

## **Blaulicht 112**

### **"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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