

## The Lox "Felony Niggas"

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Two guns up mothafucka, two guns up mothafucka  
[Incomprehensible]

If P want you dead, I ain't comin' with niggas  
Just a blunt and a three pound, plenty of liquor  
So ya homies got somethin' to pour that's that old  
school shit  
I ain't tryin' to put you under the floor

I'm tryin' to bang niggas over the clouds  
And I heard you say you rich so you can't get lower  
than styles  
Kill everybody dead just so noone can smile  
Play the streets my whole life and I been flowin' a while

Biget I rock, ever since my nigga was shot and my  
other nigga  
Was shoot shit I'm tellin' the truth  
If I lie, may I die in the middle of the verse  
My niggas hustle from first to first

Twelve months in a year  
Gun on your waist, blunt in your ear  
Pat in your sock, trade at the back of the block  
With a fein watchin' for knorx till the shit get dark

We hoop ride, instead of the six  
While you lookin' for a bitch, we lookin' for a brick  
That we can cook by six and give the whole block a fix  
Catch me on T gettin' sixty a shift

Holidy styles, nigga I ain't nothin' but streets  
Just as hard as the shit, that be under your feet  
And the only time I front is with a blunt and a beat  
To show niggas that I'm nice and they ain't fuckin' with  
me

Felony niggas cop cock heavily niggas that'd arm rob  
seventy niggas  
You know murderin' niggas you want doe, they servin'  
you niggas  
Stay on fifth, gettin' swervin' on niggas

You know whether we ride or we die we gonna get this

All I know is drugs and guns and plenty of weed  
And that bitch that suck dick and niggas that bleed  
And if you're rich before you go get a watch and a drop  
You better hit the court house and go bail out the block

If your son ain't worth shit niggas'll smuggle your  
daughter  
I come through in a porsche the same color as water  
I got weight, what you want I can cover the order  
They call me boss when I cross the border

Six shot caught her? I hear niggas say my face is  
screwed  
But I'll put six in your stomach nigga lace your food  
Scream fuck every rapper that hate that I'm rude  
But that's that SP shit, you can take it or move

We can let the bullets spill, till we all get killed  
There's only six nice rappers if you wanna be real  
Niggas die everyday from talkin' that dumb shit  
That where they're from shit

All that mean to me is you can get your gun quick  
Just another dumb bitch  
Go to church to get the holy ghost  
I did my dirt and got the holy ghost

Look at the world through a niggas eyes  
Don't be a bitch, you gonna live and die  
Rivin' in the sky, but no love when you slither by  
I pray to god that we make it to heaven  
But the only thing we makin' is channel eleven

You know four, five and seven, hot as fuck  
And every rapper be dead, if they were hotter than us  
But since niggas still alive they should be tellin' you  
somethin'  
You ain't hear from holiday, he ain't tellin' you nothin'  
You know cocksucker

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