

Souls In Chains

"Danglin'"

Visit "[Danglin'](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[intro]

Hey, yo, some niggas try to act like
Act like they crazy but they really fake
Fake shit they janky they shady say
He a lady rockin' a broad y'all
He could probably breed a baby

[a-plus]

Ay, I done seen him lately
I don't know if you spot him
The type of cat that run his mouth and get you shot up
"y'all," he ain't got no partners
He bust no slugs
Not even a bb gun if it's beef he run

[opio]

You got caught now you breathin' from a machine
'cause you sleepin' on how evil come back
It's like a scene from the mack
The way you got pimp-slapped
Then ramshackled for your bundle
Late night on a track
And felt the crackle or the thunder
Your life snatched from right up under
Fool you trifle of a slumber
So eternally sleep
You wasn't learnt in the streets

[phesto dee]

You just squirm when they turn up the heat
Turnin' your sheets
Youse a geek
All obsessed with your d-boy image
Around real hitters a small joke
Tryin' to be down you get, broke
Stickin' your spokes
Trappin' your coke and still got, choked up
They play strip poker with ya spoke of tough luck
All for what? a fast buck

[chorus]

Hey, yo, some niggas try to act like
Act like they crazy but they really fake
Fake see they janky they shady
Me I can't relate to this imagery
Arrangin' and changin' (and changin') (and changin')
Rangin' from slangin' kilos
To gangbangin'
But we know your name and your people
You ain't tanglin'
You ain't from the set that you claimin'
You danglin'

[opio]
Premeditatin' murder rate
Wet up off the sherminate
Shots hit your vertebrae
You wishin' you could turn the page
And start from the beginnin' back at chapter one
You was a virgin eighth grade
No collapsin' lung
Livin' free as the president now it's maximum
Security for you permanent the battle was won

[tajai]
Is so maddenin' to see you slip in
The same pattern and some escape
Many make the same dumb mistakes
Tryin' the hardest to be
Perceived as hard
Posted on the corners with the cheap cigars
Pants so baggy man you can barely keep 'em on
Speakin' on things you got no business speakin' on
But now keep keep it on
And be the first nigga we creep up on
Before you peep it you gone

[phesto dee]
Yeah, some niggas try to act like they crazy
They shady barnum & bailey
Clown fugazis
You was a dweeb in the eighties
Thinkin' bulletproof now
But them real niggas are bangin'

[a-plus]
Hey, this is what we tryin' to tell
Busters, suckers and tail tuckers
All frail hustlers and nail buffers
Leave it to the people that be it
Till you had seen it, but I seen it
Cats ain't breathin' when they leave you bleedin' on the

cement

These phoney niggas make believe it

I hope a nine to your mind

Ain't what it take to free, hate to see

[chorus] - 2x

Visit [Souls In Chains](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.