

Whitney Houston F/ Brandy

"Who But Me"

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[X-Raided talking]

Nigga who was the first one screamin' the block
on these records nigga?

Who was the first nigga that brought the town
really nationwide nigga?

Who but me nigga?

[Verse 1]

Draggin' it tellin' it nigga ways, and peepin' the game
Packin' it sellin' it nigga pay, keepin' the change
Raided,
Deep in the game crack, sellin' it nigga track
Hit the bell and it hold back on the scene
wid felons greens inhalin' the smoke
Sub-machines full ah violence on foes
in the club shoot beams and walk,
Lookin' for fiends sellin' souls to the cops red,
Died in his shirt hurt, silence is proved dead
I'm a soul to the block nigga that think violence is cute
Chase niggas in hot pursuit, nine's is mute
Silencers screwed on the nose of the barrels
That cry murders youth,
throw holes in devils like po' do
Cause riots and urge my loc if to ghost you
Madman motherfucka we lootin' this mansion
Cause you lyin', rhymin' wid passion but no truth
Bad hands is dealt, like gamblers in Vegas
milk wives and niggas amplifiers invade the,
Scrambler motherfuck it he called yo convo
Red or blue if you cut the wrong one the bomb blow
We roll super thick like fire ants
Troop wid heat like we bought gun stores wid my
advance
Who but me?

[Chorus 2X: X-Raided] and (Dott Dogg)

Who be flashin' (nigga!)

Who be mashin' (nigga!)

Who be smashin' (nigga!)

Who but me? (Madman!)

If you cashin' (nigga!)

If you blastin' (nigga!)
If you thrashin', troop wid me (Madman!)

[Verse 2]

I'm can kannin' it nigga
Been bringin' it nigga
Fuck a lil glocks and bails been bringin' it nigga
Scope loc Dogg crippin' it, slip the clip in it
Catch 'em slippin' on dubs jack, then I'm strippin' it
Hennessey sippin' it, dope sack flippin' it
Call the case I still got, court Dott skippin' it
I ain't new to this nigga, been true to this nigga
Off branch talkin' bout what they gon' do to this nigga
But I ain't feelin' them niggas
So I'm killin' them niggas
Don't you try to tell him now these
pair ah villains fillin' up niggas
Y'all know how I do, and know what I does
Set trip ain't no love, let 'em know what's up cuz
Madman till my casket drop it don't stop
Fuck the haters and the cops
Tell them niggas give you props
And I only got my love for my thugs and bitches
And all I got for enemies is some slugs and stitches

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

You'll get lost in the mix nigga, swallowed in the game
You get the flossin' it slippin' it up wildin' wid the pain
Like Baby Layne, catch you in the mall and stomp ya
brain
Cause I want yo chain I'm sick and don't want to change
My niggas is followin' the same groove we,
Stick to the scripts stick to the Crips
All them other fools get dicks to the lips
So I share no blunt, my bitch bought Nikes and boxers
Don't wear no pumps, buy me a glock and report it
stolen
Holdin' my chips to the roll of the die
wid the loot like Scrooge Mcduck tuck yo jewels
Or my crew push up the conversatin' choose to buck
Momma waitin' for me to rise,
Motivation to my girl be demise
You hear me nigga be advised I do whatever it takes
Get together wid snakes, go to hell and sit forever and
bake
Look in my eyes you can see it if you willin' to try
True indeed no disguise for what I'm feelin' inside
Who but me?

[Chorus]

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