

Hi-Fi

"Don't Get Comfortable {Part 2}"

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{Kangol Slim}
UH OH!!!!

{Chorus}
OHH THEY WANT SOME!
YA BITCH YOU!
NOW WE BACK WITH DON'T GET COMFORTABLE!
PART TWO!
OH OHH YOU DONE DID IT!
NOW YOU GONNA GET IT!
OH OHH YOU DONE DID IT!
NOW YA GONNA GET IT!
AND WE TOLD YOU DONT GET COMFORTABLE!
YA BITCH YOU!
NOW WE BACK WITH DON'T GET COMFORTABLE!
PART TWO!
OH OHH YOU DONE DID IT!
NOW YOU GONNA GET IT!
OH OHH YOU DONE DID IT!
NOW YA GONNA GET IT!

{Mista Menor}
Now I'ma call it like I see it far,
You put yo hands up I promise I'ma break yo jaw and
B.G. Respect My Mind because you know my kind
I'ma grown man Lil' Daddy I can handle mine and
Baby know I ain't no hoe up in this that Red Nigga
I'ma Hound I'ma little targish then the average nigga
and
All them rattin' y'all been doin' on them song's bra
You tellin' feds who got work, and where it's comin'
from
I can tell you nigga's faggot's from yo tattoo's
He got yo name, You got his name, man that shit ain't
cool
You Yella Fool's, you gettin' used like some virgin
pussy
Baby fuckin' all you nigga's so you need to douche
Now I'ma push it, and tell ya how Tha Block Got Hot
Lil' Wayne, popped himself, he drew the News and the
Cops

Y'all some CB 4 niggas, plus y'all need to stop
Try'na clone my nigga Two-Pistol, you get's no prop Ya
Heard Me!

{Chorus}

{2x}

{Prime Time}

In The Prime Time of the night, you can try to meet
Menor
Kangol not there, then I'm spinnin' the bin in the
Beamer
I ain't talkin' bout yo whole crew, I only want two
But If Juvey get out of line then I'm gonna get him to
My dogs always told me, get rid of my problems
My dogs always told me, to aim at my target
My dogs always told me, get his change if he guard it
My dogs always told me, to blow his brains if he bought
it
Yo dogs should have told you, to run yo mind if you
were smaller
I think they should have told you, that I be one of the
hardest
One of the smartest, and I'ma quick to cha-chop
Get ready for the Hounds dog that's quick to pa-pop
B.G. don't want known of me, look what the game
done, done to me
You run in front of me, and I take you down with the 2-
23-3
Battle me all of a sudden you a Pepper Boy,
I'ma Hound Out so you better be tryin' to Respect Us
Boy!

{Chorus}

{2x}

{Drama Squad}

{De'Jon}

It's Trigger Play you bout,
It's Trigger Play I doubt,
Drama Squad on route
To take these thunders out, Boo-Ya!

{Nickel Slick}

Look when I came to do ya , let's keep it real
Lil' niggas get spanked, try'na Get How They Live

{Mel}

I hear they try'na jack, but I suggest that they
surrender,

We play the game foul eliminatin' all contenders,

{De'Jon}

Love to floss what 'cha got?
Then Drop It Like It's Hot
Disrespect a nigga mind cause,
I want what 'cha got

{Nickel Slick}

I be roamin' through the Nolia like a cell phonin'
Niggas showin' love, like it's my motherfuckin' homin'

{Mel}

With that toolin' we acts a foolin' ,
Can't no nigga with a Ph.D. could ever school me
Ya Crazy!

{De'Jon}

We playin' the game shady, that's how the streets
made me,
That's how my Daddy raised me, I'm Thugged Out daily

{Nickel Slick}

Daily Thugged Out, with my Squad, we slug it out
Blood in to Blood out, Hush yo mouth or get drugged
out

{Mel}

It's gettin' crucial let's show these nigga's how we livin'
My bullets flippin' I lay more shoots then Scottie Pippen

{De'Jon}

With my Squad trippin' , My Squad dippin'
Hell is what we givin' ,
Tha Block Iz Hot , fuckin' up how ya livin'

{Chrous}

{2x}

{Kangol Slim}

Fuckin' with them Hounds from G-Town we don't mess
around,
Come get that ass straight chopped down
Lil' Wayne stay in a child place, from this Earth to be
erased,
No trace, bullet holes up in yo face,
You nigga's don't know what the game be really bout,
You only know what Baby tell by word of mouth,
Even that can get you taken out,
In this game you wouldn't last,
I show ya how ya feelin' ,

In me see to bury yo ass, Where the Stash?
You ain't even off the porch yet,
Try'na jump into somethin' real,
Soon as you hit the first step you gettin' killed,
Battle Fields, Trill, better have yo Steel or get Peeled,
Me and my nigga's been bustin' heads to make a mil,
I'ma fool from the old school,
You said you gonna leave my Dreads in my Tennis
Shoes,
17th Ward niggas got tools,
Some of them bitches rusted, and used
An arm, a leg, you might loose,
But look you choose to be that fool

{Chorus}

{Till the End}

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