

# Nigga's Like Us

8Ball & MJG

Rollin' down Park Avenue bumpin' Maze  
My Caddy with them switches, got them bitches in a daze  
Niggas on the gank, smokin' dank, goin' nuts  
And all I see is dope and dead niggas bloody guts  
Sometimes I go and click and smack my bitch up with the gat  
Or blow up niggas cars, cause I heard they call me fat  
No I'm not a wimp, cause the pimp is in my nature  
I got too many hoes bein' a raper ain't my flavor  
I'mma dope seller, stick 'em up, killer or whatever  
Game from slangin' birds, 211 or 187  
Smack up my bitches on the street that owe me ends  
Learn from the start, in the game ain't no friends  
Just a lot of bitches with they hands out

What's up with that?

Smilin' in my fuckin' face, stabbin' me in my fuckin' back  
All up in my business, what's up with my grip bitch?  
Steppin' up, one nigga died with a mouth full of pimp shit

What's up with the bitches Eight? What's up with the bitches Eight?

Fuck me, suck me, jack me, 'til my diggidy-dick ejaculate

What's up with niggas Eight? What's up with the niggas Eight?

Tell 'em not to fuck with some niggas like us!

And I'ma teach you boys not to fucks with me  
And I'ma teach you boys not to fucks with me  
And I'ma teach you boys not to fucks with me  
And I'ma teach you boys not to fucks with me

I'm reachin' for the pump and the loaded automatic  
It's 6/5 bombs from the box in the attic  
A phone call from Eightball let me know the scope  
T-Money and J.B. had to scope a young ho  
Not a true bitch, but a true bitch nigga  
We rollin' thick as hell so how the fuck that nigga figure?  
His gun nor his gang is gonna be a threat to us  
With 1 fire bomb one gang bit the dust  
And the nigga down with me said: (Damn G, you didn't have to gank him!)  
And at that very moment, he was askin' me to shank him  
A nigga ain't suppose to smoke a trick and get sad  
And thats the first example of a killer goin' bad  
I gotta take him out, if he live he'll confess  
So Eightball you ready? (Yeah)  
Shoot him in the chest (I got him)  
One mo' motherfucker dead over bullshit  
Guess he didn't really know the niggas he was runnin' with  
M.J.G., Eightball and Killa-B  
Lil' Han and J-Smooth, T-Money and J.B  
Lettin' these imitation motherfuckers know  
Niggas like us stompin' heads into the flo'..HOE!

And I'ma teach you boys not to fucks with me  
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And I'ma teach you boys not to fucks with me  
And I'ma teach you boys not to fucks with me

Suckers can't get none

Suckers can't get none

G. pass me my clip so I can load my lil' uzi gun

Eightball you got me covered main?

Yeah I got yo back main

Let these bastards know that we don't bar no fuckin' blood stains

What about my pimpin'?

Is it strong?

HELL YEAH NIGGA!

Got a lot of bitches?

Got a gang, and it's gettin' bigger

Bigger than a Mack J, smooth like a 5th of 'yac

Let 'em know we deadly G

Is Deadly as a hit-a-crack

Straight from my gun to yo head

Then we got ya

Cut a nigga throat, naw that's another chapter

Kickin' ass

Makin' stiches

Smokin' bud

Fuckin' bitches lip....

..stick on my dick from the suckin' and the kissin'

She was kissin' on a...

...FAT DICK!

Could it be a...

...A fat bitch

All up on my niggy-nuts, talkin' that love shit

Ain't no use in startin' shit

Ain't no use in tryin' to fuss

Bitches can't fuck with some niggas like us

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