

Bout, bout bout, bout bout, bout bout
bout, bout bout, bout bout, bout bout bout [2x]

Me and my guys be lurking the streets plottin upside down smiling
Bummin no matter Skully, hoods, bandannas, bullets
Stocking caps Ski masks, loced out murder one classes
Those new Wallabe's, hocked up, Chuck Taylors
Permanent creased five-oh-one jeans
Throw away his real ooze machines, Chinese AK zooms, razorblades,
Jerry Curls, fingerwaves, and French braids
labeled him sinner look out for that motherfucker he might rob ya
Niggas come tattled up head in a body slang

Well it's your nigga Big Bonna niggaz be creepin up on ya
Goin for the jugular, niggaz trying to slug ya
Catch a nigga doing all kinds of nasty things
ohh what I feel is mayhem brings
You see us on the block we doing are thuggin, the gottie
Got the whole town wonderin who the fuck shot him
Lookin for the body, tell me what they found,
His head in Richmond the rest in the V-town

Thinking about the set up, trying to get my red up
bout my cock this tech nine and get you wet up blue
So what the fuck they want to do,
seem like we got the vas of these niggas
caught cash and thought we was through
So fuck this old bat shit, I'll get the gat bitch
and probably blow your brains out
looking to get my cap fit,
thinking they all acted up and while I'm at yo ass
I'll probably put these fuckin slugs in yo ass

[E] Causing Havoc's, sparkin up chaos, bringing the ruckus
Heavy metal heaters, mobbin under bucks
[B] If you can't beat us, then join us
[E] Get on the team
Street sweepers, grenades, rifles, and M-1-sixteens

It's a cold piece of work out this way
cause the way niggas are in the baby plan ain't too safe
Niggas will run up in yo car and try to take your face
Move up out the plan so I trust no one take nothing for granted
{?} expanded double 0 chill hillside hillbilly like Jed Clampett
Dammit, us niggaz is deep and new improved like techs
found out where he slept and laid his wave cap
Tycoon decisions, it's really too bad
that those piatchess found our bills
Sit up at the roundtable and discuss
jurisdictional boundaries and territory issues

By any means necessary, so in your chest I bury two buck shots
so who got six niggaz next to carry
off these wanna be's, niggas they gonna see
And if you motherfuckers want some, then 'tach on to me

You see these niggas can't flip doing things that sick (like what)
Cut off your damn dick, make you eat your own shit
But I love a little mayhem fuck it, we can do it
Don't let me get off that masso candy and some fluid

Uh uh - A element of surprise, gettin my gig on
split yo house in half, with a dreadlock wig on
When you do ya hot ones, shoot low
Cause it's a reflection programmed in the rolls
til automatics hit the floor
Dump, bust, blast, barefaces
Strike, dip, mash - like a mental patiet
Run, quick, fast, and in a hurry (biaatch)
Don't worry forty vision ain't blurry

It's like military issues, make you wish you never got in
cause now I'm stalkin niggaz like a bitch do
Can only ride so long with that fake shit I take shit
to the limit with no gimmick in ninety-eight bitch
So fuck what you say, and fuck what you play
I down it straight and can't wait to hear what you bitch niggas gotta say
If I can't keep it real you can kill me so feel me cause
I bring things to the game for my scuzzie

We'll kick a niggas door in, hit and lick you brags
Now you ridding in a fan, pulled tight and gag
Then they pullin up out the Glad Bags, the hefty type
(But you niggaz ain't got no kind of idea what a chopped up body looks like)
Then them niggaz start to pull down your Levis
and bust you in the head with ruger P 85's
Call a mortician, call mark class
Somebody in this motherfucker bout to come up missin, best believe

bout, bout bout, bout bout, bout bout
bout, bout bout, bout bout, bout bout bout [2x]