

Nickelus F

"Everything That I Should"

Visit ["Everything That I Should"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus: Nickelus F] I ain't doing everything that I should And I ain't really try as hard as I could If I could take some things back then I would But I can't cause its life [Nickelus F] I'm from the good side of the tracks, but took a liking to Gat's And I was toting them before I had time to react Ended up in the jungle with lions, and tigers, and rats Ended up with a hustle y'all, look at the size of my bags Ended up with some muscle, think about the size of these mags Before you come out your mouth, Ill shoot your tongue Out your mouth, dump the gun Out and bounce. Keep an eye out for the badge And slow it down. We riding dirty, dont be driving to fast Two pounds of the Mary Jane and you bouncing lane to lane Is you crazed? if you get me locked I'm breaking legs Matter of fact, pull over right here. Nigga I got it I don't know why you trippin' but you acting out of pocket Nigga you know the procedure, no speeding while we re-ing Plus we cheefin' and I got a couple pills of the eatit I was planing on giving a little later to this freak and If we see the police, I won't get my chance to beat and nigga... (NO!) [Chorus] [Nickelus F] Momma, I'm still thuggin' the world is a war zone My homies is inmates and most of 'em dead wrong And some of em dead gone, and some had they head blown Wish I could take it back to you reading me bed poems But I'm on my own now, I'm taller and grown now I'm doing all the things that you wish I ain't know 'bout I' using all the beams, bag and pitching the dro out Been through everything that my good pen wrote 'bout Like dippin' from the pigs, hitting fences, rip my britches Kept a skippin, toss the biscuit, It's a throw away forget it But I gotta keep my weedies, chances are they will not get me And I'm gonna wanna smoke when I tell this to my niggas like We was just chillin when two niggas robbed the building And got away, but when the cops came they thought we was the villians So we picked up, picked up, ran so fast they stopped and said forget it Even though I'm glad I'm kinda mad I went and tossed my pistol but... (No)! [Chorus] [Nickelus F] Yeah, I'm polishing pistols, prepare for battle pass the pump And I'm popping the pistol and putting people in the trunk I

done peeled of from the po-po with pounds and i've
been jumped And I got niggas I know will get down if
problems come. Get a gun It's already on, It's already
out, It's already in that nigga mouth And I will take this
nigga work and flood the streets as if theres a drought
and that way And that way I'll be the mane and you
can't front like you ain't know I'm strutin like a young LL
with the Kangol Thang gone watching niggas flashing
all they bank roll And get that free money like
contestants on a game show We both got guns, but we
don't do it the same though My partna cop the copper I
don't even need my aim hoe Roll the window down,
stick it out and let the thang go Hit up everybody, if
they don't get up that thang grow Aim high, aim low, hit
him in his mango His girl is Chiquita, the heater turn
her to a Jane Doe

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.