

Reservoir Dogs

S.A.S

I give a fuck if your rep is hard
You follow suit like a deck of cards
Have ya body laying in a reservoir
Want beef with who?
You snitchin' I'ma eat your food
Cuz you pushin' keys while singin' just like Alicia do
This villian is wheelin' and dealin' the raw
He only pop his tags cuz he steal it from stores
You feelin' me whore, naw I'm not the average, I'm a rider
You can tell in my karats a fabric of my fiber
Paid In Full, not Cam or 'Khi Phiifer
Rounds clap, drown, you rat like Pied Piper
Style Adidas, who wild as he is
Handle AKs like we Al Qaeda
We just keep out Berettas cocked
Look you can get a shot
Settin' what in a block, Mega's not gettin' locked
I get it forever and never will my terrorists stop
Understand that Anthrax through your leatherbox
I rock and groove with opera music
Have some mobsters do shit, do not confuse it
The Coupes is vicious, abuse these bitches
I Fruity Pebble the sweater, now it's Coogilicious
Niggaz

I glide in the jeep, rims grind in the street
Met Killa and Jim Jones, I got signed in a week
So fuck them other crews who be rhyming for beef
My.9s got Cruel Intentions like Ryan Phillippe
Kickin' off white, Blood, did you make up your life
Only peace you bring is when you breakin' up fights
We takin' the flights, brother I'm supposed to shine
You speakin' of 6 digits, mines is close to 9
Cuz I'm so raw, both hard and a record
If it's war, like a postcard, I'll address it
I'm respected, keep talkin' reckless
Or May'll bring the beef to your yard like domestics
Now chicks rush the squad
They can all see the watch from far, haha
I won't front life, certified G is my blood type
With the game I'ma shine on the game like flood pipes

Mufuckas is sick, don't think Spits the shit
Yeah I rap but I got another brick to flip
Man my trap money long like a Christmas list
Blow 100 bars straight while I hit the piff
Yeah it's Ru and the U.N.
We land hwere they won't let your crew in
Y'all niggaz wanna live what we doin'
Come against us you gon' get your rep ruined
Spits in the Jag with the temporary tags
'06 shit makin' 'em very mad
Hit the mall, hop out with heavy bags
Remember me, same kid with the Montero
Way beyond ghetto, quick to palm metal
One way or another, bet the drama gets settled
See I'm comfortable with taking it to another level

Then I fall back, get high off a few spliffs
I just put it in the ear like a toothpick
Been nice since Fight Dog and Q-Tip
Had every hood like who the fuck is Ru Spits
Fish market niggaz tryna get on some new shit
You can bullshit with rap if you want
Yeah I lay my shit down, I'll be back in a month
Got a itty bitty town outside the city miles
And you wouldn't believe what I charge for the pound
This is street literature, reach and get rid of ya
Toast raw, you be ghost dog like Whitaker
What, muthafucka