

Die Götter

"My Niggas"

Visit "[My Niggas](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah

Uhhh

[Foxy]

It's time for everybody

To get they muthafuckin' minds right

Cause it's about to go down

Straight like that

Oooh

Uhhh

Kid Capri

Ill Na Na

And the muthafuckin' L-O-X

That's right

Chorus (Styles)

>From the top of New York, where they be poppin' they
corks

>From the bottom of the slums, where they be poppin'
they guns

Niggas that rock whips and get plenty of one's

But niggas goin' hand and hand, are havin' to run

The niggas that had cake and got sent up state

For the mother who lost the child and had to settle for
weight

For those who up out the ghetto, but don't know how to
skate

Guess you gotta live the life that has fallen to fate

[Sheek]

Aye yo, aye yo

Our shit contagious, so ya'll niggas try to quarantine us

Ya'll niggas shook up, and all that like Orange Juice is

My gun American, but my niggas got foreign enemies

Six cars between us, laced out

Half my money from the drug route, ya know how that
goes

We into heavy metal plugs, and slum shit for the nose

Is Sheek Lucion, he better ball with a groupie on

My python, gettin' sex

In hotels with connect the rooms
Fill letter walk through on his ex
Jadakiss and Styles walk a pound up through a storm
Room service, bring 'em champagne with five matts on
>From most hated, to heavy rotated, forget it
Next stop is movies, ya'll check it when Blockbuster get
it
Cheap-skates, sweatin' off pre-release dates
For Money, Power & Respect, on platnuim out the gates
>From Rusell Simmons to Puff, Lox and DMX copped it
Big time, we probably shoot this joint up on tropics
When we eat fish like whiteies
And bitches have all nighties
Suckin' dick, me I'm on some jail shit
Standing up, jerkin' off, while these hoes see these
doubles click

Chorus (Styles)

>From the top of New York, where they be poppin' they
corks
>From the bottom of the slums, where they be poppin'
they guns
Niggas that rock whips and get plenty of one's
But niggas goin' hand and hand, are havin' to run
The niggas that had cake and got sent up state
For the mother who lost the child and had to settle for
weight
For those who up out the ghetto, but don't know how to
skate
Guess you gotta live the life that has fallen to fate

[Foxy Brown]

Uhh, uhh
Bet I salute all chicks that be gettin' them chips
Throw it up, for my bitches, that be poppin' that Crist'
Specially to the one's, who be ridin' that dick
And if the pussy bangin', hope it cop to a stick
And all my thorough chicks, who cried and lied for
these cats
Out of twon, on a hound for these cats, ehh
Shit got dick, let 'em ground for these cats
And the crocodile Prada, satsh the pund for these cats
Me and my bitches got down for these cats
Paid our dues, for 62's, taped to the top
Seen the truth through the lie, but the bullshit is fine
Like a trooper, I put that one the life that I ride
Guilty charges, straight copped out the 3-5
Now fucking my crew, suffer and die
Maximum 25, baby fuck if I fry
It's a ditry game, when it come to slingin' them thangs

Bail like a hundered-thou, but the us is more change
Shit, i used to trick that from jewels and the rings, huh

Chorus (Styles)

>From the top of New York, where they be poppin' they
corks

>From the bottom of the slums, where they be poppin'
they guns

Niggas that rock whips and get plenty of one's
But niggas goin' hand and hand, are havin' to run
The niggas that had cake and got sent up state
For the mother who lost the child and had to settle for
weight
For those who up out the ghetto, but don't know how to
skate
Guess you gotta live the life that has fallen to fate

[Styles]

Fred one, for niggas that be bustin' they gun
Till the death, what'd you expect for a couple of one's
Fred two, for niggas that ain't ever had shit
Messed up, locked down, go on and grab shit
Fred three, for niggas on lock without a key
That ain't never comin' home, but you know how it be
Livin' to die, but niggas ain't willin' to die
If you bust up in the air, you ain't killin' the sky
Feelin' the high, nigga is you willin' to lie
You a crumb and you dumb, you ain't stealin' the pie
I leave a bloody mess, nigga bigger then me, cut his
neck

Lox brothers, ya'll niggas is cock-suckers
Yellow belly cowards, I want Money and the Power
Assassin, you think it's a joke, you'll die laughing
Hoppin' out the plane, and only bring the captain
Start of a legacy, a hard broke down and start beggin'
me

Dog I'm a whole different pedigree
Take me to the limit, I'm layin' in the cut
While you playin' in the scrimmage
Meet you at the final
Lyrically, I'm spiritually, drunkier then a winow
Posion, house full of rhyme
Bring your boys in
Tell 'em take it easy, have a seat on the couch
I'm the govenor, ya'll bitch niggas is crowds
Take orders, we need passports at the border
Transport the water, sheerest corner
Fell sick to be hit, but we wasn't the cure
Make your ear-drums pop, probably lick drop
Eyes slinch up, leaves hit the foor by the time he spits

up
Nobody gets up

Muthafuckas
L-O-X muthafucka
L-O-X, try this shit

Chorus (with ad-libs)

>From the top of New York, where they be poppin' they
corks
>From the bottom of the slums, where they be poppin'
they guns
Niggas that rock whips and get plenty of one's
But niggas goin' hand and hand, are havin' to run
The niggas that had cake and got sent up state
For the mother who lost the child and had to settle for
weight
For those who up out the ghetto, but don't know how to
skate
Guess you gotta live the life that has fallen to fate

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