

## The Fixx

### "Uh-Huh"

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[Verse 1]

It'll be like ran over; the impact of an 18 wheeler  
There's no surviving this dirty game yet I'm the killer  
Finna gather my niggas, some gorillas, supply they  
nigga  
Finna make one call, they coming to get'cha, got 'em  
nigga  
Told them Diablos take a chill, I got this here  
Mixed in the crowd, searching for ya, I'm over here  
Swear to God I ain't running I ain't never been scared  
of no busta  
You phony as hell, I'm ATL you from Augusta  
We take this shit far as you want make a call on you  
self  
We can WCW Nitro and I take them damn belts

[Hook]

That nigga done growed my beard ain't he (uh-huh)  
That nigga listed where I live ain't he (well uh-huh)  
That nigga ain't real he be fakin ain't he (uh-huh)  
That nigga from Augusta by Macon ain't he (well uh-  
huh)

That nigga done growed my beard ain't he (uh-huh)  
That nigga listed where I live ain't he (well uh-huh)

[Verse 2]

Wanna know what I ride, deuce deuce's, Monte Carlo  
Chevy  
Wanna know what's inside, AK, and I'm Ready  
That nigga couldn't beat me in a tennis game with 20  
arms  
That nigga couldn't beat me in a shootout if he had 50  
guns  
Any nigga try to help him and write his raps you fucking  
up  
We walk in the Bodytap you there, you ducking us  
That nigga done switch from the Nike's to them Reebok  
classic's  
That nigga got me so downpacked I'm laughing at him  
As far as a major company, I don't give a flyin fuck

They ain't offering me enough cause I'm looking at you  
ain't came up

[Hook]

That nigga done grewed my beard ain't he (uh-huh)  
That nigga listed where I live ain't he (well uh-huh)  
That nigga ain't real he be fakin ain't he (uh-huh)  
That nigga from Augusta by Macon ain't he (well uh-  
huh)

That nigga done grewed my beard ain't he (uh-huh)  
That nigga listed where I live ain't he (well uh-huh)

[Verse 3]

That nigga don't know bout my city, cause he's a  
country nigga  
That nigga don't know we'll come get him cause we  
some mobster niggas  
Them niggas he got in his corner, them straight lobster  
niggas  
We loading up ready to ride y'all, we mafia niggas  
You think making a song with Baby D, make 'em put me  
down  
Who you think crunk Oomp Camp, now whose the  
rookie now  
I put this rock-n-roll shit against every last label  
It'll be like 4 old chairs at a brand new brass table

[Hook]

That nigga done grewed my beard ain't he (uh-huh)  
That nigga listed where I live ain't he (well uh-huh)  
That nigga ain't real he be fakin ain't he (uh-huh)  
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