

Free Murda f/ RZA, ShaCronz

"My Black Nina"

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[Intro: RZA (ShaCronz)]

Peace to the God, what up, what up?
ShaCronz, Free Murda, what's the word-word, son?
(What up Bobby?)
Ain't nothing, just living, son (looking good baby)
But you know how we do it, you knowwhatimean (what
you got on right there, baby?)
Oh, on the feet, son? You know I got the ill Wu-Wear
Slaps on my feet, son
(Nobody got those... what's those son?) Yeah, I got the
Roc-A-Wear sweats
popping right here, thunn
Knowwhatimean (Hold up, son, what the fuck is that.. yo
what's that bulging out
your jacket, son?)

[Chorus: Free Murda (Run-DMC sample)]

My, black, ninas, bust through project doors
Fake suspect 85's, on the floor
Cops yell 'raid', I wasn't afraid
And I won't stop busting, til I get paid
Black ninas... ("My, A..." *scratched up*)

[ShaCronz]

Everyday I live this thug shit, surrounded by plus whips
Sitting on dubs, bitch, I run with a rough click
Dare one of ya'll to say something about my team
I know you fake gangstas out your lean
Shoot through your heart, choke you up, then rip out
your spleen
If there's a drought in New York, I'm down south with
fiends
Cash Rule Everything, so give it up, pa
Stash, jewels, everything, we glittered up, pa
Rocking your shit, popping your bitch
Send fire, raise an empire, copping more bricks
From a place where the chicks holding, ride or die
Walk with a switch, hips swollen, pitch coke and crack
Get money, til I die, hit honeys til I fry
Grew up grungy, hungry til I ride
Apply pressure, time's short, need this project cake

Lean on 'em, like project gates

[Chorus]

[Free Murda]

C.C.F., yo the whole hood on some shit, niggas is
sheisty
Can't explain how them faggots in the P's, might be
All stick each other, like teens holding tightly
Try and light me, be the last nigga you might see
Your wifey, grieving in the morgue, that like me
I splash you, have your gash, look like the swoosh from
Nike
Fucking freaking bodies in the process, get you
clapped by my set
Ya'll niggas doggin' Free, you gon' die wet
Chicks in the P's hoeing, them bitches stay blowing
Them bitches stay boning, my guns stay toting
Stick niggas that be holding, when I clap ya'll folding
Leave foods in the streets, soaking
K-Tone in my crib, loading
Brown flag on my wrist rolling, head shots til ya'll open
Up like a store in the morning
Have you laying dead in the train station like a rodent

[Chorus]

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