

# We Ain't Scared

## Lil' Flip & Bizzy Bone

We ain't scared, especially if you come up to us  
And try to bust and when you think we aint gon' care  
We ain't scared, and just because we  
Serious, mysterious and curious You niggas acting like hoes, wearing eachother clothes  
Bragging about platinum, nigga that's white gold  
Fake niggas talk, and real niggas hush  
Fake niggas run, and real niggas bust  
Y'all got me fucked up, I been a street nigga  
And when it's cold outside, I bring my heat nigga  
Don't beef with me nigga, cause I get down and dirty  
I make a call at one o'clock, you gone by one-thirty  
Nigga I ain't scared I pack, infrareds  
My enemies like batteries, half of em dead  
You heard what I said, I'm down with trigga play  
Cause all you see in convicts and killas, where I stay  
I know Hump, got my front and Redd, got my back  
I know Bizzy, got a tech and I'm coming with a mac  
So start ridin your wheel, we coming with the steal  
And it's a fact, that most niggas mouth get em killed  
I cock and spray, hit you from a block away  
We ain't scared, believe me we got a lot to say  
And if you see me in the club with a smile on my face  
That don't mean shit cause I got a nine on my waist  
So you can play Superman and get your ass paralyzed  
Cause when it comes to my guns, they all super-sized  
You better recognize we ain't Sucka Free for nothing  
So when I say I'ma get you, you know I ain't bluffing  
Cause niggas turn into hoes when you pull a gun out  
And if I pull a gun out, I'm trying to knock a lung off  
Now who the boss, nigga you already know  
I got a team of headbusters, where ever I go  
And if you got beef let me know I'm ready for war  
I got a semi-automatic that'll machete your car  
And next time you talk down, I'ma teach you a lesson  
So call mama, and tell her she gone need her a reverend, what  
Papi cholo, cops sniffing co-co, my deadly remedies  
Like hot topics, hit that body look like frishchami  
And that Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, telling everybody  
Hit the floor, so what in the fuck you think I came here for  
Warrior, ain't no other character, for the love of money yeah  
When I'm down in Houston, Texas niggas are gut playas  
Some of these niggas is dinosaurs abducted like flying saucers

Niggas don't think like that, lick it down, on my alters  
The most of my grave suite, model mama, put em up now  
Daddy use to beat you deeply I stay on my tech with die-yah  
Tupac to Bob Marely, my six the holley Halle Berry touching my braids  
They ain't giving justice's name killing em black bald and all  
Game recognize game, fame recognize fame  
Niggas they hang, niggas they bang, niggas they slang  
Pick up your Mac 10 quickly and bring the pain  
One in the brain, one in the body it's an everyday thang  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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