

Sk8 Head

City Morgue

Yeah, ho, what's up?
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Who cares who you with? Are you scared? You scared
Who cares who you with? Are you scared? You scared
I'll let the bodies stink the crib up, who cares? Who cares?
We'll leave it at that, motherfucker, say your prayers

Cooler than the new freezer, got my new heater
Little bitch, I'm the school [?], you the school teacher
Lamborghini, it's a two-seater, fuck your new Beamer
Pourin' up in the 2-liter, pop a blue demon
Need my watch overflowed
And my Glock Cobra-custom
Look, it's not no discussion
Leave your top on concussion
Don't get shot over nothin'
Got the pot overflowed
Work bustin' out the boat
Like it's pots, soda boilin'
Go 'head and spill the beans
See, my dope be killing fiends
Stretch the work like limousines
.30 with the infra beam
And my bitch from Philippines
Pussy fresh like Listerine
Wash the money, Mr. Clean
PCP and nicotine
Bitch, I'm sleazy, I'm Big Sleeze, it's big B's
Don't you play me, fucking crazy, but bitch, please
Gon' turn your lady and your baby to Swiss cheese
We on that fuck shit, I'll shit-bag your stomach

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Ayy, fuck that
We was in the trenches with the bitch
So getting fucked up with the pit
Mobbing down with Triple 6
Ayy, fuck that
Fuck the opposition, fuck your kids
Fuck your gang and fuck your friends and any shit you niggas in
Aye, I got soldiers who sending souls up and doing hold-ups
Zilla, the head-splitter, the king cobra
I told ya, shoulda went to the store for pneumonia
Mask, gloves, beggars, oh fuck... shit!
Slump in the cut, put that Glock in yo' stomach, bitch
Talk all that talk, be the cause of concussion, bitch
Bow down 'fore you on the news like yo' cousin
Bow down, nigga, ain't no peace, no discussion

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