

Eightball F/ Randy

"One of Ours Part II"

Visit "[One of Ours Part II](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You know, situation like this
Sometimes you know you gotta give back to the
community
Gotta show these motherfuckers how to wipe them
thangs off y'know?
Teach 'em a little somethin

[Havoc]

Pick you up, off your feet like a forklift, but instead it's
the four-fifth
Ragu red, your brain leakin them sauces
Like an, autopsy leavin 'em nauseous, when I aim at
your bosses
Put a pep in that bop that you walk with
When my tec spittin at reinforcements
I could never be a victim, but the streets I endorsed it
Spittin that real, y'all cowards just cough it
Like fluids in my lungs, motherfucker I'm more sick
You turn them hoes off, I put 'em on so they on this
You talk game grammar school, mines metamorphic
Dem fools ain't killin nuttin in the club, they all bent
My intent is to sober that ass up, leave 'em all
drenched
See what a few cups of liquor can offset
Got a little paper, I ain't stressin, they all press
Ain't sellin records, they come at me for more press
When they realize it's real them dudes out coppin more
vests
Better learn how to

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Wipe, them guns off, get that money money
Wipe, a nigga smile, off ain't nuttin funny
Show, you motherfuckers, just how hungry you
get, when your feet are touchin (kid a nigga hungry /
yeah, he one of ours) *

* changes each repeat

[Prodigy]

P gunna, shots stay a come up

out them hammers at light speed, make it a hot
summer
in New York, New York - a.k.a. Ground Zero
The Big Apple, with the worms in the middle (eww)
The White Castle, the Empire State
The home of that Time Magazine new face
Metropolis of the world, I'll show you where I come from
by how the cash stack, and how I make a gun bust
But look past that, and listen how a killer be
Imagine the concert, they dancin on they seats
Shorty mad gettin stained, she damn near about to
faint
She never saw a grimy dirty nigga like, P
With mad diamonds in his chain, she tryin hard not to
blink
Don't wanna miss a thing, the song that we sing
Mad diamonds in his chain, she tryin hard not to blink
Don't wanna miss a thing, the song that we sing
BANG!

[Chorus]

[Jadakiss]

My niggaz they can't stop us
Ev'rysince we got our hands on the AR's, the S, and the
fresh choppers
All of them is filled to the top with the vest poppers
We can get it on with America's Best Coppers
Soon as the lead pop you, whoever don't make it
to the funeral or wake can catch you on Ted Koppel
I'm a rare thumper, you just a gay nigga
with a rainbow sticker on your rear bumper
They say life is short, death is longer
That makes it even harder to express my hunger
And I don't wanna polly y'all, I'm a zone of my own
Sorta like Tom Hanks talkin to that volleyball
A "Cast Away," I'll blast away
Fuck if you broke tomorrow, get cash today
And even though it's hard, niggaz is on they job
It's the Ryders and the Mobb, before my niggaz starve
we'll

[Chorus]

Visit [Eightball F/ Randy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.