

State Property "94 Bars"

Visit "[94 Bars](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's young C youngest from State P
All the thorough breads roll your la, la, la
And all the girls wanna spend the night tonight
Get right tonight, tonight's the night

It's Young G's that's Young Neef
That's right that's the other half of me
And all the girlies dream of havin' me
And they mad at me, ah motherfuckas, yeah

Kept my business straight I'm learnin' the game
Earnin' a little change of the realest thing
Half the realest fake got to check these broads
These niggaz ain't built a deck of cards

Man y'all was on the steps with y'all
We had connects you lames
And was a threat to the set you claimed
And still is homie that still is closer than ever

You niggaz pussy and you know it's whatever
So don't push me yeah you would try keepin' us back
Why don't y'all dudes try to keepin' it rap
And leave us alone can't leave it at home
In the streets where we at to get you
When you least expect it be your peoples that clapped

It's real in the streets of Illadelphia
All the boss can't pay fuck around and kill himself
Can't stop won't stop Roc A Fella records 'cuz we, we
get down
Bitches wanna get down niggaz run and get found

We confront with the pound and we squeeze it
Where ever niggaz standin' we leave them
These niggaz really thinkin' we need them, ah
motherfuckas, yeah
Like my man Sig. ain't the reason nigga please it's a PA
thing
Y'all don't really wanna see they gang
Think of Philly we you see they gang

Got guns all the time on us
We from the block where the sun never shine on us
Get knocked on the one dropped a dime on us
Pee your own blood motormouth niggaz
Till they see they own blood and they on they last
breath

I hit his mug ain't no open casket left over ashes
I was labeled as a left over bastard until that contract
They want me dead I see through them contacts
So they try to hit me through them contracts

Yeah, the boy wonder, they boy gunner
I stay fresh to death had the other boys under pressure
They had to step they gear up
If not they knew not to go near her

'Cuz she never messed with lames
She messed with older guys that messed with caine
We was the younger dudes up next in the game
But she was young and dumb so she cared less of the
game

You know that game and the same old song
Now I ride around hearin' them bitches playin' my song
I tried to tell them it's gon' be my turn
Now they tryin' help an keep my sperm, ah
motherfuckas, yeah

It's okay I'm still young anyway I can last all night
We can hump anyday I got chunks put away
And some chunk on the way used the pump where I laid
Now it's pumps where I lay chumps wanna play we
backin' them down

That's what you get for approachin' with out askin'
around
You know we get our toaster with out pattin' us down
It's the ROC bitch holla get your ass on the pound
Let me show you how I do how a man can get down
Got to keep my sheets clean lay that ass on the ground

Think it's all just rap let me arch that back
You ain't got to be shy baby toss that back
And most of these stories ain't worth the doe
I can't relate to commercial flows
I'm from the hood ain't nothin' all good but you
worthless hoe
Think y'all niggers work these hoes, ah motherfuckas,
yeah

I was broke gettin' doe from hoes
Gettin' doe, gettin' doe from hoes
Grown men drownin' hold your nose stop
Fallin' through these chickenheads
And focus little more on your business here

You ain't radio you dudes is lames
We bringin' the pain to the game you dudes radio
And most of y'all one hit wonders
The ones who done a little number shit one hit done it
Your career was an accident

I ain't scared I'll blast you bitch
And get the cash to get out or buy a nice lawyer
Get a high price lawyer
I'll be out soon as the judge see my status shit
You motherfuckas gon' be mad as shit

Once the young gunnas drop
Yeah, the youngest from the ROC
Just what Dame needed did a couple of futures
Did the mixtapes and got the game heated

The same little nigg' niggaz from the block
Talk they shit about the ROC and you just was a fan
Before I got Jay just was your man
Now you dislike us 'cuz you ain't in our plans

I understand keep doin' what you doin'
Give up or you'll be givin' up a hell of a chance
You niggaz bullshit with rap if you want, ah,
motherfuckas yeah
And I'll be laid back, motherfuckas

Relax on you chumps
Clap at you punk
What! Nigga
We ad lib that shit

Visit [State Property](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.