

tough guy

Haystak

[Haystak:]

I see some bullshit blow up, and some hot shit flop
I'm not movin rocks, but I got the ziplock
Move to the top, with that pot and lock
Cool with the dude, got the box on lock
And I'm not goin flop, till I reach the top
I make songs, like it's movin the block
I ain't finna chill out, till I see the cops
Gonna have you pissed off, like I killed a cop
Ain't these other guys, with they bubblegum rap
This goin sell out in Target, Walmart and the Gap
See me in a comertial, better believe I'm strapped
Cause they rough and ruggid, and that's the new south
I'm the white boy that everyones asking about
I could ghostwrite for you, wear a mask in your house
Give you 16 for a G a piece
You could fuck up, and get 16 for free

You ain't a tough guy, fuckin with them hoes
I got the ones, you see in the videos
The watches, the bracelets, the necklaces
The Bentleys, the Benzes, the Lexisses

[Bun B:]

Man, I been doin this rap thing, for longer than you wanted to
Runnin through the dirty south, doin what I wanna do
Ask any old G, they know where I been
Jump in my slab, then get up to ten
Louisiana, Alabama, Jorja, everything in between
Florida, to Carolina, I ain't new to this
Oklahoma, Virginia, tennessee, and so on
Every state I enter, I get my flow on
Now it's 2003, and I'm still standin
Better than I ever did, and I always got my hand in
Life was a struggle for us, behind the scenes plannin
Gotta give the people what the fuck they been demandin
So we bring the trill, straight from the gut
Then hit a nigga hard, like it came from the nut
They feel it in they body, from they head to they toes
Made a million dollar video, had to get hoes

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I might not pray to the same god as you
Bet your ass, I work as hard as you
Let it be known, I done payed a lot of dews
Did a lot of shit, I done even want to do
A lot of interviews with faggs I don't even want to talk to
Promoted in nabourhoods only a fool would walk through
My people, it was all for you
Never miss an opertoonty to talk to you
And to further express our points of view
I'm in the studio, writing new joints for you

The CWB is fake, you can relate
How can you be a wigger, when you were that way when you were eight
I feel the hate, bubblin inside of you
And you love me, cause that's inside of you
Run for cover, motherfucker, that's what I would do
Never make another record, if I were you

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