

## German Lugers

Snowgoons

Manny Ribera: What are we gonna do? Tony?

Tony Montana: We go to war, that's what we gonna do. We're going to eat that Sosa for breakfast. Close that fucker down

Yeah, it's the Compound. German Lugers nigga. Yeah, check it, yo  
I'mma put it plain and simple, all y'all niggas is faggots  
Food for the flies impregnated with maggots  
I drop bombs like towelheads, slid with a foul hand  
Ended up with two magazines dumped in your forehead  
Drunk off the Henny, but the dro keep me calm  
Like morphine hittin' the jungles of Vietnam

Yo fuck that, we bang niggas and party all in the same night  
You asked nigga, we invented the fight  
Only nigga ever clear a room with four left hooks  
On the mic we spit good but we nothin' but crooks  
German luger your face (\*BANG BANG BANG\*)  
The whole block laid it down when we clearin' for space  
Now who you niggas wanna be like  
You catch ED in the bed with three dykes  
Wil'in until I reach my three strikes

Now let me designate and hit that  
Mosey where the sick at, cozy with a big gat, arsenic for the rats nigga  
Fix your face before I split it times six  
I don't know how we pass for human beings we animals, murderers and cannibal  
s  
German lugers and rubgies, make room for the 'pound cause it's about to get  
ugly  
How we, jack niggas, slap niggas, clap niggas  
Wrap 'em in a ziploc, flip crack and get stacks

Cause we two thorough niggas who spit like German lugers (yeah)  
Two thorough niggas who spit like German lugers (yeah)  
Two thorough niggas who spit like German lugers (yeah)  
Fuck with the 'pound (yeah, yeah) and one of us gon' kill ya (check it)

Cause we two thorough niggas who spit like German lugers (yeah)  
Two thorough niggas who spit like German lugers (yeah)  
Two thorough niggas who spit like German lugers (yeah)  
Them bullets go (\*BANG BANG BANG\*) they run through ya

Heavy on the guns (\*BANG BANG BANG\*)  
This North-side, where the fuck is you from?  
Compound stay bustin' for fun  
This right here will knock the blade out your gums, and meld the song on you  
r A1  
Scary niggas fiendin' to dip when the jump-off jump off  
You're not God, you about as hard as my dick  
Now your teary ass screamin' and shit, hopin' them shells miss you  
You straight bitch so the 'pound'll let a round kiss you

After I hit 'em from the blindside hard nigga like Warren Sapp  
Bust 'til the luger white-hot, you on the downslide  
Beggin for the life you got left, that's very little  
Bitches want the Henny-sicle, I ball like Y.A. Tittle  
How they love to double dribble with my balls in hand

You representin' a whore and now you drop where you stand  
Shots from hitman left 'em woozy and concussed  
Lumps on his shit for ever steppin' to us  
Grandstandin', now we gotta withdraw cannons  
Make a nigga disappear like his name Eddie O'Bannon

Yo somebody said somethin' to somebody about my man  
And I'll be right here 'bout to do you a hand  
You know that sound that you hear when you know that it's real  
When your man gettin' crushed and you still stand still  
Don't nobody touch my nigga  
And if you move bitch (\*cocks guns\*) we gon' take it to triggas  
Two thorough niggas that spit like German lugers  
When them shells hit your body, they gon' skip right through ya  
Remember days blowin' haze with the Infamous Mobb  
And Twin told me crime pays so I quit my job  
So now I straight Deebo niggas, that's my shit  
Move along lil nigga or get left in the ditch

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Two thorough niggas who spit like German lugers (yeah)  
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Yeah, Mitchell Henny, my nigga J. Sands in the house. One!