

H 20

"Music"

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[Chorus: Young Zee]

We got you lovin' our music
Niggas smoke weed and do drugs to our music
Girls like to fuck to our music
Niggas wild out and get lock dub to our music
It's no more love for the music
We share blood for the music
We bust slugs for the music
We lovin' the music

[Pacewon]

Talk about sex, packin' chrome, techs, hero' bones
And coked up white chicks that look like Sharon Stone
Washed up M.C.'s, whose styles have been grown
Like 40 years old, still pickin' average poems

[Young Zee]

And now it's on, ya niggas wanna get beat
Just bring that shit around 20th Street
Don't get me wrong, thugs come hopin' to bust
But uncock their glock when they know this is us
And bitches, the girls keep the block jumpin'
Somebody get shot, they don't tell the cops nothin'
So keep on bouncin', rock a 3-5-7

[Pacewon]

That Biggie and Pac shit should of taught ya a lesson

[Chorus]

[Axe]

God yes, cuz pain is the object
Watch 'em stay broke like elevators in the projects
Everything we did, we did it the hardest
This kid is retarded, hate all you want, we gon' get it
regardless
Representin' Jersey, ain't no other state
Before the love and hate, huawk, spit in ya mother's
face
Ya life, what a waste, grab a knife, cut a snake
No love the jake, I'm out to catch another case

[Yah Yah]

Outsidaz, only here to make their mark
And run around this world like it's Raceway Park
Crash and start, front, chased by NARC's
Five deep, smokin' four blunts, it ain't shit, take their
heart
Never catch us, regardless of the etch-a-sketcher's
We out takin' vestes, makin' messes

[Axe]

To each is own, we settle beef wit chrome
Got niggas comin' out their Morese Malone

[Chorus]

[Rah Digga]

Now it's here like anything goes on the track
Harriett step up to bring real rhymes back
You know shit is bad when the rapper can say
They ain't even in the game for the lyrics anyway
Well that's okay, the underground stay shinin'
Those runnin' for the door gonna end up resignin'
And years later, I'm gonna still be the tighter
Majority's splurger, call it all the tax writer

[Nawshis]

It's the Outsidaz faculty
Throwin' up the finger in ya magazine
My click be pumpin' more whips than gasoline
In the Bricks we knowin' for stickin' shit and havin'
warrants
For the props, we lick more shots than alcoholics

[Azz-lz]

I call it living, lz, makin' a killing
Off these twenties, I'm dealin' feedin' my children,
Jesus is in 'em
Eager and willin' to put ya muthafuckas in the fetal
position

[Denzy]

Deeper then listen, when the Outz come through
Niggas break dumb fool, pull out gun tools
Makin' muthafuckas run jewels
So the ending to the story, kid
The worries bid, more niggas will get fit to our music

[Chorus]

