

You say that I'm toughest, you say that I'm the one
 No matter the category, can't compare me to none
 The boy say he hooder than me, no he lying
 He wanna be hooder than me, then nigga keep trying
 You know where I'm from and I don't carry a rag
 And all the shit that I've done and I dont care to brag
 And when it come to beef I take it by the slab
 Make the pussy retreat and all I throw is a jab
 I represent the streets, my little homies in the ave'
 Come around stunting, and they'll take what you have
 Put it in the bag, jury in the cask
 Once you lose your respect, there goes your ghetto pass
 Be a dead man walking, all you gotta do is try em'
 Turn a nigga into shark meat, I bet they'll never find em'
 Call me the boogeyman, I'm always behind em'
 Forty or the four-five or tek-nine em'

I can here you screaming murder
 (murder murder)
 187 and it's murder (murder)
 (C-BO and WC we know)
 Then they give a nigga life cause it's murder (murder)
 I can here you screaming murder
 (murder murder)
 1-8-7 and it's murder (murder)
 (all I hear, all I am, all I know)
 Then they give a nigga life cause it's murder (murder)
 I can here you screaming murder

Niggas be yelling they all in
 Blue when the police come around, you niggas be talkin'
 Thats why I stroll slow solo
 Police reports is a no-no, I talk with the fo-fo
 Dubcudda, lie you in your casket
 Sock the lenses out your designer glasses
 The west of the imperial, gun with no serial
 O-G, but keep it H-double-O-D, to the O-D
 Niggas can't f**k with me, but f**k with me
 And I literally bury you bastards
 Leave you chest down, with your head backwards
 I stay strapped, so get it understood
 Before this rap shit, I was fucking with the hood
 Them other niggas rappers, dub is the server
 The opposite of death, loc I live for the murder
 You know the G-code, 1-8-7 is the penal
 Dub and C-BO

Ya, I'm rolling through the hood with the strap on me
 When I see this nigga Im'ma kidnap homie
 Duct tape clap, it's a grand rap homie
 Then toss him off in the river, just like that homie
 Born killas, nine milli's that handle mine
 Play with me, you play with your life and I dont gamble mine
 I'm from a set, where we wet em' just for their shoe strings
 You might think it's fucked up, but this is how do things
 South side Sacramento dont stop in it
 The maniac deuce nine, the block get it

When it come to the lick, we like to forty things
And i've been ali baba ever since the hood caughted me
Bandannas and big cannons we fucking g's
Ak's and banana clips for the enemies
So go hard or nigga just go the f**k home
If you ain't putting bodies in the bag, then get the f**k home