

II Many Niggaz

Z-Ro

When will it ever stop all this hatin and droppin salt
all I'm tryna do is live lavish with millions in my vault
now from selling crack on the corner I'm tryna do it legal
but I guess it ain't no pleasin my people cause everything I do
feel like somebody tellin me I want suceed
but I'm a millionaire and I owe it all to the hatred I recieved
motherfuckers that use to be down, ain't down no mo'
my true partners just can't be found no mo'
there fore my motto is 'Fuck Friends'-my only dogg is Benjamin Franklin
tryna take him away from me you gon' wind up stankin'
I gotta family to feed so currencies what I need
but the people I break bread with would rather see me bleed
tryna take all of my fortune but my fame is forever
and S.U.C I'm a claim it forever and I'm still down with the yella
so fuck all of these bitches and bitch ass fella's
and fuck a 4, it's a PT, glock 50, foes is jealous nigga

2 many niggas tryna take me off of my game (take me off of my game)
a nigga from the hood didn't live so good
now they all wanna jock my fame (all wanna jock my fame)
when I'm comin down in my foreign
and I'm rollin one-deep that should tell ya about me (S.U.C.)
I don't give a damn about none of you hoes
I blast on site cause I ain't trippin no more

As soon as them eyes close it's over and that's that
'cause when they murdered my partner he didn't get to blast back
is that the price to pay just to have nice things?
and it's my life in danger because I have ice mayne
it's ashame can't even sport our jewerly like we wanna
cause everytime we shine them jackers tryna creep up on us
catchin pistol case, after pistol case, ridin dirty
Mr. Officer I'm not a killer just wanna see thirty
cause boys be against me when I roll alone
I get full of demon repplings when I'm holdin on
I'm tryna make it, with this gangsta shit I ain't gon' fake it
anything a nigga earned, I'll be damned if a nigga take it
now days the ghetto version of Spundalay
a nigga will run up in ya residents with the undelay, cold hearted
just to get they fetti, bustin brains for a living
disrespecting God's children bitch you made for a prison

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Too many motherfuckers so I'm a hate everybody I can hate
and I don't give a fuck about nothin'
fuck-a-nigga, fuck-a-bitch let me get that straight
ain't no love I'm not ya blood or ya cuz nigga, bitch I'm a loner
I'm a asshole by nature you can get with that, or leave it at this bitch
the only company I need is weed
and since I'm nervous by nature I'm a make you bleed indeed

I trust nothing-if I get a funny feeling I'm gon' be bustin'
plus if my blood rushing it'll be more then a concussion
from my hitch I see these red dots gonna cover you're brain
nigga I got problems I can't cope-with murder scene to keep me sane
one love, to my nigga Moe, and one love to my nigga Redd
and one love, to my mothafuckin bread I'm a get that!

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