean over you

Verse Five: {Tec-9}

Y'all know that I'm back
Like brand new wax on brand new Cadalac's
I'm mourin' I'm yawnin' plus I just
Lost my equipment bag

Verse Six: {Yella Boy}

Sweatin' like a Zoo-Loo to do you
It's best you fuckin' scam
I'm a champion I'm dumpin' on 'em
I'm actin' a motherfuckin' donkey on 'em

Chorus

Verse Seven {Lil' Ya}

I'm bout to do a jack
I got on all black
In my hand lies a tool that
I call my Mack
It's like my best friend cuz when
I spin the bin it don't get jammed
Bullet's chargin' like a ram
You bet's believe when them hollow's hit'cha
You goin' in pocket bitch, you better drop it

One nigga tested my nut's he had the nerve to flex and
On his arm was a Rolex, He flinched for
His gat that was stashed in his suit coat
I had to show him, I had to fuck over him
Stunt a fuckin' lick of that hit and it was on
Then I put the key's on the lab and
Niggas started pushin' slab's
My pocket's started gettin' swole
My knot has thickened
That's how it is when
Nigga like Ya, is flippin' halves to
Quickers, Quarter Bird's, to Bird's
Keep a brew full of rock's
Cuz my bitch need a serve,
Uploadin' kilt, puttin' in clip's at the
Same time, beatin' you nigga's down
With my bat if I ain't got that iron
Leave yo Mama cryin' why you shot my only son
Gave him three to the head, smoke a blunt now I'm
done
Give me a bag of that helllo, and snort it up my nostril
Drain got me loose as a goose and I wanna shot
We put in work, doin' dirt everyday
It's twelve noon, let's go get somebody
To buy some yae, can't be no miner
Got to be a Big Tymer, because I'm down to
Pill a couple of cap's and get these nigga's out they
snap's
Cuz I'm

Verse Eight: {Tec-9}

You bitches don't know the fuckin' size of this shit
I'm on the rise with this shit
See tommorow, the fuckin' clip bitch
2-2-6 my boy's comin'
Mag-11 hollow tip's nigga
Better start runnin'
When I start comin' up the block
With my glock like a mad man
In a mad rage face is caught on the front page
Let them bitches catch me down bad
With my 12-gage

Verse Nine: {Yella Boy}

You despise, why I'm up in disguise
Now you paralyzed plus you realize
To stop playin' with me
My click is quick to let them bullet's fly
Click ya fuckin' self ya bitch you

For you get downed

Chorus

We droppin' 'em stop playin' with me
Stop playin' with me

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