

Target Practice

Black Hippy

Uh... Wassup... Show these niggas how the west was won...

Yeah... if you don't know my name by now
Just call me any rapper, could get it
Any month, any week, any day, any minute
I'm knocking ballers off of their pivot in this scrimmage
They painting pictures with no description
Like a witness, who took an oath of no snitching
Mind ya business, like the best entrepreneur, I be diminished
By the metaphor, in the following sentence
I told you I does it a dozen times, you must of thought I was lyin'
Yeah I'm nice but I'm not too kind
So dope I can say the same line two times
So dope I can say the same line two times
I don't care about your age, your creed, or color
The squares in your circle or the angles you covered
If you in front of your girl, your cousin or mother
I spread your ass out in the street like butter
You got your toast, well I'm on a quip with a quote
So a bullet leaving your chamber's like a word that I spoke
Soul brother number dos, I'm a breathe in hundred's smoke
Driven down central by a nigga in some Loc's
Never going back to Cali cause the nigga never leave
Even when I'm out the state, you see me, you see L.A
And ain't nobody fucking with me, like a virgin with Klamydia
Recognize, Top Dawg Familia

Yeah... it's so amazing guru
Jazzmatazz, the sound thinking of yoo-hoo
Scrap, I'm going all in, it's the top dog
With them Top Dawgs, nigga I'm not your
Average rhyme, put together, the architects
Build raps, sell 'em his starter kits, the beast boy
Fat boy get confused with monster
Bury niggas like Contra, I'm your savior
Don't call that man upstairs, cause if them stares
Compare to me, look you shook like Mobb and them
Been say, dark as Sinkay
Be hell to fate, I've been great, ya dig?
How could he, rap was such a force
When I've been doing this since car hard jackers that figured four rock
More problem, gangster, goblin
Still in this tower with no robin, get that?
Stacks in my jeans, yeah they know the deal snoop
Lovin' big bitches but they don't fit in my two seat
Turnt the heater and bang, like my niggas from the hunters
Shout out Bubble, what up Getta
Sticking to my plans, rap for my fans
Hootchie, lent that groupie that dick, get a Trans
With no album, no show, got 'em golo
Been about the turf since Merf was on the ocho
Thugging like amone, word to the chrome
Lights excite bike, I'm rushing to the throne
Spitta, fat nigga jerking like he skinny
New era Henny and a new pair of pennies
I'm off my rocker, niggas do me nada
Proud but still in my pradas, ya bitch

Bad Lucc see me now, yeah that's what's up
We the West, it's what's up, ya dig?

Aiming out the cannon of bazookas
100 ways to fuck you, over, no Karma Sutra
West coast till my death bed, cutting up
Somebody fucking with Mr. Edward Scissorhands
I've been the man before you've been the man
And I've been the man's equilibrium until it's worrisome
Aiming for his gut like Caesarians
Throw me in aquariums, I bet I'll grab a shark
Snatch out his heart, freeze it then preserve it in a jar
I'm all these niggas bumping like stickers at the end of a car
Aka K Dot commit a sin, press record
I kill 'em every time, this ain't a free verse
This a crime, you rehearse, or duck the bomb
Big ass W, and I throw it up like powder in the hands of LeBron, nigga what?
Compton on my raider cap, oh wait, no wait
But we want our spot back, then go nuts
Somebody hand me their jockstrap, I ball everywhere
Pure beast, a bear couldn't even bear
Royal flush, like the feds rolling up
And I fuck with Bad Lucc but never broke a mirror
Yeah, it's like that for you other coasts
I'm right back in the '87 regal, and the people watch
My wheels peel, like it's Motrin
I'm a headache for pete's sake, you cheapskates
Can never out do me, or better yet do us
Water's run deep, and you fucking around with scuba
Divers with riders sticking their hand inside the cooler
I live in a iceberg, you telling me you cooler?
I'm living my dreams and I can kill Freddy Kruger
Bout to run the game in some ran down Pumas
And my name Mr. K Almighty, try to low ball
But she speaks only highly, try me, Q

Let's see how many do it
Put your hands up now, let's see how many truant
Lying to the people, know you want for your doings
Good with this rap talk, I'm kinda speaking fluent
Influenced by cocaine, gats, and my dickies
Life in the '50's, swisher sweet wrapped in a sticky
Malt liquor stuffed up in paper bags, got me sparked up
First nigga act up, he getting choked up
Locced up, only seeing .45 from the jeans
You see a nigga work from the spleen, you naw mean?
I be the truth, if I'm not, you be holding your tooth
Blessed or not I might bring hell in the booth
Hallelujah Lord Jesus, wish Pac was here to see this
All these niggas sucking penis, straight fag, take a dick
Up in they ass for cash, why most in their chains for jags
You heard about them L.A. niggas
Catch ya ass, strip you out of your Pelham nigga
While I'm doing it, screaming out "L.A. nigga!"
Stay with your mouth, something like the L.A. sinner
T.D. enter-, you don't even get this sinner
Dumb muthafuckas, cause a ruckus, y'all suckas
Boss nigga, Schoolboy got a problem to solve
Top Dawg, y'all under the paw
The new shit like swine flu, covered in sores
Told ya...

Holding up a W, nigga you ain't loving us?

We ain't loving you, fuck what you're going through
Rock got a point to prove, this ain't your average 16
This a death blow, you running outta petro-
Don't have enough gas, to last with this metro
Don't have enough cash to blast with this Rambo
.45 tucked in my boxers, yeah we slang iron
Fuck around and box ya, Y city shots-a
Welcome to the land of the choppers
Nickerson gardens you better watch us
Ready for the drive-by, on the roof snipe out ya driver
Run around straight to the car, leave no survivors
That's how we get down, you don't wanna sit down
Better take cover when you see us in your tizzown
West Coast takeover, give the game a makeover
The end is near, you fake rappers, your day's over
Red fitted when I step in the place
White t, black jeans, boo yah on my waist
Yeah... it's the rock, HOVA, get it right dawg
Fuck a rap battle, fuck around and get your life lost
Lay the clip off, bust until the hammer break
Knock your head off, when I aim it at your face
That's that gutter rap, show you where the gutter at
When it's beef time we gon' bring it where your mother at