

What Cha Mean

Fiend

What up out there kenfo
This be fiend coming at like this here here
I brought a couple of my people with me
Fiend, mac, soulja slim, kane and abel
A couple of no limit soldiers to help me out with this here
Chorus
What cha mean, mean, heard about
Soldiers got some daily clout
Slangin in the dirty south
What we really worried about x2
(peep this shit) I know you heard about this nigga from the 3rd
Raw, then a uncut bird with bad tempers and bad nerves
Serve, dope to a dope fiend gotta get more cream
Than the rest of the dealers
Every nigga that I fuck with gotta be from killas
Fill up in this shit, that was ever smokin, you can catch me smokin
On some shit that will have me broken, (cough cough),
I'm so high, I can ride, barely need to slug some dealing
No optimos, no keep moving, fuck it, pass the feeling
Real niggas feel me, cause I'm bout as real as it get
Son or stranger, no love for that studio shit
All my little partners gone, I'll be damned if I g-o
But if I do I'll grab my gun shoot like and pull let em know
Chorus x2
You know I'm from the ghetto, hit the glock
And pop my shots clean up your block
Red beam, maintain my aim, bullet holes in your brain
When I stop that motherfucking clock, kane
Usual suspect, down south niggas bout respect
Choppin off slugs like a mailman in a corvette
Like the weed when I lower my tek
Niggas is seeking, pump down like bricks, in the trunk of the 626
Is something you hate cause your boy
Just got flipped, ak with a strong clip
In the hood I bust you with the tank,
In the pen I trust you with the shank
My mind go blank, I'm a soldier smokin dank
All the way to the motherfucking bank
Chorus x2
Now what y'all mean, niggas on my team
They all about the cream
And my enemies, we take it to the street
To get the green, knowa mean
Came here with slim, mac and fiend
I still scream woah!
In the drop where my nigga walk
Runnin from the cop who was trying to meet his quota
I'm young and I'm black, I'm a soldier
So he thinking I'm slanging that baking soda
You ain't heard about, nigga from that dirty south
Where the po-po's scout
Everybody, everybody that knows what your bout
Won't leave your house
Cause at night, nigga freaks come out
Grab your gat with that extra clip cause if you catch us slippin
You might connect the grip
Shots there cut up strip bout a couple of ship

Like the peoples in summertime agent trip
Lets take a trip to the land where the niggas
Do the murderman dance on their enemies
And fake niggas pretend to be a, they be them friends of me
Woah, slow your roll and daddy I'm camouflaged
I'm psycho warden I stay on my guard and bitch I never die
Chorus x2
What the world don't know is I'm a hurt
A soldier without a pause
I'm prayin about cause, break jaws and all laws
My bullet scars didn't heal, my tatoos reveal
Bout to ride explain a million of hostile
The burn feels like almost a step from death
Fuck spending lives, I barely leave a minute of breath
I'm set, families with teks, release my stress in their chest
Wouldn't know where I'd be without my God and my vest
Killers, we the best fuck all the rest, here hit the cess
Snort, c'mon the test
With the charge the best, cause I open your chest
God bless, I made my way back so I can say that
Me too whatever, should have known that fiend believe in payback
Do it for haystacks, me, slim, twins, and mac
Gotta attack, with the jest to ask, deftly in the act
I doubt that, I'm strange cause I'm with the right change
After soldier consediration, I'm the live range
Chorus x4