

Finderkicker

"We Ain't Done Yet"

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(Mausberg:)

Yo yo nigga, where they at now?

(Dresta:)

Where they at?

(Mausberg:)

Black Tec nigga

(Dresta:)

I don't see 'em Berg

(Mausberg:)

The young hogs, nigga

[Mausberg]

Y'all niggas ain't ready for Berg to drop bomb

Blowin' your block up and I'm hot like napalm

Crumble yo wack shit then I mash with my sceptor

Hollywood niggas I'm ready to chin check ya

Yo the Berg is on some different type shit

Gangsta Trey packin' the all black pistol grip

My niggas be on some ill shit

Graduated from gangbangin' now we killin' over real shit

South Pacific, the place that they terrified of

Black Tec gangstas, low lights and real thugs

My dogs bit the hoes, ready for war

Brigade of young niggas wit' calicos and .44's

But them wack niggas claim they bring pain

You cowards better stick to bein' hard in the rap game

'Cuz on the streets I'm the Don-mega

A rider from killer Cali and I'm sayin' fuck whatever

Chorus:

How can you roll in California

with all that disrespect and not get wet?

This Compton, Cali where the saga begun

and motherfucker we ain't done yet

How can you roll with all that disrespect

in California and not get wet?

This Compton, Cali where the saga begun

and motherfucker we ain't done yet

[Dresta]

I'm goin' out on the first rapper blabbin' at the mouth
And if you try to hide from me nigga,
I'm gafflin' your spouse (come here bitch)
You cannot run from what has been done from day one
My words spread like plague and tread like lead in the
wind
So holla holla if you really got a problem
Meet the problem solver, chrome .44 revovler
In fact I'm packin' my strap this very minute
Usin' 2Pac image, I'm feenin' 100 pecent to blaow
Yo style is blaow-ted, niggas thinkin' you wild
I know you thinkin' fuck Dresta, but never thinkin' out
loud
You little bitch ass wannabe thug with baby muscles
Me and Mausberg gonna muscle you bustas outta your
hustle
Compton, California is original,
most popular thugged-out nation where riders never
vacation
I stay packin' the floor thinkin' of more ways to gaffle
your bitch up and spit you down in four ways

Chorus

[Mausberg]

I'm still sayin' fuck y'all, realest until I fall
Pistol packin' car jackin' rider 'til I back on some
extreme shit
Leavin' the car full of rappers leakin'
Got my fly on, so fuck them old people peekin'
I'm tired of rap niggas goin' Hollywood
And running off at the mouth and wanna kick it like its
all good
I'm the superior, super spaced-out on cloud nine
Hash and mushrooms got a nigga mind
And ain't no tellin' when I might go pop
Fifty cal layin' niggas down, only one shot
My book is full of heavy hitters
Thrashers and ready to mash ya on commadn on Maus
master
Y'all niggas don't want no contact with me
Three and fifty pounds sweepin' niggas off they feet
I'ma ht ya like vehicular manslaughter
Underground, but we prefer to call it underwater

Chorus x2

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