

Lil' 1/2 Dead

"If You Don't Know"

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[Verse 1: Lil 1/2 Dead]

I gots game like Monopoly
Ain't no nigga stoppin' me
From doin' what I gotta do, so fuck you and you too
Your whole crew is weak, so peep
Sit back for a second, let this real nigga speak
Tweak off the shit that I say is true
And like my girl Brat, I'm gonna give it to you
Through, the heartaches and tears and pain
I would never ever change I'd always stay the same
I aim to be the shit when I spits my verse
I gets my point across, that's why you hear me curse
First, the turf where I dwell it's on
Niggaz be slippin' straight catchin' two to the dome
The zone, that I'm in is oh so bad
We dropped some dope albums and we started a fad
Oh, if you ain't know where I'm from
We be flowin'
And this is dedicated to the one's who ain't knowin

[Lil' 1/2 Dead: Hook]

Who's them niggaz wit the cavvy shit
Its that nigga half dead and the hostile click
Who's them niggaz with the cavvy flow
It's them long beach niggaz if you didn't know

Who's them niggaz droppin' cavvy shit
Its that nigga half dead and the hostile click
Who's them niggaz with the cavvy flow
It's them long beach niggaz if you didn't know

[Verse 2: Quick Ta Mac]

A nigga feelin' good on that up and up
Cuz a nigga's not fuckin' up like before
(Makin' money) Makin' more
Doin' tours around the state
As I regulate and penetrate
Those in the crowd who drove miles
(To see Hostyle)
And Lil Hd blows up the spot
Groupie hoes jock and jealous muthafuckas try to plot

People be wildin' but I be hostylin'
Tryin' to keep my muthafuckin' income steady pilin'
(By doin' what?) By bustin' all these doggy ass raps
On these doggy ass tracks
Gettin' paid by ASCAP
I'm stayin' true
Nigga I ain't bellin' wit that nigga Big Frank Stank
Makin' more hits than Hank
Damn! It's that nigga Sam on the loose
I'm comin' through like Ice Cube
Walkin' in my black boots
Oops! My style is stainless
I'm flippin' shit like Reglagainus
That nigga Quick Ta Mac crept up up on yo anus

[Lil' 1/2 Dead: Hook]

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[Lil' 1/2 Dead: Insert]

Yeah eastside riders in this mutha
Total Track in this muthafucka
For the ninety-see-i-yi-yi-zix, biatch..

[Verse 3: Chaos]

Now ain't this a trip, Quick Ta Mac
We got niggaz who hate us
And hoes all up on our sac (Why's that?)
Cuz it's a whole lot of jealousy and envy
Behind my back they enemies
But in my face they friends of me
(Damn, is that how it be?)
Yup that's why we gettin' jocked by them hoes
We used to clown back in '93
(Groupies) Is what we call 'em
They only want the ballin'
And they shake the spot fast
When your paper's pilin' farther
So nigga pick up your ends
And hop up off your bitch
And stop spendin' all your money
On the hoes wit the contact lens
You better come to your senses
And keep your dollas and yo cent-ses

In your pockets where they go
And never trust no hoe
Cuz if you slip then they'll dip
In your money clip
Talk behind your back
And spread some rumors 'bout some funny shit
So take heed to the shit we be flowin'
And this is dedicated to the ones who ain't knowin'

[Hook —2]

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