

Heavy Weights

DJ Muggs

Intro:Geyeah!

Stick em

I said ya best hit the ground and don't be late
Crews pay dues we heavy weights Verse 1:Been bringin' 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 ruckus

No short-stop always get it from the realer

Constantly clock the dollar billa

I said y'all ain't never stood too tall

Like mike gotta motherfucker off the wall

Needs cheese cos the rats got my pockets with holes

Keeps bitin on my dick like yo' ass suppose

Mr tony got the paper (uh huh), no doubt

Been doin crimes, one time gafflin Eiht and out

Can't stop it though, yo gots pounds to push

In the back of the alley New York to Cali

Got em fly like birds, ok who got the pick-up?

Keep it cool, one-time try to stick up

Geyeah!Chorus:

Ya best hit the ground and don't be late

My crews pay dues we heavy weights

And don't play hero you might get shot

Cos you ain't got scrill like the scrill we got Verse 2:Watch out for the phonetap

One-time tryin ta get 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, wait, 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

Best hit the road jack, situation's lookin grim

Be's like tina out on a limb

We's pimp niggas, we make the paper on the regular

Got thousands 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!)

Chorus (x2) Verse 3:I push ya round like mr biggs stuff in the five

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 pimps
Keeps my grip, don't trust a bitch
You knows the business, it's paper, son
Gets the cash, be's 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 Chorus (x2) Outro: Geyeah! (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) geeyeah!

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

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