

My People

Big Tymers

To all my peoples, to all my peoples
To all my peoples, yeeeeaaahhh
Together we stand and divided we fall
If niggas get together then we all can ball
Live as one in the project and bump the sound
And eat chicken til the motherfuckin sun come down
We be lickin to the motherfuckin sun go down
Keep stickin to the motherfuckin sun go down
Get dough, and never go down
Never go down, never go down

Look look look
I say niggas stroke crosses to knock these bosses
We can ball together make money take loses
You know the game you gotta pay these cost-es
You win some lose some nigga regardless
Hang on the corner sell crack with straps
Or we can go to the club like pimps and macks
Or we can unite for stripes or just say fuck it
You get down bad bust raps for life
It don't matter to me daddy, you do what you do
I'd 'ave took pennitinary ?transit? to get this fool
See Im'a flip this money take it to the mall
And open up something and get more money
Like the beauty shop, keeps macs when Im thuggin
Hanging on the block watching for undercovers
Clean a little money, then clean a little money
The rap game ain't for everybody but try something

See see see, check it out
My people need to get it right
We can either get together or we can straight up fight
We can shake hands or we can go to the gun
Divided we fall or we can live as one
You can fuck wit' it or you can leave it alone
And if you don't want piece bring ya jive ass home
And I heard the fake shit that you said in ya song
And I still love the nigga eventhough he was wrong
See, XXL will let you have the cover
If you say some fake shit about ya brother
Thats a petty-ass, spagetti-ass, fake-ass niggas
You don't know whats going on snake-ass niggas
But I'm.. not.. stoppin for y'all
Four 15's keep it knockin for y'all
If that don't work then nigga move on
Get the fuck good luck and I'm glad that you gone

Go down, go down, go down