

Underground Kingz "That's Why I Carry"

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Man all these motherfuckin' niggas out here man
Every time I try to go somewhere I got plex form these
Sorry punk pussy no good hatin'
My nigga you done pushed the wrong button
I ain't never ran this hot
Now you the number one nigga
I wanna whip the piss out
And this not a threat bet that
I ain't gonna let that shit slide
Gotta get that bitch right
Want him dead by midnight
I followed him from the crib to the crack spot
I watched him go in and come back out
I got ready to pull the mack out
Sandwiched him by the theater of 610
Unloaded the pistol now dirt is now what his dick's in
Shit I seen a slab get stripped
The discs seats and sound gone
And candy paint burnt to a crisp
These niggas gettin' hated on
For the '84's that they skatin' on
jackers in the dark alley waited on
The fool comin' out the gamblin' shack
Pistol to his back took 4 ounces of crack
And a fat dozier sack
That's why I pack my nigga
That's why I pray 'cause where I stay
I got to carry my motherfuckin' gun every single day
Motherfuckers wanna start shit every way
That's why I carry my motherfuckin' gun every single
day
The p-l-e-x is crowdin' all my space
'Bout to pop this mothefucker 'cause he standin' in my
place
He sellin' on my block
jackin' from my boys
They comin' on our side
Goin' down and talkin' noise
Now I occupy my time hustlin' and gettin' paid
He occupyin' his time tryin' to get the boys for they
blades
Gettin' em for they Chevy 'burban

They jumpin' out of hoo doos
Comin' down swingin' jumpin' out of candy blues
Talkin' bout give it up smooth
Baby boy it's some hatin' goin' on in P-A
Mostly over stanky bitches and who
sold the most ya niggas
Stuntin' pullin' pistols endin' up in the grave
When I pull I always pop that's why I'm livin' today
Girl ass niggas causin' plex between friends
And when you bust on your boy
Don't either one of ya'll niggas win
You end up killin' somebody that you really ain't wanna
kill
Over a pussy ass nigga that's showin' hoe type of skills
Comin' from a small town of madness
Late night us all murdered playa hated scandalous
Hoes and 'llac drivin' slab hurters
Acted bad after 8
You can catch us on the late
Roll' dice blowin' and sippin' on the bar straight
We got the red drink orange drink purple drink
Laughin' at these mark hoes that say
They never heard of drink
Half gallon big gulp
Big red big cup
drink mixed up
Blowin' sweets and lightin' cigs up
Now in my new world slow down I can see
Niggas talkin' shit tryin' to see
If what they said got to me
But hoe wearin' type of skills say a lot to me
You just gon' fuck around and get yourself shot to be
Or not to be motherfuckers plot to see
We crack under pressure so they just impress
A nigga to see me react
These niggas try to stare me down like a scary clown
don't dare me 'round here
We fuck your game up like Larry Brown
And pounds of killer 'round like groceries
With a presence that make you not
Wanna stand close to me
Talkin' 'bout we supposed to be bros
Don't make me laugh motherfucker you chose to be
On the side opposin' me
Don't matter what coast ya' be from
Bun and C will light your world up explosively
Motherfuckers wanna start shit every way
That's why I carry my motherfuckin' gun every single
day

