

Ghostown

"Let 'em Know"

Visit "[Let 'em Know](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Cig: See, what I need you to do right now is...
Get up, get up, get up, get up. Nah fuck that, sit down

[Cig]
See rappers get religious when the Uzi draws
No tours, in the hooptie, pullin' groupie whores
Puffin the OOWEE, she's like "Who's he?" sure
When this kids weed's stickier then movie floors
See Cig in the hood? Then he's flippin' a bone
Cigs next in line dog, it was written in stone
Blaze up a bitch? Nah, I'm hittin' 'em homes
I'll put a gun in your ass, have you really sittin' on
chrome
No dubs, no slugs, hurry, gettin' hot
We ain't sweatin' these cops, cause we ain't gettin'
popped
But that's why Cig's havin' nightmares of the block
Cause the last guy to have a dream wound up gettin'
shot
Plot, but wasn't so hard when I seen they ass
Funny on their record talkin' bout the Nina blast, smash
I'm in the hood smokin' the greener grass
My bags fat, they similar to Trina ass, so!

[Chorus]
Put a finger in the sky if you came to get high!
You ain't gotta ask why, we brought out own supply
Put a drink in the air if you just don't care!
G Town, yeah, you could push it if you dare
Bust your gun now, bust your gun now, bust your gun
now, bust your gun, no!
We ain't scared, we ain't scared, we aint! Somebody let
'em know!

[Cig]
This kid's ill, I'm never forcin' it son
Skills a question? that's a rhetorical one
Cause these lyrics of mine are metaphorical guns
This kid's next in line, it's historical, done
I get's money, so just pardon the bars
Cause this kid's closer to the margin of stars

So face me faggot if you're startin' to spar
I'll jump you, and I ain't talkin' 'bout startin' your car
You callin' her wifey? I'm callin' her headwops
She stops callin' you, as soon as your bread stop
Lead pops, and know that the crew keeps heaters
That'll lift the soul (sole) out of you like cheap sneakers
On point with the Heat, you could call me Wade
Box cutter in my pants, and I ain't talkin' 'bout a blade
I'm twisted off of the trees and the Miller Light
2 types of MC's, and Cigs the iller type, so!

[Chorus]

[Cig]

These small time hustler's be hatin' the throne
They need to get their weight up like Raven Scimone
Stoned, smashin' bitches you be datin' to bone
And with so much ice on you'd think I'm skatin' it home
And if you don't give a fuck, come and see what's up
I'mma smack a hater up, somebody let em know!

And if you don't give a fuck, come and see what's up
I'mma smack a hater up, somebody let em know!
And you ain't gotta ask if I'm bendin' them whores
She thought I sold paint the way I see Benjamin's more
(Moore)
Raw, you talkin' hard, but you ain't harsh fellow
Cause deep down you're soft as a fuckin' marsh
mellow
The Cig stay blazin' the weapon she stroke
You claim you got Profits, but I reckon you broke
I don't need to shoot you, but reckon I toke
I'll have my mans murk you, call it second hand smoke,
RAH!

[Chorus] - 2X

Visit [Ghostown](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.