

## tough guy

Haystak

[Haystak:]

I see some bullshit blow up, and some hot shit flop  
I'm not movin rocks, but I got the ziplock  
Move to the top, with that pot and lock  
Cool with the dude, got the box on lock  
And I'm not goin flop, till I reach the top  
I make songs, like it's movin the block  
I ain't finna chill out, till I see the cops  
Gonna have you pissed off, like I killed a cop  
Ain't these other guys, with they bubblegum rap  
This goin sell out in Target, Walmart and the Gap  
See me in a comertial, better believe I'm strapped  
Cause they rough and ruggid, and that's the new south  
I'm the white boy that everyones asking about  
I could ghostwrite for you, wear a mask in your house  
Give you 16 for a G a piece  
You could fuck up, and get 16 for free

You ain't a tough guy, fuckin with them hoes  
I got the ones, you see in the videos  
The watches, the bracelets, the necklaces  
The Bentleys, the Benzes, the Lexisses

[Bun B:]

Man, I been doin this rap thing, for longer than you wanted to  
Runnin through the dirty south, doin what I wanna do  
Ask any old G, they know where I been  
Jump in my slab, then get up to ten  
Louisiana, Alabama, Jorja, everything in between  
Florida, to Carolina, I ain't new to this  
Oklahoma, Virginia, tennessee, and so on  
Every state I enter, I get my flow on  
Now it's 2003, and I'm still standin  
Better than I ever did, and I always got my hand in  
Life was a struggle for us, behind the scenes plannin  
Gotta give the people what the fuck they been demandin  
So we bring the trill, straight from the gut  
Then hit a nigga hard, like it came from the nut  
They feel it in they body, from they head to they toes  
Made a million dollar video, had to get hoes

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I might not pray to the same god as you  
Bet your ass, I work as hard as you  
Let it be known, I done payed a lot of dews  
Did a lot of shit, I done even want to do  
A lot of interviews with faggs I don't even want to talk to  
Promoted in nabourhoods only a fool would walk through  
My people, it was all for you  
Never miss an oportoonity to talk to you  
And to further express our points of view  
I'm in the studio, writing new joints for you

The CWB is fake, you can relate  
How can you be a wigger, when you were that way when you were eight  
I feel the hate, bubblin inside of you  
And you love me, cause that's inside of you  
Run for cover, motherfucker, that's what I would do  
Never make another record, if I were you

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