

Helen Gibson

"Menace 2 Society"

Visit "[Menace 2 Society](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Pooh-Man]

Gettin straight to the motherfuckin point
The bitches the hoes the money and the dank joints
A young player but nothing with heart
He wouldn't think twice about tearing your ass apart
I'm from the gutter motherfucker
So I hang around with gutter brothers
Fuck around and get your punk ass smothered
Ain't nothing but a homside
Fool you wanna ride
Let the bullets glide when you do a drive-by
Body's dropped from one corner to the next nigga
And it's Pooh's finger on the trigger
What's that you claming is irreverent foo
What you said about my crew was'nt even cool
So I am gonna point the glock at your temple
And burst that motherfucker like a pimple
And did ya ask me and I might say fire
Smear death on your ass
How the fuck you going survive
See I ain't trippin on funk
Fuck the trunk on my lap
It's the 12 gauge punk
So come on nigga if you want to try me
And find out where I got the title
Menace 2 society

[Hook]

Menace 2 society
(15x)

[Pooh-Man]

Hop in my K-5
Now I am riding through my hood
I am always strapped
Cuz nigga's would jack me if they could
See my cousin asked so I stopped
Grabbed my glock
Got out and kicked it on the block
Smokin dank and shakin the ivory
Seems I'm kickin it but this nigga wanted to try me

Nigga fade me a temple but I ain't no joke
Tennessee title in the dope
Now it's money on hoe
But he stuck his foot on the cash cuz he bigger
But ain't shit bigger than a 4-5 glock trigger
Nigga pay up but you gotta
But you gotta break off everything you got
From your nikes to you jacket to your watch
Take what's mine no nigga I ain't haven it
Gimmie what's mine or I am puttin you in a casket
I'm from the deuce nigga home of the player
I'll put a hole in your chest punk and would'nt even care
Fool's must of thought I was jokin
Stuck five in his motherfuckin chest and my glock
smokin
Fool should'nt of tried me
Found out why the called Pooh-Man a Menace 2
society

[Hook]
Menace 2 society
(15x)

[Pooh-Man]
See motherfuckers they be faking it
But your life ain't shit to me (I'll take it)
Fools front and believe me I saw
But what cha feel like is my glock pressed up to your
jaw
In '93 I am setting laws don't doubt it
And if you ever seen my gat you live to did'nt live to tell
about it
Full clips and shitloads of bills
And if I coming like that somebody's gettin killed
1-87 is my course
Spray up your whole motherfucking crew without a
grain of remorse
And I ain't tripped no jail
Cuz if I'm going by myself who the fuck going to tell
Nothing left but a cross and yellow tape
Next I see these niggas it'll be at a wake
So run them right besides me
And try me nigga but I'm a Menace 2 society

[Outro]
Menace 2 society
(9x)

[Pooh-Man]
Hey man check this out
You ever stuck a bullet in a motherfuckers chest?

You ever watch a motherfuckers brains
fly out the back of his motherfucking head?
It happens like that partna
It ain't like you see in the movies
Motherfuckers die out here
And it be the motherfuckers like me who be doing it
Other motherfuckers just rap about it
Motherfuckers like me live this shit everyday
It ain't phony partna he way we live out here partna
live or die kill or be killed
So motherfuckers gotta understand you know
I'll be whatever you want me to be
But out here
I'm a menance 2 society motherfuckin society
If a nigga want some of this he can have it
And I'm gonna give him every bit of it all at once
At the same motherfuckin time
It go like that and that's how its goin have to be
But motherfuckers be faking it
Kill a motherfucker and see how it feels
And you will realize when you kill a motherfucker
And get caught you gotta do time
{*fades until end*}

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