

Turk "Yes We Do"

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(Let's go, fuck wit me)

Weezy, we nigga, let's go, oh, oh, oh, oh, do it, do it

HB's nigga, we run tha streets nigga, let's go

(Oh, oh)

We run tha streets nigga, Weezy, we my nigga

(Oh, oh, uh, ha, oh, oh, oh)

HB's dawg, let's go, let's go

(Oh, oh, uh, ha, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)

What you know, nigga? What you know about tha streets?

(Oh, oh)

Nigga, what you know, huh? What you know? Look, look, listen

I'm like a dry rubber wit tight pussy, ya can't fuck wit me

An if ya try, I'm bustin' get it, I'm bustin'

You niggas don't amount to nothin' and me, I'm top notch, boy

Any problems I cock, glock sparks and knock out hearts

You see tha ice twink we I talk, ya blink and ya dead

I'll let a hollow tip sink in ya head, so think it over

'Fore they find ya ass hangin' over a bridge and shit

While I'm out drinkin' wit tha squad like I ain't did tha shit

I really hope ya click come back for revenge and shit

I'll make bullets drop on ya block like pidgeon shit

A nigga duct tape ya [unverified] don't get me pissed

Put hollow tips in clips like chips in dip

Bitch, nigga here could flip tha script, ya not built for dat

Ya not soldiers, ya get killed for dat

I'll cock and pop one in you cattle, push your filta back

An' niggas respect tha shots, make 'em tilt your hat

(What you?)

You don't want no trouble, nigga, yes, we do

Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do

An' you don't want no beef, nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do

You don't wanna hustle nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do
An' you don't want no drama, nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do

My name still B.G., we it's said it rang a bell
In rich neighborhoods, middle class hoods and jails
I'm a street nigga, sold ounces of crack cocaine
If I spit it, I did it, before I got in this rap game

One of my hobbies is beef, do that for pleasure
It's nothin' to bust a head, put a few wholes in ya
sweater
Never get in a situation wit me involvin' guns
Never able to sleep always on tha run

One way or another you gonna come
Outta isolation, if it mean killin' ya
You thinkin' 'cause I'm rappin' and be on television
That I won't soften ya head and come split it

Close range is fake, bustin' from a distance
Tha shit I'm talkin' my nigga, I'm still livin'
If any nigga want it, can get it wit no problem
All these niggas playin' but me, I come to stop it

You don't want no trouble, nigga, yes, we do
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An' you don't want no beef, nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do

You don't wanna hustle nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do
An' you don't want no drama, nigga, yes, we do
Come on, tell tha truth, nigga, man, yes, we do

I don't play nigga, better watch what ya say, nigga
'Cause I fuck up ya day, nigga
Wit this K nigga, I gets very low down
Give a fuck about a nigga, hit 'em wit fifty rounds

I'm from uptown, young and thuggin' since I was small
Grew up around killas, hung wit tha big dawgs
Nigga we play it raw as it go, were I stay
Run ya mouth too much, get found in a hall way

Wit a head shot, look that's how niggas get it
Keep it on a tuck, nobody know who did it

No evidence, no witness, you just assed out
Busta ass nigga, you just assed out

Fuckin' wit a guerilla, ah untamed one at that
You leave ya house in ya want, I bet ya won't make it
back
You could believe that, look betta get it right
Get it twisted if ya want, I betcha gonna loose ya life
nigga

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(Uh, ha, yo ,yo)
All I know is dope slangin' and gang bangin'
Inglewood Cali swangin' and hood hangin'
I'm a ghetto nigga, saggin', starched and creased
Wit everythang fa' sale from a ki to a quarter piece

Like Baby, tha bird, got tha game on lock
An while them youngstas workin' tha block, I'm, cookin'
a flock
I'm ballin' and if I'm beefin', I layed for 'em
But tha murders committed recently, I paid for 'em

I got a crew of noodle knockers that'll wait in tha
bushes
Wet, you up and have you bitches blood runnin' like
douches
I'm bout murda, murda, dope, dope, leave bitch
niggas, no hope
Don't need a red beam 'cause we sight 'em wit tha
scope

Yeah, you talk that shit, then grab a gun nigga
But if Mack call tha shot, it's good as done nigga
'Cause tha base from tha fo' fo' be bangin' like a drum
An it's cash Money blood, so fuck where you from,
nigga

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