

## **Lil' Troy F/ Ardis, Willie D**

### **"Wannabeez"**

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[Intro: P.R. Terrorist]

Shake 'em down, Mathematics

Terrorist, yeah

[Chorus x2: P.R. Terrorist]

All you players, killers, dogs, wannabee thugs

In your body comin' soon is a wannabee slug

In this rap shit is real so I gotta really be bug

To show y'all fake motherfuckers love

[P.R. Terrorist]

You happy just to breathe oxygen

Ox and men, ox is friend

And the rest of them niggaz that's in the pen I'm  
standin' in

What's a thug? Fuckin' thug, y'all niggaz ain't really  
bug

When this shit hit the fan, y'all hope'll be thug

Out in the desert, rap wizard, stylistic

Check the statistics on my LP's

You see me on the streets, mark of the beast

.44 slugs rip through your fleece, they hold grease

Next tape, trapped on the Shao', there's no escape

No bridge, no boat, just a place for your throat

Surrounded by water, transmit the blood of  
manslaughter

This gold-diggin' bitch on my dick, I can't abort her

Plus it's cheaper, and the skins is deeper on her  
daughter

Splashin' 'em both, got it taped on camcorder

What it like, I be eatin' too much beats and rice

Rollin' dice, never thinkin' twice, shit is trife

Terrorizin', never surprisin' the mic device

{\*gunshots\*}

Maricon!

[Chorus x3]

[P.R. Terrorist]

Real niggaz give it up, fake niggaz they get it taken

I'm on a long trip on my way to Central Bookin'

2 Heaterz that was found in my Jeep, Eastside of  
Crooklyn  
When I hit the house, everybody's lookin'  
At the Latino, who that? Dom PaChino  
Killarmy rap style that's so raunchy  
Test me, remember that Allah done blessed me  
Even the Jakes tried fuckin' me up when they arrest me  
Can't take my mind from me although you got my 9's  
from me  
And know my seed that be growin' in my wiz tummy  
O.T., makin' CREAM, dress bummy  
Feds like niggaz who floss and flash money  
But I'm low-key, bless you with a flow that's holy  
Ain't dependin' on a record label to blow me  
It's on me, Terra Iz Him: The LP  
G.O.D., try seein', the light be set free

[Chorus x4]

[Outro: P.R. Terrorist]  
Wannabee, word  
Killarm'  
You ain't thugs  
Maricons.. {\*screaming\*}  
Come on.. {\*gunshots\*}  
You wanna fuck with me!?!  
Huh? {\*screaming and gunshots continue\*}  
I'll kill all you motherfuckers!  
That's all you got?  
Come on!  
I'm Dom PaChino!

[Movie sample]  
Come on! Let's go!  
I'll fuckin' blow your head off!  
Come on! Let's go!  
See this? You boys are dead  
And not just dead  
Bring your boy Dallas, he fuckin' dead too  
Gold-diggers, you tipped it  
I ain't fuckin' do this!  
Fuckin' friends!  
We fuckin' grew up together!  
You mothafucka!  
You want a war with me?  
You want a fuckin' war with me?!?!]

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