

Stick to Your Guns

"What Chu Here For"

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(featuring Detroit Diamond, Omar Epps & Rio)

[Chorus: Detroit Diamond]

If you ain't got no dough
Then what you here for?
If you ain't got no hos
Then what you here for?
If you ain't got no smoke
Then what you here for?
If you ain't sittin on chrome
Keep it rollin, keep it movin

[Sticky Fingaz]

I'm here to get them sevens on twentys, more guns
than cash
Blunts than hash, be glad I ain't down to my last
I turn to a different person, face under the mask
Or either out on the grind or I'm up in some ass
Gettin them hos, fuck that, I'm gettin that dough
And stackin it up, a nigga front, I'm slappin him up
Backin him up, beef ain't no patchin it up
I'm clappin you up, while morticians wrappin you up
I'm laughin it up wit hos that be happy to fuck
Packed in my truck, passin up a half of a dutch
I'm slappin they butts, can't wait to get them back to the
hut
I'm here for Other People Money nigga, that's what's up

[Chorus]

[Omar Epps]

O.E., Big High Scene, whatever you like
Old deal, slash by and competitive type
I'm better than Mike, the Jordans is up in the shelf
Next to a few rings and a couple of belts
Got a black widow chick, she be lovin me well
You could hate me, shit, cause I'm lovin myself
A glutton for wealth, these young niggaz fuckin they
health
All excited over pussy, like it's somethin to sell
Yall dudes is geeks, yall really don't influence the

streets

The streets influence the slang that you fluently speak
Confusin to me, tryna be somethin your not
When them slugs pop you the one duckin them shots
I go hard like them youngins that be huggin the block
I go hard like Humphrey wit a glove and a glock
I'm somethin ya not, quite frankly you could love it or
not
Certified number one nigga up in your spot

[Chorus]

[Rio]

A'yo remember Candy? White too dope camry
Big booty wit the small panties
Used to smuggle yay' for the homie Randy
Got the pushed out crib off the water in Miami
She almost had me, I was gone off the fatty
In love wit the way she called me daddy
Had she, known about the city where I'm from
And I ain't goin home til my bankrole's done
Motherfucker's think pimpins for fun
I ain't done til my greenery's weighin a ton
And we could smoke big weed, just lay in the sun
Hellafied when we ride, weed makin me buzz
Let's hit the room right after the club
That's what I'm here for

[Chorus]

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