

makin them swerves

Nipsey Hussle

Brand new Nipsey
Track by RStylez
Ay, ay, ay, Nipsey, we in the building, my nigga
Slauson Boy Records

Ha ha, right
Ay, ay, my nigga, look, check this out, homie
Stop blowin' up my muthafuckin' phone, cuz
A nigga ain't gon' get there no quicker, you feel me?

My nigga, I be makin' them swerves
I do my thang, quick to switchin' lanes
These niggas, man, they get on my nerves
Always call me back, say they need a sack
So nigga, I be makin' them swerves
I do my thang, switchin' lanes
These niggas, man, they get on my nerves
Blowin' up my phone, they need the zones
So nigga I be makin' them swerves

Look, I stay on the grind
That's why you see me on the BG, I stay on the dime
I stash money out of sight, but it stay on my mind
Sells blowin' up my phone, so I stay on my line
I see these dumb niggas, chasin' sales down the block
Fuckin' young niggas, takin' mark money from the cops
Every day I hit the turf, I'm like, "just come through"
Servin' quarters to the homies in the luxury coupe
I sip the Veuve and eat cake, and blow the kush through the roof
And play cat and mouse with CRASH cops, you know how we do
Stay off the radar, I dipped on Johnny in the Regal
Cracked a fat bitch, the next day I took her Geo
Green on green tint with Betty Boop in her window
Same block, same cop, they drove right past a nigga
I'm smarter than the average nigga from your set
Nip Hussle, muthafucka, I got traps to check

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I don't about y'all niggas but, uh, me, I got a quota every day
I wear the same Dickies short but stay with the fresh J's
Little hoodrat bitch, so I stay with the fresh braids
Keep a spot on the block to tuck when the feds raid
My network on the turf, it's like the mob
When I pull up on my block, all my workers on they job
I give 'em their work, they give me my cash (Cool)
They pay for a seven, I throw 'em a half
I'm tryna connects on the herd and spread like a rash
'Cause I heard in D.C., it's 500 a half

That's a thousand a whole -- fuck it, I'll be out in the cold
And cook the quarters on a portable stove, my nigga
No, you don't live like this
You ain't never hit a lick and shook town for the flip
You never called UPS to track the package you sent
You never broke the bricks in a Motel 6, my nigga

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Why they sold bounce and grind motion pounds on the eastside
Cop before the cal backed and hopped out the G ride
Socked out niggas you thought was real killers
That Crenshaw summer school, Thunderdome in the village
Back in them days when Rack Capone knocked out Zay
And Nip Hussle had to pardon his fade
When robbin' niggas was the way that we ate
That check cashing, sock a nigga, ripped his pockets then shake
And Wet be my blue cuddie and that chrome .380
Young niggas havin' money, tuckin' thousands daily
Johnny was on us, rough, pulled me over on a dime
A quarter in my ass with a pocket full of cash
I had some Dickies shorts on, cop told me spread my feet
That's when a nigga like me thank God for briefs
Enough of that though, I'm outta here, I had a long day
I'm finna shake, cuz, and go do what the song say

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