

Scar Symmetry

"These Niggaz"

Visit "[These Niggaz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Z-Ro)

[Hook]

These niggaz, must of forgot
That I will squeeze triggas, thinking you gon play me
Nigga please nigga, get put in a G-R-A-V-E nigga
At ease nigga, you don't wanna be my enemy nigga
When I'm sipping drank, and smoking trees nigga
Fuck around and be a memory, nigga

[Z-Ro]

Boo, guess who sneaking up from the rear
You niggaz hearts be pumping fear, but they don't
pump none here
I never knew how to be scared, just how to handle my
infrared
I love nothing, ain't my barber ride up fuck you in my
head
This how I feel about, all of y'all
Disrespect me if you want, and all of y'all will fall
I use to be 165 in a city, where the skinny niggaz die
But now, I'm 220 with a 45
And I be set tripping, ready to wet niggaz and wet
women
I stand alone me and my chrome, Southside
representing
Don't need no motherfucking body, behind me
So when the law come looking for me, can't nobody
find me
Mo' murder, bite em all like gasoline in my gat
So you get slid, like you got some vaseline on your
back
This is an anybody killer, I ain't prejudice at all
Ever since my nigga set me up, to kick it with them laws

[Hook]

[Scarface]

Bouts to put the smash on niggaz
Put the gas on, and put the match on niggaz, y'all must
of forgot

How quick we flash on niggaz, blast on niggaz
Your ass gone nigga, you done fucked with the Lot
I gave you a chance to eat, but you chose to bite the
hand that fed
You took your shit nigga, lay in your bed
Who'd ever thought this nigga, that was sat down at
our table and fed
Would turn on the streets, and roll with the FED's
I loved this nigga, now I roll around
With a mask and a strap, and a grudge for this nigga
Fucking with me, just adds the fuel to the fire
And I'm about to snap that wire
And go off, and empty out the whole clip in you
Denting your dinner, with bullet holes in your wind-a
I ain't fucking around, J give the word and we busting
the clown
If you can narrow it down, we touching the ground

[Hook]

[Z-Ro]

It make me wanna holla
Throw up both my hands, cause a nigga can't
understand
Why these snitch niggaz and bitch niggaz, be P-A
Spanish
Straight up strong enough for a man, but just too weak
to take the challenge
And each way with display, they got no backbone
Looking like jellyfish to me, about to get they back
blown
Out of proportion, kicking they doors in trying to find
em
But I'm above em and behind em, killing em slow with
perfect timing
Bitch I always know where you at, your baby mama's
On your block, it really don't matter cause Ro and 'Face
gon bring his hat
Please push my button, for me
So exit wounds can be all in your tummy, from my
tommy
Mini 1-4 is what I ride with, cause thugs and murderers
I reside with
Beef with and beef with, murder them or get high with
It really don't matter, it just depend on the situation for
me
Like I don't get down and dirty, I can't believe nigga

[Hook]

