

My Lil' Niggaz (feat. Chief Keef & Lil Reese)

Fredo Santana

My lil' niggas with the shits don't play around
If you actin' really tough, I lay you down
If you holdin' onto work, I take you down
My lil' niggas with the shits don't play around
Grab that chopper, grab that K, 100 rounds
If you actin' really tough, I lay you down
If you holdin' onto work, I take you down
My lil' niggas with the shits don't play around
Grab that chopper, grab that K, 100 rounds
If you actin' really tough, I take you down
If you holdin' on the work, I take you down
If you talkin' shit, I lay you down
Nothin' but semis, and AKs, a hundred rounds
Own a lot of guns, I'm cashin' out
Show these fuck niggas what we about
Pull up on they blocks, get to bustin'
Shoot a nigga, then act like it's nothin'
O blockin', three hundred, we comin'
Them the hoods, and I been there since a yougin
Dissin' us, you ain't got sense or some'n?
Chopper bullets, click clack, spittin' on 'em
Dissin' us, you ain't got sense or some'n?
Chopper bullets, click clack, spittin' on 'em
My lil' niggas with the shits don't play around
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If you actin' really tough, I lay you down
If you holdin' onto work, I take you down
My lil' niggas with the shits don't play around
Grab that chopper, grab that K, 100 rounds
If you actin' really tough, I take you down
If you holdin' on the work, I take you down
If you holdin' on that work, I take you down
My lil' niggas with the shits don't play around
We see with that chopper, hold a hundred rounds
Sosa with the shits, he let 'em guns sound
If you actin' really tough, I blow you down
Run up in your spot, and lay you down
Everybody on the floor don't make a sound
Shoot them bullets, and we aimin' at your mind
Shoot them bullets, and we aimin' at your mind
A couple stacks up on your head, don't waste no time
A couple stacks up on your head, don't waste no time
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If you actin' really tough, I take you down
If you holdin' on the work, I take you down
My lil' niggas with the shit, bitch, this the crowd
All my niggas, we up in this bitch; it's goin' down
And if he actin' like he holdin', then we take him down
Ride around, blowin' loud, fuck hoes by the crowd
I can't trust a soul, so I bought a hundred round
Silencer up on the .30; that bitch don't make a sound
I can't fuck with new niggas; move 'em 'round
If he actin' like he tough, them guns'll turn him down
Mouth duct-taped, I don't make a sound
We what's up; she'll fuck on the man now
Hit a lick, bust a move, shoot straight out of town
We what's up; she'll fuck on the man now
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If you holdin' on the work, I take you down

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