THRESH

City Morgue

CRCL

Ten shots in my HK, spray and pray at your wig (Yeah)
Flash, hook, and then flay, jump you and split your shit (Yeah)
At your crib it's a mayday, pull up and spray yo' kids (Okay)
Bet you pray, you an opp, spray, and we the opposite (Huh?)
I won't shake no hands wit' you niggas (No)
I don't need no molly to kill ya (No)
Ain't no more buddy-buddy, Godzilla (Huh?)
Ain't no more buddy-buddy, Godzilla (Huh?)

So your boy be havin' guns, nigga, but run, nigga (Yeah)
When that nigga pull his gun, nigga, what's up with ya? (Yeah)
Say your boy be with the drug dealers, the plug niggas (Yeah)
But be tellin' when the feds get ya, what's up with ya? (Okay, Sleezy)

Why you niggas talkin' out ya rabid ass mouth (Fuck outta here)
Got my black on black nine (Boom), get the back-to-back fire (Boom, boom)
Still in the trap with a pack of crack rocks (What?)
In a matter half time, overdose and flatline (What?)
Who you bitches talkin' to? Nigga, I slaughter you (Fuck outta here)
Six-shot revolver shoot niggas, I'm honorable (Boom, boom)
Death before dishonor, lil' nigga, that's how I move (MBF)
Turn your face into a barbecue, nigga, I'm tired of you (Boom, boom)
Execution style, murkin' niggas out (Sleezy)
I'm in the booth with a rifle now (Boom)
You in the house with a Bible now (Fuck outta here)
What's that saying, "You don't like me now?" (Boom, boom)
Kick your head into the curb, make you bite the ground (Mula)

So your boy be havin' guns, nigga, but run, nigga (Yeah)
When that nigga pull his gun, nigga, what's up with ya? (Yeah)
Say your boy be with the drug dealers, the plug niggas (Yeah)
But be tellin' when the feds get ya, what's up with ya? (Okay)

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