

SoulFly

"Peepin'"

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Verse 1: JT Money

Here we go and it's on, time to take the chrome to the dome
Niggas see the black Bronze, so they think the jack's on
But little do they know I don't sleep
Peep out my rear view, waitin' for they ass to creep
They fall deep in the bucket
I got a chance to buck it, think I should? Nah, fuck it!
Don't feel like dippin'
Got the heat on the seat with the 40-round clip in
Plus, I'm in the mood to trip
Keep my hands on my shit in case niggas flip the script
One nigga stepped, another nigga crept
Let off the tech, put both they ass in check
Pussy-niggas can't hang out
They jumped out they shit, I blow they motherfuckin'
brains out
Them niggas hit the Lotto
Changed the clip, turned 'round and sprayed up the auto
Hit the driver, and the passenger
Niggas dyin' like a motherfuckin' massacre
I ain't goin' out like a sucka
Rather go out cleanin' clips in motherfuckers
Niggas had to die
Tryin' to get fly, plus they blew my high
That's why you gotta keep your strap on
'Cause niggas get capped on, this ain't no rap song!
So any nigga that wanna run up on me,
I got a new gat I wanna test out, homies
You won't catch me sleepin'
It's 9-3, shit's thick, and I'm peepin'!

Verse 2: JT Money

Let's take a trip down to Hooterville, get our buddha reel
Nigga acts up, get a slug to the grill
Shit is ill in the 9-3 season
Niggas is squallin' out for whatever reason
I don't know if they're puttin' somethin' in our food
Makin' us act this way, 'cause everybody got an

attitude
Can't go nowhere without bein' strapped
Step from the back, you just might get capped
And that goes for niggas AND crackers
How the fuck you gon' try to jack a jacker?
See, I don't sleep
Got a pump in the trunk that'll blow you into next week
Talkin' 'bout runnin' up on me
Naw, homie, y'don't know me
Like my man Fresh would say, he gon' expire
I ain't got shit for a nigga but rapid fire
Niggas can't step to a bet
You gotta step to an AK, a pump AND a tech
Not to mention my nigga named ...
U-wop, Big Ram and Trigga and them
Beat Street changed game to ???
All strapped, so niggas wussup! Wussup, yep!
We ain't talkin' 'bout peace
Wanna front, we can go to war like the middle east
Better sleep with your finger on the trigger
If you don't you's another dead nigga
Can't catch me sleepin'
It's 9-3, shit's thick, and I'm peepin'!

Verse 3: JT Money

Rufftown's in effect, niggas know the set so they don't
step
??? in the vest, plus niggas know the rep
So don't sleep on the gun skill
One nigga acts up, his whole squad's gettin' killed
That's how we do it 'round my way
Niggas get blast on from Friday to Friday
Every day of the week
You gotta have a gun and a vest to be on the street
Niggas say I be trippin'
But them the same motherfuckers who get caught out
there slippin'
Tell the niggas, don't sleep
Shit is creep, and you gots to be deep
And since they made it hard
To sell dope, everybody out to rob
I can't get caught sleepin'
It's 9-3, shit's thick, and I'm peepin'!

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