

Billy Hill

"Niggas Like Us"

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[Verse One - Celly Cel]

Mobs and shit once I get in
Roll throught the Town with my clip in
Niggas lookin at me like they wanna start trippin
That's when I come through clownin, dippin
Flippin niggas off like they some hoes
Let em all know about the Valley-Jo
H-I double L side show, they don't want none of that
funk no mo'
45 calibur slug, I ain't nothin but a Cali thug
Caps get peeled in the ally blood
All on the ground no Valley love
Another body wrapped up in plastic
Situations out here get drastic
Sit back, see the boy in the casket, see the grass get
A little greener on my side of the table
Ontrapouer with his own record label
Niggas get mad cuz we ain't able, pimps up nigga with
them hoes in the stable
I ain't gon fall for y'all, I'ma ball for y'all
When it's on I'ma call for y'all, I'ma do it big have a ball
for all
Wall to wall, I'ma do it all for y'all
Ain't no body playin games, got this shit on lock better
stay in your lane
Got the infrared beam with the dot aim and yo 5 dollar
ass bout to make some change
Whatcha gon do with that? Got a bag full of rats with
two in the back
Bout to eat his ass up like doodle and mac
Put his ass in the trunk and threw in the rats

[Chorus]

Niggas (niggas)
Like (like)
Us (us) x 4

[Verse Two - Spice 1]

Get my clip, load my gat niggas don't wanna fuck
around with that
File in back of the crib, rushed in and dumped

Pumped 20 slugs up in the stomach left slumped
Peeped nut in the house clear up in the house
So real mutha fuckas know what I'm talkin about
Hop in a bucket and smash with a fifth of the gas
And light a mutha fuckin blunt wit my crazy ass
Spice 1, Haystck with the best again
And you don't wanna fuck with the Mexicans
Roll deep as fuck with Mack 10s and AKs
Nothin but a shark comin outta the Bay
Make a million, mayn, see the realer, mayn
It ain't nuttin to a boss man feel me mayn
It don't stop, livin in the hustle dreams
Niggas gettin hit with infrared beams
Mutha fuckas goin all over the whoah
Ready to dump, reload and duck low
Runnin with the ra-real niggas fa sho
Snitch ass niggas bitch up and turn hoe
Fuck yo life, fuck yo bitch
Nigga we takin hostages, bully wit a fully and extended
clips
Hit em with the heaters and then we dip
Niggas like us keep puttin it down
Cupcake niggas don't fuck around
Get smothered in a pound of coke, slit throat
Hustlers caught up in a world of dope
Smoke that blunt, drink that Hen
Never see a bad guy like me again
Head down, low drivin slow in the Benz
Puffin indo smoke keyed put it in

[Chorus x4]

[Verse Three - King Bun B]

Nigga we murders bitch you heard of us
We the first to bust, you niggas is last to blast
With the Criminalz smash the gas and drive by on your
bastard ass
Haters hurtin, close the curtains, open wounds and
blood is squirtin
Bullets flyin, flesh is fryin niggas dyin and they mamas
cryin
But fuck all of that I don't bar it, I'ma finish shit if I start
it
I'm regarded as lion hearted, I'ma make you dearly
departed
Nigga deceased, pass the weight of former
You brought heat but my shit's warmer, quiet stormer
You better have your armor, I'ma do more then harm
ya
I'ma lace ya, double face ya, pimp yo ass just like who
aced ya

They gon hafta replace ya when I turn the hood to
Crocasia
Here's a taste of the crome aimed at ya dome
Leg gon fall, red on the wall, brain on the flo', stain on
the do'
And a mutha fuckin lane for a pro
For real tho, this real ass nigga gon kill yo
Bitchass with a godamn steel toe to the grill hoe
Think I'ma stop here's a lil mo'
So get it right cause we don't quite trust
Playa haters all you vipors and I might bust
In the night cuz, ya'll can't fuck wit niggas like us

[Chorus x4]

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