

Human Hands Lyrics by Watson Wayne

"O.G. 2 B.G"

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Intro:

Alize

Hold on Nigga

No more gangsta shit

Nigga you know that gangsta shit put you on the map

So if you ain't gonna turn into somethin' new,

we gonna have to rewind the track

To way back

I was walkin' through the park one day

Puffin' on a bomb ass J (Come here with that weed

Snoop)

See my Nigga suited blue-grey

This is what a Nigga had to say

Ohuuuuuuuh

Verse 1:

[Soopafly]

I was about 16 years old

Runnin the streets of Long Beach

Nigga, straight fuckin' up

Every party that I went to

I had to stuck a frame (Daz: Motherfucker)

For my name is Soopa,

what the fuck you say

I think he saw the handle on my .44

When he get seated,

22 I was reachin' fo'

I show you how you do when shit blow up

1, 2, 3 it's that

Your party over Nigga

Move on to the next one

You should've brought a few mo' Niggas,

for some protection

You fuckin' with notorious ass G's

You never get passed these

1, 2, 3, 4, 5 think is that we straight dumpin'

That's why I'm always into somethin'

I faded, faded till that Nigga broke

To show that I ain't no motherfuckin' joke

? somethin' thought he could check me
But the guard sent his ass directly
Yo, to his G-R-A-V-E
Bein' stupid try to P-L-A-Y me
Yo, listen well to me,
spell it to the underground
Nobody playin' pussy
So I'm layin' it down
A little somethin' from the motherfuckin' DPG
Soopafly from O.G. 2 B.G.

Chorus: x2
[Snoop Sample]
A G is a overseer
A overseer sees
[Soopafly]
>From O.G. 2 B.G.

Verse 2:
[Kurupt Tha Kingpin]
The motherfuckin' game took a lot again
Aw shit, the streets is hot again
Protection down in 2 months
Rolled up with the homie Swoop a couple sluts
Let me call the homie now, Nigga
Phonecheck punk
I poke Niggas down
When I'm in the yard, the bar
The Niggas just angin' (Daz: Dogg Pound)
Pop when I get out I'm back bangin'
Rollin', I can't be helt no motherfuckin' mo' (Right)
As soon as I get out the motherfuckin' do' (Right)
Chevrolet, straight sittin' on low ? (Right)
Now it's on till it's on till the brake of dawn
Fuckin' with notorious ass G's
Nigga, punk, bitch please
>From gettin' quoted on the hood till packin'
Murders, slangin' and jackin'
I rather fuck you bitch
Now go tell your Nigga you made the right switch
My lesson is my ho, respect me
K-U-R-U-P-T from O.G. 2 B.G.

Chorus: x2

[Kurupt]
Daz Dilli is the gangsta, gangsta
Tell us about the days of way back

Verse 3:
[Daz Dillinger]

Slangin' cars, hangin' hard
Upon the boulevard
Gettin' stars as a young Nigga behind bars
My willy's dead, I fuck you fresh out the gate
I can't wait, demonstrate
Thought I was gone for all my old weight
Now I'm back with a Tec-9 and a Strap
And with that in my hart Nigga,
you know ain't no turnin' back
Called up Kurupt and Dr. Dre to load up the AK
Let's put some work on these Niggas,
to let them know we don't play
Blew, Blew we scared around the corner
Creep on 'em, make a mil
To makin' all y'all goners
Ain't a rap from my shelf
It was no good times shit
A little Nigga puttin' dick
Niggas on their chest
All with a nitty 14
Was all what it seems
In cape of horrible dreams
Trapped, with a helluva machine
Quick to pistol till you tippie
Let you know, plan it simple
How back in my ?
Bullets flyin' like missiles
So what's on and on
And as the way it should be
Motherfucker from O.G. 2 B.G.

Chorus: x6

[Daz Dillinger]
Yeah, 1999

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