

Mysonne

"US"

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[Hook]

At the top it's just us, nigga, it's us
But I don't really trust niggas, I don't
You us, it's just us nigga, it's us
But I don't really trust niggas,
We gangsters, we don't fuck with niggas
At the top is where you see us nigga
Since a younging bitch we been them niggas
Since a younging bitch we been them niggas

It's just us nigga, fuck niggas,
That's right, fuck niggas
I don't trust none of y'all
Lame ass, fuck niggas
What nigga, say something,
My young boys will spray some
We really bout that, yeah
Dumb boys, they front
We don't discriminate
You play then you gotta go
Line em up, knock em down like domino
Vamonos, adios, headshots, body blows
I don't know who told these niggas that I don't go
I gotta hold that blow like the wind
Another hoe that do the same thing like they twins
We going hard, cause any day like the end
These fake niggas play like your friends
That's why

These niggas ain't my material,
Ain't cut from the same material
There's a general peace to em
While I put the heat to em
The defeat for em
They can't eat from the plate that we eat from
Cause we deep up, and the songs where the money
come
And when the law come, we don't know how to run
son
I let the gun bang, bang, throw dumb dumbs
Here the money's long come fuck where I come from

Bitch I took in brooklyn, cause I move like a crooklin
Call me brooklyn or move a little butt
Cause I gun butt niggas with the 40 clip when it's on
top
Andrew luck, cause he playin with the colt, 44
Like the doors of the range rover
And if he say us one more, it's time
Nigga I'm shinin 99 with a 9 in the club
But I'm a dope in this hood,
And I'ma hit, hit thug
Tell em play Andrew... what, what
As I took plenty cars to the puff from the lot
When they me Andrew... us down
Niggas like who them clowns
You know the rules nigga lay down
Old bitch nigga lay down
You know the rules nigga lay down
Old bitch nigga lay down

[Hook]

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You fuck with one, you fuck with all
We keep it real street, you don't run it all
You never saw hammers bust so before
We real killers, now wanna see more?
I'm addicted to that dope shit, watch how that dope
flip
Us in the building, said that thing bout to go click
Let a nigga act up, watch how he back up
When he hear the sound of that thing go black out
I'm original, ex criminal, bring it to anybody that
wanna talk subliminal
Real nigga shit, send my us boys, they will get rid of
you
No masses, just ratchets, bullet proof vest boots and
tactics
We balling, like mavericks, y'all fuck boys lookin real
average
We chop that dough fool, real mama cook that soul
food
And hustle, that duffle
Got more greens thang hong fu
I don't hate on niggas, tell me body wanna hate on

me
Let's just agree to disagree
Yeah let the situation be
Been all up in them sell boss, your characteristics
don't tell at all
Either transparent, you keep it talk
My gangsterism gonn let me know
Fight cuts you gun butts in them niggas that I can't
trust
You know this money lay around, I'ma fuck around
And kill one of you niggas for fuckin it up
I hate rats, disloyal niggas, if death...
Them natreys gonn roll you niggas like white
Hold up, let me load my gun up
Run sex...you fuck boys, for tryina slow my numbers
It's us gang, respect the movement
The people chose us, dick we ain't choosin
I was in the kitchen just mindin my bizz
And I said let's flip this thing to music
And I won't charge...father show you how fast
illusion
Like run up on you, smokin a blunt shit
And everything you live for proof to move it
Gangster shit, it's not the movies...
And I'm a casket boy, certified, let it go quick boy
Like I ain't do shit, duffle bag I do love
Get found in abandoned building,
In the dark, somewhere alone just for fuckin with us

It's just us nigga, industry filled with fuck niggas
So fuck niggas, make me reach out and touch niggas
I'm tryin walk straight and make a mill or 2
These fucking rappers rich and 40's what a miller do
Some niggas talking coke, some niggas talking bricks
Your favorite rapper, he a liar, he just talking shit
I'm here to speak the truth and I'm about that mess
That money motive, pistol pete, can't leave out that
sex
We from the bronx, grinding, grinding at the top nigga
From the cop, and you snitches all you hot niggas
It's just us nigga, loyalty a must nigga
My niggas here poppin molly smoking dust niggas
Don't give a fuck niggas, witness is to buck niggas
And go to jail in that yard and cut niggas
Some niggas rocking flags, some niggas rocking ice
You ain't us nigga, you ain't bout that life

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