

Hangout (feat. Krizz Kaliko)

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)
It's your turn, we don't want 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 all, don't want none
(That's what you already) - Hold up(Hangout)
You gon see what a nigga gonna do (What a nigga gon')
(Hangout)
A couple of them odd ones just for you, talking bout
(Hangout)
A couple of them try but they miss me, try but they miss me
(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 Yeah, y'all got it, y'all run it
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 (Hangout)
 Ay, better find out, that boy that ticket to kick it 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'ma turn the gun around
 And you bother nobody
 Blazing some CES, Ubi, Godi
 And I'm rocking with the K.O.D he
 Got me a check for my rap, money Yeah, y'all got it, y'all run it
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