

Hangout

Ces Cru

See they ain't knowing what the game do
Or what a little bit of fame do
I been a whole lot of places, met a lot of real ones
Who don't love me how they claim to
Try to convince a nigga they care
The truest mood'll never play fair
I was down looking 'round for anyone there
Scared to be, such a fucking rarity it's unfair
Shots fired, fly by, I ain't blaming 'em
Armed to the teeth just with the pieces and I'm aiming 'em
How we get to clappin' out of rappin' entertainin' 'em
I need a case, lighting up the hole in the cranium
Shit list full of enemies, I'm never naming 'em
Curse in they vicinity and anyone who came with 'em
Curry in a hurry taking shots and I'm draining 'em
And I can't seem to find a single drop worth the shame in 'em

Yeah, y'all got it, y'all run it
That's what you already don't know
Your turn, we're on it
That's what you already don't know
And we ain't even thinking bout repping where we from
That's what you already don't know
You keep it loud, don't want nothing
That's what you already- Hold up

Hangout
You gon see what a nigga gonna do when a nigga don't
Hangout
A couple of them odd ones just for you, talking bout
Hangout
A couple of them choppers they misfits, choppers they missin'
Hangout
Ay, better find out, that boy that ticket to kick it

They been jocking for a long time
Long line, try'na get inside the combine
It's all fine, grass green over on our side
I move 'em in and move 'em out, wicked raw hide
They really part time, I'm pulling O-T
You mighta had me little daddy but I broke free
I handle bidness but the bidness really low-key
It seem familiar but killer, you don't know me
And you don't own me, show me a land deed
I let 'em know I'm doing everything you can't see
And homie you don't want no problems, you get one chance
We ain't even thinking bout repping where we from fam
They wanna hang with us, wishing they came with us
Let's keep it real, we ain't even in the same bidness
This entertainment, the money, power, and fame bidness
It's same same, while they thinking it's the same difference

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My lip is like a hundred round clip
Enough to make another nigga turn around
I wish he could just turn around and dip
Suicide but I'm a turn the gun around
And you bother nobody
Blazing some CES, Ubi, Godi
And I'm rocking with the KOD he
Got me a check for my rap, money

Yeah, I got it, yeah I run it
(That's what you already don't know)
It's your turn, we don't want it
(That's what you already don't know)
We ain't even thinking bout repping where we from
(That's what you already don't know)
You keep it all, don't want none
(That's what you already- Hold up)

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