

## Evil Lyrics by Necrophobic

### "People Ever Ask You?"

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\*(Khayree)\*

Check one, two.

(Uh)

Check, check one, two.

Hot shit.

(Oh yea)

(Uh)

Young Black Brotha hot shit.

(What?)

Uh-huh-uh-huh-uh-huh-uh-huh.

Confident One

(Representin!)

(Wha, what?)

(Spit this shit for me than man)

(This Mac Mall in here)

(You feel me playa?)

(Check this out)

(I'm gon' let these niggas know what's really goin' on  
though)

Chorus 2x \*(Confident One)\*

Do people ever ask you why you smoke so much weed?

Why yo pants saggin' while you sippin' Hennessy?

Smashin a V-12 doin' one-sixty

tryin to get this money so we in this bitch deep.

Verse 1 \*(Confident One)\*

Here's the reason why TC-1 don't give a fuck

cuz niggas won't lend you a dime when you down on yo  
luck

plus they buck

when you up these hoolagan niggas 'll leave you stuck

an if you as cold as starvin'

nobody put a nickle in your cup

reprehensible attitudes is what we dealin' wit

an in this Millennium we die

from one stroke of our dick

what a world

when you ain't got nothin' they say "He ain't bout shit."  
An when you ball to often these niggas they want you to  
quit  
(stop, stop!)  
We up against all odds as we sippin' Hennessy  
avoidin' shady niggas  
quick to blast at racist police  
an to you money hungry bitches  
I won't even waste my time  
I give a fuck how fine  
I won't spend a fuckin' dime  
I'm tired of you niggas an yo repitious talk  
how you's a killa that stalks  
a pimp wit that walk  
let me shake my ashes as this THC ignites  
Khayree turn the beat up an pass the weed to fix your  
sight  
beware of them niggas who won't look you in yo eye  
smilin' all the time  
but in they heart is dispise  
check the blueprints  
study the (sclumatics??)  
learn the lesson  
an as you roll four deep in your whip my niggas here's  
the question.

\*(Chorus)\*

Verse 2 \*(Mac Mall)\*

I wrote this fo' them inquiring minds  
who need to worry bout they own an stay the fuck outta  
mine  
punk niggas always whinin' an lyin'  
all on my mutha fuckin nuts  
juss like them chickens in the beauty salon, choppin me  
up  
suckas get so emotional  
when you ridin they hoe  
or when you ballin an they out there broke  
but I'd a seen niggas wit loot hatin on me too  
cuz I done  
treated they boo juss like a prostitute  
let her slide on my dick  
an she gave me ya whole script  
how much mail you workin wit  
an where ya hide them kicks  
but I ain't trippin off you trick, I'd rather spark me a  
spliff  
the white widow wit the Afghan-hashish mix  
bitches get so passionate

when a nigga fuck the pussy  
steal the heart  
an take the chips an then dip  
an when you tell all your friends they like, "No he  
didn't!"  
an in yo face they might tell ya that Mac Mall ain't shit  
but that was one big mistake that was made by this  
chick  
see she told 'em how I fucked now her cousins my new  
bitch  
real mackin' hear me  
go on an crack the Henny  
go on an spark the Philly  
we goin' straight to the land  
now if I dropped ya on the track  
hit the block in a Lac  
when I see you later  
you besta have me a grand  
call me more than a playa  
fool I'm more like the coach  
runnin plays on the bench  
"Go deep young hoe!!"

\*(Chorus)\*

Verse 3 \*(Mac Mall)\*

I show the world no mercy  
shall let no nigga serve me  
shall let no bitch disturb me  
she juss ain't worthy  
born in the game, forced to get my hands dirty  
an life is like a house party an I'm strapped  
plus perkin'  
always off the Roper  
you always see me loaded  
I always stay paid punk an all you marks can quote it  
I spit that true game  
an you been fiendin fo' it  
like every line is heir-on coated  
hip-hop an you own it!

\*(Chorus)\*

\*(Mac Mall)\*

Deep, deep, deep!  
Fa sho.  
Let 'em know about it.  
Let 'em know about it, Mac Mall in this bitch nigga.  
Fa all my mutha fuckin folks

What's up to my niggas out in Oakland.  
What's up to my mutha fuckas in Frisco.  
Fa sho.  
Uh-huh.  
My niggas out there in South Central.  
Watts!! What's up!!  
(Keep it poppin man)  
Yeah mutha fucka.  
Always, always keep it poppin. (Mac Mall)  
(Get that money so we in this bitch)

\*(Khayree)\*

Vallejo.  
I ain't forget you baby.  
I ain't forget you.  
Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo.  
Uh. (Tryin' to get this money)  
We in here.  
Ferg!  
What's up baby!  
I'm comin' off a cold man.  
Hit these suckas wit some of this... super simple funk,  
one time ya know.  
Yeah sumptin' for that trunk.

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