

E-40 F/ The Click, Mack 10**"Niggas Know"**

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[Verse 1: Mann Terror]

A ghetto product gunz and narcotics is all we know
the only way to see doe is to live life illegal
token under by the projects bricks and all the drama to
kill the stress niggas inhale the marjunna at a young
age

I was letting my gunz blaze out
calling me out you bout to get ya brains blown out
I represent mine with war and semi outo weapons
to keep it real is what we learn adolescent
no second guessing smith&Wesson; on the waist line
we chasing this cheese like we was on a race against
time
im trying to come up but the block want to hold me
down

I been hit once so the glock stay on me now how can I
live

like this and raise a seed addicted to weed
these hating niggas want to see me bleed
Roll with my dogs at all times if niggas want beef
Laid niggas down deceased when the shells release
So many war scars and lost soldier
Ya couldn't picture or the pain in the life of a thug
So many heads got lost in side this fast life
We play the corners trying to get our cash right
Ghetto star with hot cars, nigga I'm made
Fucking wit us get cha shit thoroughly sprayed
y'all niggas claim to be hard but we the most official
forever thugin my team known for blowin pistols

[Chorus: Benzino]

The game got me by the throat
I can't breath every day I'm running
from the popes I'm on my last hope
all I know is slang dope infiltrating
on my block we leave you bloody hoe aint
no rule to the game yeah that I kown thats
why we blast first talk latter stack doe
you want to ask yo I thought so so we clap foes
we real niggas niggas know

[Verse 2: Twice Thou]

Yo I'm forever on the run and trust no one
but the sixteens slugs in my hand gun
temper and drums since a young type
I hung team learn never to rat in my young life
y'all get motherfucking tongue sliced
under these-dred wing were my moms used to fuck
with seen nough money and murder bitches who suck
dick
on a frequent drugs raids had me stashing
all kinds of paraphenalia from transaction
I took weight but I never bait
and some of the shit I did a have the average nigga
shook straight
cook cakes started out like snow flakes
until L fuck around in the lab and make the coke bake
we shot it out with arch rivals then spark hydro
Fuck that shit them niggas talk let em die slow
back when suckers got robbed for they goose down
motherfuckers moght squab or even shoot rounds
we got chased by the jakes to stay in shape
in these ghetto triathlons you do the math
I'm gone they got my grill on the camera
and love to catch me in the back alley so they can cock
back the hammer
I'm street savvy and hold the heat gladly
To this day you fuck with mine I'll make you bleed badly
For all a nigga done been through and all I done seen
A real niggas nightmare is dying in his dream

[chorus] - 2X

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