

Crosby Stills Nash Young**"This Is 4 My GG'z"**

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[Chorus: Hell Razah]

+This Is 4 My GG'z+, on the corner gettin mad cheese
Wide g's, wit them O.Z.'s

+This Is 4 My GG'z+, workin hard gotta feed they
seeds

You either draw blood or you bleed

+This Is 4 My GG'z+, up north gettin no v's

Workin hard, tryna feed they seeds

+This Is 4 My GG'z+, on the corner gettin mad cheese
In they crib, blowin mad trees

[Hell Razah]

I want money for this black Christ portrait

Plaques in my office, one phone call, find ya corpse in
the coffin

I hit like mob bosses, cautious, don't get nauseous,
when I record this

On a 24-track to a cordless, the way the rhyme shine
son, know the courses

I'm like Tyson wit no losses, you ain't hot wit that wack
chorus

Don't get it gassed up and die, tourist

You out ya orbit, you might catch a nine Taurus

Not the horoscope, buff arms are dope, that palm the
toast

In the streets where it's bombs to cope

Young g's stay trippin when they moms is broke

Cops got 'em tellin, blocks is too hot for sellin

My pop give me a straight shot of Corel 7

Biggie and Pac made me cop another pale seven

Before I trust out-of-town felons

Under the white clouds of heaven, project dead-ends

Of snake friends, hoodies and Timbs

Could it be +Grandz+, we used to be, closer than skin

I seen sex in the eyes of the un-godly

Hotties wit Halle Barry bodies

In dark parties, Dark Bacardi, my pen tear apart armies

I need paper to back down how it safer

Since Diallo tell me how it got safer, hater, hater

[Chorus]

[Baghdad]

You can't be G., I be the key to street prisoners
I get it hot and turn fans into air conditioners
We can rattle for each other's listener
We got heat that will leak through the beek of the police
commisioner
You ain't light until your darkness, you floss and
become a target
A gangsta die like it wasn't nothin
You know your click don't want no conflict
A shotgun under my armpit, I put your mind on the
carpet
Chocolate, got my brain cookin like an omlette
Brooklyn, we be that borough, that you do the song wit
I call chicks like Max Julian, the hooligan
Bout to blow like Hurricane Floyd, blew me in
I use the pen like it was a mack 10 for rappin
So I don't like you right now, and I ain't like you back
then
And that's my word, niggas got a deal off of actin
Cuz when I see them on a the real, ain't nothin crackin
Cats returnin when they get a job in Manhattan
And wonder why the fuckin ghetto won't let them back
in...
All my GG'z on our thrust, let's get money

[Chorus]

[7th Ambassador]

What I search for, during my days
Is the best way outta this maze, without makin myself
A early grave, livin life like a runaway slave
Who slayed his master, as it was written in the chapters
Hell that's sick that by the wicked pastors
I roll through this ghetto labryith, for witness to
madness
Done by the average man and the savage
Takin me back through the passage, ressurected like
Lazarus
In this wilderness, it's hazardous to ya health
Niggas like crabs in a pot that's goin out for they self
Or pull a gat off the rack of the shelf, from basically eat
And watch you faggot niggas sent straight to hell
And tell the Devil that my name is Zobadia
And flamin fire, the same brother ain't playin no games
+Ghetto Government+ campaign, advance brains
On the rampage, dim ya lights like a lampshade
Dance to ya grave nigga, I hold a gauge why they into
or not
While the trigger in my pants lay

Tear ya face off wit the explosive force wit a hand
grenade
Fuck ya fame, this ain't no game

[Chorus]

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