

Allegiance

"Gotta Have Heart"

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That's Ant BEEZY, nigga - off the HEEZY
Is he my nigga? FO SHEEZY nigga!
What, what? Say what, say, say what, say what?
(Kev B in the motherfuckin house)
Say what, say what, say what, say what?
(Bombay all day nigga this is fo-TAY!)
(Bombay all day punk this is FO-TAY NIGGA!)

[Verse One]

Fresh up out the Testarossa
Still buzzin off that sticky green Cali doja
Last night had, way too many bitches jock
Mr. Player himself, gon' always keep it poppin
And stoppin you and yo' ability to come tight, mack like
Dolemite
Sometimes you learn the hard way, but you gon' get it
right
Keep listenin, discipline plays a strong part
The majority of these bitches ain't got no heart
enough to roll with the punches, hundred dolla bills
and brunches
Comin home in somethin way tight that's scrumptious
like
steak and lobster, dank from rastas
And we don't roll with nothin but, G's and mobsters!
Zenithes, Daytons, twenty inch chrome ones
Never know the feelin of a bitch 'til you own one!

Yeah we Bay riders, call us, murder for hire
Closer, than hittin home runs than McGwire and Sosa
We supposed to be, killin 'em off, hittin 'em off
with this old ill shit, givin 'em an overdose of this so
real shit
So feel this, way down deep up in your liver
Give a, nig a chance for the alcohol to make you quiver
Still a, assassin blastin any nigga who think he can
outlast
the master splash yo' ass in a, pool of blood
So ask the, nigga who done rolled up and got his,
dome split
(Dome split) I don't give a fuck motherfucker wait 'til

the chrome hit!

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

They say you got to have heart
I roll with dese niggaz dey mob figures and killas you
niggaz feel us
They say you got to have PAPER
Shit, cause life ain't long, nigga best to get yo' hustle
on

[Verse Two]

A player's proposition got 'em wishin they was laced up
Perfect conversation plus my new just game I make up
Talkin bout, mash you got me bout it now I'm gettin
dough
Dress in style every day, own many expensive clothes

Ay tell yo' potnahs they can be a part of all the benefits
Ay, pinky finger diamonds all the finest ain't no limits
and
what we tryin to do menage-a-trois up in the rental then
you can make a move you never lose with a gentleman
All about my paper fettucini and lucciano
If we keep this pimpin right we movin into condos
Baby wanna treat to play, she wanna lace me
Dress me up from head to toe and shoppin sprees at
Macy's
Ay, copped me all the flyest shit, like Tommy Hilfiger
Calvin Klein cologne just wanna zone with a real nigga
We can do it live and go through all your wildest
fantasies
Tell me yeah you wanna be as freaky as you wanna be

Niggaz is so fake and phony
Nine times out of ten they ain't Oscar Mayer beef they
Lady Lee bologna
Speakin on shit they never did, soundin like a tweeter
Wishin they was a mid, ho you don't know you blowin
out like an amp
Lickin mo' pussy than the post office lick stamps
Money over bitches, boy you don't remember?
Just kick back and sautee, nigga never simmer
Oh yeah you hoes you triflin too, haha

[Chorus]

{*ad libs to fade*}

