

Brodys

"Heavy Weights"

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Intro:

Schyeah!

Stick em

I said ya best hit the ground and don't be late

Ya crews pay dues with heavy weights

Verse 1:

Been brained in the pain since hotter than July

My crews do-or-die, insist to ride high

Clients never fuck us (uhh uhh)

like Hammer can't touch us, automatic workers

No showstop always get in for the realer

Y'all deadmeat, clock the dollar billa

I said "Y'all in?", never stood too tall

like Mike outta motherfucker Off The Wall

Me's cheese cos the rats got my pockets with holes

Keeps bitin on my dick like yo' ass oppose

Mr Tony got the paper (uh huh), no doubt

Been doin crimes, one time definite in '89

Can't stop it though, y'all gots pounds to push

in the back of the *?Allenu York?*, Ducati

Got em fly like birds, OK who got the pick-up?

Keep it cool, one-time try to stick up

Schyeah!

Chorus:

Ya best hit the ground and don't be late

My crews pay dues with heavy weights

And don't play hero you might get shot

Cos you ain't got scrill like the scrill we got

Verse 2:

Watch out for the phonetap

One-time tryin ta stick me for the murder wrap

Ain't nuttin happenin

Best step back, the guns gone clap

Ya know how we do, the crew come strapped

In a minute, weight pushin '96 SS's
and niggas bailin 'round with S's on their chests
The problem solver, uhh uhh, chrome revolver
Executor, Billy The Kid the straight shooter
Got it locked down cos all the fiends be beggin for the
tight
My nigga Muggs got it sold like Chynna White
This ain't the row, jack, situation's lookin grim
B's like Tina out on a limb
We's pimp niggas, we make the paper on the regular
Got styles's but still floss on burnt-out cellulars
I'm tellin ya we runs the whole fuckin show
And you can't see me go toe-to-toe (BING!)

Chorus (x2)

Verse 3:

I push ya round like Mr Biggs stuffin a fire
No TV screen keeps my access live
Got the Glocks on ready to shake rumps like Teddy
Keeps ya distance we be's the Gs that's deadly
Keeps the Cristal chilled in my favourite cup
Gots money to burn, no which way is up
I hangs with the playas and rolls with the riches
Keeps my grip, don't trust a bitch
You knows the business, it's paper, son
Gots the cash, freeze a nigga on the run
Better known as Chester who gets the cheesin
Everybody lay down when I starts the squeezin
For the money I do's the evilest things
Keeps my work goin nicely to the happy fiends
It don't stop to the break o' dawn
Half ounce with the chronic, Dom Perrignon

Chorus (x2)

Outro:

Schyeah! (Ya best hit the ground)
MC Eiht in the house one-two (Ya best hit the ground)
My nigga Muggs in the house one-two (Don't play hero)
Can't fuck with the crew, schyeah!
(Heavy weights) Schyeah!
'97 in the house, schyeah!

Ya best hit the ground and don't be late
My crews pay dues with heavy weights
And don't play hero you might get shot
Cos you ain't got scrill...Muggs one time

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