

My Family

Pa Salieu

FaNaTiX

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Pussy, what you want from me?
Pussy, I don't owe nobody
Frontlines, all you see is cats callin' (callin')
They only wanted (uh) from me
(Ay)
See me right there, I'm with my family
In the Midlands streets with my family (uh)
Big hand ting there for my family (uh)
(Bri-ki-ti Bri-ki-ti) my family (uh)

Buss up, buss up
Ride for my killy killy
No cap, buss a bell
Make it ring like that
Have you ever seen a mad man giggle laughter?
He done rolled up a brudda like that, you don't smoke like that

(Ay Ay)
Who want war? (who)
Big fat corn get caught in your melon
BRG, man I slap with the weapon
No fuck that, I might slap where you step

Man waring all of them roaches
I ain't that guy, man are rising torches (oh)
Them boy appauling, all my enemies them fallin'

(Ay)
B-back up, (bri-ki-ti) on me
Kickback mad, so we say it's Van Dam-ing
Oil it up, we don't know about jammin'
Pizzy staircase, that's where I'm standin'

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(Ay)
(Pé-lé-bow) that's how the gun sounded
Chattin' wass, they ain't took them rounds
Chitty Chitty Bang Bang, 4-door dinger
Ting go clap, tryna hit them figures
Ghetto baby, grew up 'round them killas
City full of spinnas, never touch a civilian
'97 baby, king born a winner
No one realer, they ain't really diligent

(Ah)

Allow that shit
Tap into my wolf, let me hit that prick
What the (fu-de-de), don't call me again
You wasn't banged up with me in the cell
Tell my babes, off her wig
We're going to war, load up the bells
In the magazine, make sure the (brrrr-skir) 's dirty not clean
Rico cleaning up the streets

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