

KRS One F/ Cold Crush Brothers**"Tryin' 2 Have Sumthin'"**

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[Master P]

Check this out twin, wanna hit me on a beeper
when ya'll ready for that nigga, I got.

Huh nigga what? (You be coughing this shit up)
I'm just a nigga in the dope game
Tryin' to move cocaine
Herion and Weed
And a young nigga tryin' to have thangs

(Chorus)

Tell.....Me
Huh nigga what?
I'm just a nigga in the dope game
Tryin' to move cocaine
Herion and weed
And a young nigga tryin' to have thangs

[Fiend]

Who was the first of the brothers
who said no bottle, because a
They crossed a bird
Had to get his hustle on with rocks and herbs
From the curb, I observe
Making tunes, I would be getting Benz and Jewels
You niggas give me room
Before I bring a lots of doom
I be soon to wearing time
17 and getting heavy
Seven fingers like off to find the relly
Oh my felly, my belly
Full of fast food
Cuz I know that cash rules my life
To like as twice as the nights
I'm living, Try my life
Fully rusted, Is a chance to get a cop busted
But I stick em' and break it off
So the rest won't test me

Luckily, Never sticking my business
Til' these hoes, And I give my friends living tears
Like my department store, C'mon
(Uhhhhhh)

(Chorus- 2x)

[Kane and Abel]

Picture me and Fiend chopping up a half a key
Twenty-Bitches you asked for them, 2-52 for me
I'm bout to get into thuggin', muggin'
Yeah this O.P. chuggin'
You can find me in the hood
Tryin' to slang something
I serve a million Fiends
For million dollar dreams
B.B.S. stretch Lex, Bitch I'm bout my cream
Thunder Weed and Sex
More crack than cracker jack
Silkk, 100-dollar, Tens
Please tell my friend he be right back
They say we hold it down
Like we paralyzed from the neck down
Slang from sun down to sun down
Smoking A Pound

(Chorus-2x)

(M.P.- Uhhh Nigga this a muthafuckin' 211
don't make it into a 1-80-7 you heard)

[Kane and Abel]

This a kidnapp, Don't make it a killing
Put a game til' the game's over
Soldier, Ready and willing, I be letting dissing
To get paid with a gyps of AK's
If you looking for revenge, Better dig two graves
Playa, time to drop some game with the ballers
20 A grams, OZ's, To A balls to quaves
My hustle never stop, uh
Block to Block, Like a nigga sittin' on three keys
Till a rock to rock C'mon

(Chorus-4x)

[Master P]

Kane and Abel, Fiend, Master P
It ain't no limit nigga

Clean your dirty money out to good money
You heard, Tryin' to have a thang
From the motherfucking streets to the world
Real niggas take heat, Bout it, Bout it, Rowdy, Rowdy
Uhhhhhh

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