

Tear Da Club up Thugs

"Wona Get Some, I Got Some"

Visit "[Wona Get Some, I Got Some](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, HC mutha fuckin' P nigga hypnotized mutha
fuckin' Mindz bitch
For you mutha fuckin' Rinky Dink Records up out there
Y'all know who y'all is, there's a bunch of you mutha
fucka's
DJ Paul and Juicy J wannabe ass niggas
T-Rock rock that shit fo these [unverified]

My house of representatives, be A town assassins
That'll cause a riot in any shape form or fashion
Run up in your grill, when attention who we blastin'
Now woo now we presidential thing 'cause you was
flashin'

We some alcoholic niggas, we cause depression
A-tech in this Mobb, niggas mashin' for cashin'
Amazed what we see the crooked police harassin'
All because we makin' cheddar other clicks are lackin'

Down for the cause, where you haters wanna brawl
Got my back against the wall, Hypnotized Camp I call
We some treal figgas', drug heal niggas, makin'
[unverified] quicker
Livin' in the world where it's hard not to kill niggas

Enemies is layin', unless they hold in tight them brain
cells
Sacraficein' every chick that they can make, because of
fame mama
Clean till I'm gone, like I'm ridin' on the chrome
Shakin' all the playa haters, soaking knowledge in my
dome

Little ass boy you gone hear this and feel me
Smilies in my face but chu really wanna kill me
Any one of you niggas wona get some, I got some
Any one of you niggas wona get some, I got some

Little ass boy you gone hear this and feel me
Smilies in my face but chu really wanna kill me
Any one of you niggas wona get some, I got some

Any one of you niggas wona get some, I got some

Little ass boy you gone hear this and feel me
Smilies in my face but chu really wanna kill me
Any one of you niggas wona get some, I got some
Any one of you niggas wona get some, I got some

Little ass boy you gone hear this and feel me
Smilies in my face but chu really wanna kill me
Any one of you niggas wona get some, I got some
Any one of you niggas wona get some, I got some

Oh, it's gettin' hot up in here
You mutha fucka's learned some technique yet nigga
I start this shit changed the beat up

Get back from me nigga here come, lord your fuckin'
nemesis
Back on your premises, remember what I left on bitch
You hoes can't take me, you can't fake me
You can't make me, you can't break me

Always shady and I leave yo weak ass [unverified]
I got no fears and no pain in my veins man
I been insane coming free in the black rain

You wanna step up to the man, well put yourself in
danger
I'm like the ranger from the West and obsessed with
anger
I hear the room was from consumers and this shit is
funny
The niggas talkin' shit, it's niggas who ain't got no
money

They make a sale off fuck a grip they askin' never
again
They make a sack a stick to bitch they askin' never stick
They make a sack to spit this gangsta shit they'll never
spit

So walk up faking feel the shackin' drowning in fuckin'
piss
Trick yo' gossip, you're like fossets so I let you leak
Lord is elitein' now I beat you like a hoggy beat

Little ass boy you gone hear this and feel me
Smilies in my face but chu really wanna kill me
Any one of you niggas wona get some, I got some
Any one of you niggas wona get some, I got some

Little ass boy you gone hear this and feel me
Smilies in my face but chu really wanna kill me
Any one of you niggas wona get some, I got some
Any one of you niggas wona get some, I got some

Man you bitches got problems, let it be known hoe
This whoa die gone solve 'em, when it be one who
Fucking 'round wit' grown men that Hypnotized Camp

HCP we got that pump, cut up your fuckin' neck
Man I'm glad these niggas gonna the fuck up out the
Posse Songs
Now I'm smilin' in an [unverified] ridin' on chrome
Singin', no new niggas in our click we thick
We rich, we glist, we been down for years

I done been up on your corner, I done smoked up all
they weed
I done hold down with your killas, I done corner them
for there g's
Niggas talkin' 'bout yo ass, say you ain't nuthin' but a
bitch
Say you always claimin' killa but for real you suckin'
dick

Yeah, it's funny how it is to see a nigga in a thong
Get them glocks with the pop, you gone break yo ass
and run
I ain't fuckin' wit' yo kind and I ain't got no point to
prove
Let yo legs move be a mutha fuckin' best move bitch

Little ass boy you gone hear this and feel me
Smilies in my face but chu really wanna kill me
Any one of you niggas wona get some, I got some
Any one of you niggas wona get some, I got some

Little ass boy you gone hear this and feel me
Smilies in my face but chu really wanna kill me
Any one of you niggas wona get some, I got some
Any one of you niggas wona get some, I got some

Visit [Tear Da Club up Thugs](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.