

Whitney Houston F/ Brandy**"Who is Y'all Niggas"**

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Yeah X-Raided yeah
Yeah X-Raided yeah
Yeah X-Raided yeah
Goin' down ugh
Niggas be woofin' that shit
Nigga who the fuck is you nigga?
Show me y'all credentials before you speak on X-
Raided

They say when the dogs away the cats'll play
Now X-Raided's back up in this bitch leavin' niggas in
your way
spittin' fire
Why you done woke up the dragon?
Thought the loc was through so niggas startin' braggin'
About who can fuck with X now really
Who put Sac on the map was it you don't be silly
Will he make the beats up? Nigga what?
And 24th Street rip
But even blood niggas got dubs on my shit
And thug niggas on the south side
Slam X-Raided loc when they out ridin'
I'm the king of this Sac-Town scene and you peasant
I ran shit in the past well in the future and the present
Yo Meek attempt to diss me you's a boy
I knew you back when you was broke wearin' Bugle
Boys
Now you got tattoos ooh! You big killa
I won't hesitate to slap you, you still a bitch nigga
Which nigga wanna war with the hardcore
Load up you .44 playa what cha waitin' for
Lay a motha fucka face down
With bullet holes in your clothes
Decapitated and naked from the waist down

Chorus:

Who is y'all new booty ass niggas tryin' diss this nigga
I dismiss niggas
Endless blue sportin' trigga tottin' menace
Niggas that'll disfigure niggas on my shit list (2X)

Nig-niggas on my shit list
Niggas on my shit list
Nig-niggas on my shit list
Niggas on my shit list

I know y'all busta remember me
Pumpin' slugs in your dome lobotomizin' your memory
It's him or me when the wars on
My new tapes out now the south areas' a war zone
I send letters from the pen to my true locs
It's time to ride my nigga go out and shoot folks
Incarceration ain't workin'
My body's locked but my souls on the streets lurkin'
Perkin' niggas like Folgers, motivatin' soldiers
To make you set look like yo set got wrecked with
bulldozers
How many marks can I take in one day?
I'ma need a little help don't trip it's on the way, hey!
Display your corpse in the window like a mannequin
Why damagin'
You got no wind and it's plain and simple
Name 'em cripple
Get savage when I aim my pistol
Flame a missile through your temple till your brain
gristles
Dead issues

Chorus

Who is y'all, who is y'all
Yeah
I'm through with y'all, through with y'all
What
Who is y'all, who is y'all
Yeah
I'm through with y'all, through with y'all (2X)

Nigga you can't fuck with X-Raided and you hated
I heard that little bitch ass shit that you stated, nigga
You can't fuck with X-Raided and you hated
I'm the motha fuckin' bomb bout to detonate it
I consume fake rappin' mark niggas like Brut
Chew 'em up spit 'em out piss on 'em when I'm through
You used to be a rip now you claim damu
You dog niggas didn't know but nigga I do
I knew you's a hook like a U-turn
Put your ass in a urn cremated nigga burned
Howard Stern couldn't clown a nigga worse than
Raided
Let loose a few verses had you cursed and faded
Like Madusa on the loop I'm turnin' true to the stone

Spittin' brimstone burnin' motha fuckas to bone
If it's on I'ma show you how to end this shit
Chrome .50 caliber "Des Eags" with extended clips
bitch

Chorus

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