Liz 'n Steph "Homies and Thuggs"

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Verse 1:

Ghetto niggas remain violent while the killers remain

niggas strapped with 45's and ain't smiling And I'm driving to a place they're all warrin' the lake we build houses but its the hood we call home In the ghetto the only place a motherfucker will keep it real

we focused on the dollar bill, still
The outsiders tend to disrespect the place
where niggas do thier struggling die with a straight
face

Surviving, under conditions demons dinin' you can run it but can't hide it so step aside Its the nigga that makes music for the streets cause I love this motherfucker like pussy with no sheets,

cause its deep

Some niggas make it out the neighborhood and won't surface

and let the money make them nervous, what's the purpose?

A motherfucker sitting on fat

he came up in the hood but he can't come back
Fuck that, I remain in the street game frame
on a mission to maintian me and take aim
In position to let my opposition know my life
cause off in these streets I keep it real but what's right?
Surviving, sitting on a key doing business on a beeper
I'm sinking in this motherfucker deeper
Fear the reaper that no man born or woman harm me
fuck being a nigga in your army; though I'm a killer
Enter the ghetto so that you can see
what I mean when I say I love this cause it love me
Let it be, stop looking at this motherfucker strange
and talking 'bout a motherfucking change
This is for my thug niggas

(chorus x6)

This is for my homies and my thug niggas (uuuuugh)

verse 2

'Face, picture us working at McDonald's and me and you selling fucking toasted up (?) Gold slug, a car full of thug niggas twenty inch wheels candy paint so we drug dealers No Limit soldiers to the fullest see I was raised on some red beans the size of some bullets, huh We ghetto niggas can't be stopped

got me mixing up dope with little J down at Rap-A-Lot My phone tapped the feds on my tail got me paying luxury taxes on everything I build True to the ghetto that's my life you see that house on the lake its for the kids and the

wife

You can test me if you wanna cause I be dumping niggas off from New Orleans to California

Rowdy like a hurricane (uuuuuugh) independant, black owned got them hooked on this cocaine

You used to see C in a suit and tie but we young niggas in tennis shoes and diamonds Executive street millionaires niggas gonna be bout it bout till we gray in the wheel chair

Chorus x6

Verse 3:

What do you get from boosting? niggas coming out from california to represent them niggas from

Houston

And now we rocking keep this shit popping and all my niggas across the bay know L.A. keep the

I keep my glock inside my pants, dont give niggas a chance

to put me inside a casket you dirty bastards Until the day I die you catch a nigga high off weed the police can't

find me

My shit will drop and I'll sell five million while all the niggas enter the game get caught up in drug dealing

How can I fall? how can I ball, how can I catch my

enemies and murder them all?

My word of flame burn niggas inside thier brain niggas can't hang with me, and like it changes, uh Scarface got me on this shit

we laced it motherfuckers in thier body and face, uh Growing thicker, liquor made me daddy and nigga niggas don't wanna see me world wide mob figure M.O.B. and the leaf keep me weeded them niggas don't wanna see me when i got weed in

them niggas don't wanna see me when i got weed in my system

Catch another victim, capture bodies bring a shottie to the fucking party, yeah I party all night

I do this shit cause its wrong but we were born right And to the niggas in my zone we do it long ways 'till these bitches understand nigga my song pay; cause I'm the man

Now these are my homeboys, we outlaws till the day we die

keep this shit rough and raw my 45
Make sure that I survive to another day
to bust rhymes which from I get paid
Now that's the end of my freestyle but it was left for
dead

but the shit away you can hear it playing, westside

chorus x8

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