

M People

"Nigga I'm bout It"

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{Talking }

Motherfuckers I got kids, I don't them listenin' to that
bullshit

Fuck the niggers! motherfuckers need to stop
How can you call yourself a nigga and be proud of it

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

It's an Uptown thing and we bout it
Partners-n-Crime motherfuckers you ain't bout it
It's an Uptown thing and we bout it
Now Jubilee motherfucker you ain't bout it
It's a third ward nigga it's a third ward nigga
It's a third ward nigga and we bout it

Verse One: {Lil' Ya}

Misdemeanor motherfucker you can't face me
Turned out I was fuckin' yo boy third o'l lady
Got mad bullets on ya they said you wasn't home
Yeah, you pissed on our set up early in the mornin'
It had to be about seven or eight cuz if I was there
I would have put the fuckin' tec in yo face and
Sent yo bitch ass where you belong
They don't even have a fuckin' set called Airhorne and
Claiborne
So what'cha want to do throw yo shit up
I say you on Lafayette yo stupid ass was to piss up
By me or anyone of my boys I bust you in yo mouth and
You still talkin' noise try'na get yo rep on knowin' that
you fake
Apologzin' to you I did it for yo own sake but ya fell
back up on me
Like I told you before cuz you and yo boys at Big Boy
Ain't nothin' but hoes I pulled deadly holocaust
You tried to make peace not knowin' I was strapped
He tried to give me dap and Prime you's a bitch you
weak!
Cuz everytime you see me you know that you speak
But I got love for them fakein' ass hustlers
Pussy MotherFucka! Dick takin' Busters!

{Chorus}

Verse Two: {Tec-9}

Don't get too close cuz the heat might just scorch ya,
Partners-N-Crime, y'all bitches mad cuz Ca\$h Money
didn't want'cha,
Imitatin' U.N.L.V.,
I wonder which one of you muthafuckas wanted to be
like me,
The capital T, E, C, from the mighty one, two, three,
You bitches out here like the soldiers choke the
soldiers,
But I'ma keep it real cuz the real deal is how I feel,
You started out with two, same as my crew,
And now you went out and found yourself another
busta,
Made it even harder, to make the change Big Boy was
givin' ya,
Said you like to fuck with that dope, what'cha talkin'
bout?
Lost all respect, now you no longer represent the
South,
But try to turn my fans against me,
Fuck it my real fans and all my niggas is ballin' with
me,
Peanut, Dune, fuck it \$lu, and that nigga T,
All my niggas bustin' and they sho nuff down with me,
And y'all bitches can't see me,
My nigga you makes a false move, you lose,
The deadly game of come up
Bidly bye bye, nigga don't try,
Your crew close shot with every buckshot, cuz I'ma
hit'cha with my four ten,
Double barrel, two trigger, room shaker, you all in,
Hope you muthafuckas really like my shit,
Because you bite my shit,
Switch it around and recite my shit,
And I know you bitches heard about me,
But y'all ain't sure about me, because I'm shootin'
at'cha head G,
You play the role of a man,
But Partners-N-Crime, y'all ain't nothin' but pussies in a
can,
Ya try to stop me, but nigga my clip is way too tight,
It's goin' down at night,
And you don't see me cuz I'm not in sight,
Two of you muthafuckas wasn't around,
But I know each one of you muthafuckas could go
underground,

So I checks him, and then I wet him,
Yeah, I come to your house nigga with thirty shells on
the ground,
So show Tec-9 what'cha made of nigga,
You started this shit, now I'ma finish it off bitch

Verse Three: {Yella Boy}

Now we been gone too long true or false right or wrong
And I know y'all been waitin' on this God Damn hit song
Let me drop some gangster lyrics on this track man
Comin' like a dope fiend we caught a nigga scopin'
It's about time we close shop for these niggas
Reppin' on a nigga try'na make they name bigger
They actin' like they bout it knowin' they ain't bout it
I'm a catch 'em by theyself yeah they heart I got it
But see it all started back in 1993 when a coward out
that ten
He tried to diss them Jubilee yo cd forget about
New Orleans rap game try'na to drop some lyrics
Boo-Koo dress man you know you lame
Nigga you need to quit with that shit that ain't it
You almost caught the rape charge bitch you would've
been sick
But anyway it go hey, how much would the dope take?
Take ya to the brown, peanut butter and powder
You two motherfuckin' hoes try'na run one time
But first, what about the crowd that did that dance
Eddie Bow, you thought the twerk would work and
Rock the crowd it's unbelievable, hoe it's a ghetto
Better yet my shop where I go and make my rounds
I ain't no joke I'm on a real Big Boy Big Boy
My only promise was to ask my boy, was he down with
me?
He can't cuz he gay, watch out for the stick
The gangster tried to run up but we dropped 'em
Like a hoe, fight 'em like Carl Lewis in the ring
Then started to get to stabbin' leave a trick
Cuz, I'm stun'n hard you best's get the right tools
Back up on Magi Noo, Prime Time you a bitch
I can't let you slide cuz I got that feelin'
You lookin' like a punk by the eyes
You know that ass hopin' that body still movin'
Never talk that shit till I get to the stage sooner
You never go huh you never go what
"Nigga you ain't talkin' you better keep my
Motherfuckin' name out yo motherfuckin' mouth
Before you get yo motherfuckin' head bust"
I'm talkin' to you Mystikal I'm a leave yo ass
Incabale condtion motherfucker I hope you take
This time long

I'm sick of tired, I'm sick of tired
Of you bitches playin' with me
I'm free the three so respect U.N.L.V.
I told you once, I told ya twice
We not nice y'all first mind lead wrong
You should have thought twice
Try'na diss y'all thought we had dismissed
Y'all missed like try'na dissin' like that
Left yo back, that yo wife is wack
Cuz that's a fact, and we back cuz I'm a
Bad A&Y Yella Boy
Maybe that's why they slip so hard
But fuck it, I'm a jump in my car
I told y'all once before, I'm not no little boy
Shop closed cuz of the third
MotherFuck! a Big Boy

{Chorus}

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