

Heavy Weights

DJ Muggs

Schyeah!
Stick em
I said ya best hit the ground and don't be late
Ya crews pay dues with heavy weights

Been brained in the pain since hotter than july
My crews do-or-die, insist to ride high
Clients never fuck us (uhh uhh)
Like hammer can't touch us, automatic workers
No showstop always get in for the realer
Y'all deadmeat, clock the dollar billa
I said "y'all in? ", never stood too tall
Like mike outta motherfucker off the wall
Me's cheese cos the rats got my pockets with holes
Keeps bitin on my dick like yo' ass oppose
Mr tony got the paper (uh huh), no doubt
Been doin crimes, one time definite in '89
Can't stop it though, y'all gots pounds to push
In the back of the *? allenue york? *, ducati
Got em fly like birds, ok who got the pick-up?
Keep it cool, one-time try to stick up
Schyeah!

Ya best hit the ground and don't be late
My crews pay dues with heavy weights
And don't play hero you might get shot
Cos you ain't got scrill like the scrill we got

Watch out for the phonetap
One-time tryin ta stick me for the murder wrap
Ain't nuttin happenin
Best step back, the guns gone clap
Ya know how we do, the crew come strapped
In a minute, weight pushin '96 ss's
And niggas bailin 'round with s's on their chests
The problem solver, uhh uhh, chrome revolver
Executor, billy the kid the straight shooter
Got it locked down cos all the fiends be beggin for the tight
My nigga muggs got it sold like chynna white
This ain't the row, jack, situation's lookin grim
B's like tina out on a limb
We's pimp niggas, we make the paper on the regular
Got styles's but still floss on burnt-out cellulars
I'm tellin ya we runs the whole fuckin show
And you can't see me go toe-to-toe (bing!)

I push ya round like mr biggs stuffin a fire
No tv screen keeps my access live
Got the glocks on ready to shake rumps like teddy
Keeps ya distance we be's the gs that's deadly
Keeps the cristal chilled in my favourite cup
Gots money to burn, no which way is up
I hangs with the playas and rolls with the riches
Keeps my grip, don't trust a bitch
You knows the business, it's paper, son
Gots the cash, freeze a nigga on the run
Better known as chester who gets the cheesin

Everybody lay down when I starts the squeezin
For the money I do's the evilest things
Keeps my work goin nicely to the happy fiends
It don't stop to the break o' dawn
Half ounce with the chronic, dom perrignon

Schyeah! (ya best hit the ground)
Mc eiht in the house one-two (ya best hit the ground)
My nigga muggs in the house one-two (don't play hero)
Can't fuck with the crew, schyeah!
(heavy weights) schyeah!
'97 in the house, schyeah!

Ya best hit the ground and don't be late
My crews pay dues with heavy weights
And don't play hero you might get shot
Cos you ain't got scrill...muggs one time