

## Steve Winwood

### "Miller Boyz"

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Silkk talking:

Silkk the Shocker nigga, C-Murder nigga, Master P GC  
nigga, Tru what the  
fuack ya'll wanna do

Chorus

Halloway

We them down south killer boys

Ghetto commission and them motherfucking Miller  
boys

think it's a game we'll fuck around and kill you boy  
On the reala for the scrilla we come to get you boy

Halloway

I'm trying to make a million of this rap shit

And blow up like a fat bitch

My entourage is thick

Nigga No Limit is the shit

My grandma awlays told me I'd be famous

But she never told that i would hool up with these  
gangstas

Body bangers

???bitch we hungry like???

I be part of TSO until I'm up out the alter

I got ??? ain't no warning me

I'm heartless ain't no running me nigga

Don't ever stunt on me nigga

I'll fucking crush you nigga

Valerio

I'm about to put my foot in a niggas ass physically  
abuse

Misuse the but of my pistol to cause a bruise

Beat a mother fucker till a bitch can't move

Tru niggas refuse to lose

Tote guns to murder fools

Coming with rumming

If niggas ain't respecting the flame

Ejecting bullets with nullets taking niggas out the game

I'm stealing outlaw

Still dodging cop cars

TSO and Miller Boyz ripping niggas apart

Chorus repaeat 2X

T-Spade

It's the red eye pistol packing rapping assassin  
The last one blasting  
Late night outfit ski-masking  
I got your backbone subtracting  
Itchy trigger finger action got me ducking the law  
Hoping to change I bust a brain and cause a flame on it  
fo'  
It ain't no thing to me fo'  
I got the game in me fo'  
TSO Tank Dogs playing you raw  
Shit talking nigger crosser  
I'ma toss ya, I'ma flip ya, I'am punch ya, I'ma kick ya  
Motherfucker get a picture  
We real niggas

C-Murder

Just a little a ghetto boy  
A motherfucking Miller boy, killer boy  
Put that pistol in a pillow boy  
Ans smoke you and your motherfucking mom  
come on and play dumb  
And watch me leave you in the rum  
Like a old pair cheesy ass shoes on the proch  
Crush you like a roach  
And burn you like a torch  
Pussy ass niggas don't last to long  
I'm down south where them real niggas roam

Chorus reapeat 2x

Silkk the Shocker

I remember when i used to carry crack, I used to carry  
gats  
Now they got a fake ass nigga in the hood walking  
around carrying bats  
You know I can't be having that  
Lucky I left the heat alone, beef alone or I would have  
been buried black  
You know the shit I spit bitch ya heard  
Ha what sit on on the curb  
Niggas think they funny know you can get it six a bird  
That's why I flip birds  
You fake ass niggas got on my nerves  
I'm from 504 we ain't no joke  
Nigga give up your fucking dope

Master P  
Grab a camera take a flick  
Miller Boyz and TRU click  
Bustas get dealt with ho's get some dick  
So hail to the streets cause young nigga we run this  
See me life ain't nothing but weed and money  
A couple cars, a couple houses so we never go broke  
Hotboy got the dope  
Man ??? in the ghetto  
See no limit is the army and we the soilders  
The Ghetto Commission and TRU click thought I told  
you

Chorus repeat 2x

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