

Outlawz

"Outlaw 2000"

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Uh, uh, Outlawz
Who
Why don't y'all niggas move the fuck over for a minute
Let us get in, time's up
Outlaw nigga

I was trained to bang your life over
Catch a game that Pac told you
Fast lane, can't stay sober
Get the money, then flip it over

But honeys we lace that
Nigga we stay strapped
You take another step and I'll move you eight back
For the money I mean mug

You hog and I'll hold a grudge
I'll meet you in the parking lot
Handle some muthafuckas
Solution, there ain't none

Nigga I can't run
It's something gonna be done
Then fuck it, let's dump some
You wastin' your breath
And I'm surprised there's some left

I got my nine on your chest
And you got your mind on your gat
And I got this shit up inside of me
Holdin' on like it's riding me

Telling me to get this money
Fuck y'all 'cause you trying me
I bust y'all 'cause you eyeing me
What dog, it's inside me

I blame my shit on society
Stackin' money inside of me

Where the fuck is my niggas at?
(Right here)

Where the fuck is my bitches at?
(Right here)

For the live, we about to enter this game one more time
Now, uh, throw up your muthafuckin' hood and make it
shine
And a, give up the muthafuckin' goods 'cause they
mine

Uh huh, we done forgotten, dirty niggas from the block
Rotten, leaving niggas rotten, it's a muthafucka plottin'
Uh huh, we keep it poppin' like pussy in the south
Disrespect the Lawz and we'll see fifty to your mouth

We the Outlawz, damn right, stand tight
We the Outlawz, smackin' these niggas who can't fight
Outlawz, nigga we don't give a what?
Outlawz, remember we hit 'em up

How many muthafuckas here
Gonna show no fear?
When there's death in the air
My man, I seen too many crack

Soon as they seen a gat
Even though they be strapped
That ain't G
(That ain't G)

I've been all around the world
In every hood that stir
Without a worry in the world
That's me
(That's me)

And this Outlaw gang
Gonna do a Outlaw thang
Till we six feet deep
Six feet deep
(Six feet deep)

I wake up with a new four, sleep with two, four
And a twelve gauge pump
Waiting for something to jump
Y'all must be kidding me, talking about ridding me

Faggot, this world is mines and I ain't having it
Listen, how it feel trying to steal
A nigga you can't kill
A nigga so real we make time stand still

That's me, Lil' OG, I ODed, and one more, my balls
hang
And I bang 'till I'm stiff on the floor, oh no, yo
They must have did it again, talking they self to death
They gonna feel it again, and that's that, that's all
That's it, no more, we the realest to ever did this shit
thus far

Dirty jersey only breed killers and dogs
Since I'm both, I'm in your driveway
With gauge in the fog, ain't shit sweet about
A nigga from New York

Accept the not guilty verdict
That you hear in the court
Bang you from the car
Rocking me against the world

And the blood from your face fly and land on your girl
I'm gunnin' grown
Even bag up coke when my mother home
Just got the new gun
That bust off with another tone

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Yo, make a move young homie
If you choose young homie
We school young homies
Who the fuck is us homies?

We Outlawz, chewing D muthafuckas
And we about to ball, best believe muthafuckas
And it's like a bid, I know y'all been waiting to bump this
We raised your kids with this muthafuckin' thug shit

Noby the holiest, the cripin' and the blood shit
Stripper club shit, bitches giving love quick
Fuck this we gonna take it there
Nigga you wants no part of this

We trade your shares, make it clear
Where you going, face your fears
A lot of money to be made this year
Over here, and we hate the cops

We catch you niggas slippin', then we take your block
My homies stay creeping, and we ride for 'Pac
You know it ain't a thang, and we ride for Yak
You niggas know it ain't a game

'Cause we bleed for this
And if you don't believe in nothing else
Believe in this, Outlawz is it
So come and get it nigga

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