

Sara Evans**"Try Me"**

Visit "[Try Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Bookie]

You know what?

I'm gettin' tired of you bitch niggas

Comin' around tryin' ta put my whole court
like I left my muthafuckin' nuts at the house

Fuck you niggas

You niggas wanna try me?

Come and try me

I ain't the type of nigga that'll get scared just because a
nigga sizin' me up

That don't mean shit ta me

Muthafuckas wanna be callin' my house, threatenin' ta
kill me and shit

Won't leave no kinda connection for a nigga ta get
back at y'all punk asses

Fuck you niggas

[Chorus]

Niggas tempted ta try me, get the fuck on

Feelin' the rage when the heat is on

Do I have ta spell it?

Got all these niggas behind me, grippin' they chromes

Seen bloody days when the heat is on

I thought I told ya

Niggas tempted ta try me, get the fuck on

Feelin' the rage when the heat is on

Do I have ta spell it?

Got all these niggas behind me, grippin' they chromes

Seen bloody days when the heat is on

I thought I told ya

[Bookie]

Alota niggas wanna test me, seein' if I'm weak

Like alota bitch niggas in the pen, spreadin' out they
cheeks

Believe me, I'm far from it

Who wanna talk shit ta this nigga

that's ready ta brawl and mo' cheese than a hundred

I got killas representin' me

So what the fuck a nigga like you doin' talkin' shit ta
me?

I'ma let you know the real
Niggas from Neil, we call em bitch made
A pretty flower, a maggot
This nigga Bookie ain't no faggot
I reside on the Eastside, that's where I'm from
Even got killas who claimin' the West, strappin' up they
vests
You best
Believe that if he tryin' ta make me bleed
Yes indeed, I come and proceed ta put him on his
knees
Now I don't bang, but often hang wit the killas
Slang wit the killas
Do my thang wit the killas
I'm from the ghetto, I done seen it all
So if you want it, come surprise me
Regrettin' that you tryed me

[Chorus]

Niggas tempted ta try me, get the fuck on
Feelin' the rage when the heat is on
Do I have ta spell it?
Got all these niggas behind me, grippin' they chromes
Seen bloody days when the heat is on
I thought I told ya
Niggas tempted ta try me, get the fuck on
Feelin' the rage when the heat is on
Do I have ta spell it?
Got all these niggas behind me, grippin' they chromes
Seen bloody days when the heat is on
I thought I told ya

[E-40]

Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Me and my whip-i-ly-zation be on some got it
Take off the head and then I kill the body
One in the ground, the other one in the pen
Livin' that extra man is like ran up in this den
Finger fucked and raped his box, tied him up and
made him watch
Pistol whooped his face, got him for a safe
Bookie
These niggas got me bent, I ain't no sucka
I'm a magazine street hustler like Larry Flynt
Rapper slash P.I. pimp
Pistol packin', always hot, P.I. pimp
These niggas don't wanna go ta war
These niggas ain't tryin' ta funk no mo'
Them niggas know that they can't score
Y'all niggas scared ta see us toe ta toe

You monks ain't got the wind
Don't act like we don't know
You niggas be too looped
You niggas be on blow
You niggas be too soup
You niggas just don't know

[Chorus]

Niggas tempted ta try me, get the fuck on
Feelin' the rage when the heat is on
Do I have ta spell it?
Got all these niggas behind me, grippin' they chromes
Seen bloody days when the heat is on
I thought I told ya
Niggas tempted ta try me, get the fuck on
Feelin' the rage when the heat is on
Do I have ta spell it?
Got all these niggas behind me, grippin' they chromes
Seen bloody days when the heat is on
I thought I told ya

[Bookie]

Ran into this nigga at the club one night, tryin' ta get
my groove on
He bumped into me, got mad, and had the nerve ta tell
me ta move on
What?
Nigga you got me fucked up
Who in the hell you think you is,
comin' up in the club, actin' all stupid and stuck up?
What, you thought I was gonna be a bitch nigga and
bow down?
Give you a smile and look down?
Nigga you 'bout ta get took down
Who you lookin' for, the bouncers?
Just lookin' at you shakin'
Makes me realize that you faker than any nigga that's
scared ta take you
Oh, you was lookin' for your homeboys ta help you
But when they saw my squad they got scared, claimin'
they neva met you
So you get the fuck on, regretin' that you tried me
You thought you had some homeboys, but find out the
niggas behind me
So what's wit the ill face?
That I was weak without no balls, thinkin' Bookie was
faked
Sorry ta disappoint you
So now you know
The next time that you see me up in the club wit my
back turned

And you behind me, neva ta try me

[Chorus]

Niggas tempted ta try me, get the fuck on

Feelin' the rage when the heat is on

Do I have ta spell it?

Got all these niggas behind me, grippin' they chromes

Seen bloody days when the heat is on

I thought I told ya

Niggas tempted ta try me, get the fuck on

Feelin' the rage when the heat is on

Do I have ta spell it?

Got all these niggas behind me, grippin' they chromes

Seen bloody days when the heat is on

I thought I told ya

[Outro: E-40]

And there you have it

One more end

E-fee-zy Fon-za-ree-zy A.K.A. Charlie Hustle

Smell it

Me and my nigga Bookie

Doin' our thug Fi-za-ma-jig up in this muthafucka

Unda smell me

19-99, 2000 on you hoe ass muthafuckas

Hoe!

Visit [Sara Evans](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.