Tregram

Erick Sermon

Tre! T.R.E. nigga! Rough Drafts, Def Squad, murda nigga!
Doc City, D.C.P.G. mu'fucker what's happenin?
You know who yuh ramp wit? Ha ha ha ha!
Wooooooo!!! I gotta stop smokin here I go though

I'm makin heavy contributions to the crime rate
Million dollar dreams can't explain my mindstate
Ain't no two for fifteen man bring me mine straight
Wipin my fingerprints clean off the 38
When I die will I get to see the pearly gates?
Or will I suffer, for addin to the murder rates?
Mu'fucker I'm a true to life young gun!!!
Can't remember all this shit that I done done!!!
All the older niggas used to call me son son
Let these mu'fuckers know where you come from
I smell food in the air, and I want some
Whoever dare try to stop me catch a dump dump
Collapsed lung tell the ambulance please come
Can't do shit but stick a fork in him, he's done
Wrap him up and whoever there back him up
Everyday I get drunk smoke a couple blunts
Fuck y'all soft niggas that only been in trouble once
You tryin to start sum'n, I'm a give you what you want
You Forrest Gump ass chump ass young punks
It's 4th down mu'fucker, and you better punt!
I'm like whatever y'all, I give a double fuck, double glocks
Tough to get your double bucks
Jump out their like it's double dutch and get your butt deleted
You succeeded in your trouble huh?
Perceive to get your bubble bust and I'm not talkin Bubble Yum you dumb or s
um'n?!
Well is you? Nigga you must not know about the shit I've been through
My credentials, my business ventures
And all them residental areas where the businessmen carry pistols
Get high during business hours and rob you in business hours
Well did you? I know you didn't if you did we wouldn't have an issue
My niggas official can't you tell?!
Well can you? And did I mention fuck police and politicians!
And all y'all bitch niggas snitchin can go to hell!
That being said I'm on a mission for this bread
Keep family fed If I got to shoot the head nigga then head
TRE represent this district niggas murdaland
All my dread partners down in St. Thomas whattup bredren?!
Murdagram Mr. D.C. murdaland man
Spot my target pull the hand cannon from my pants
Cock and pop it then I drop it in my pocket
Got 'em leanin got 'em rockin while I do the murdaman dance
Change of plans you won't make it home tonight yo (NOPE)
That's your ass go and walk towards the light yo (Yep)
Weatherman said it might rain bring your coat
You couldn't predict these bullets blazin at your ass though (Nah)
'Cause ain't no umbrella fittin to start my gun better
Run young fella run young fella run! (RUN!!!)
But when I want ya I'm a come get ya
Let the doctor undress ya blood pressure droppin now he done (Now he done)
Got him a ray of guns Mr. blackmatic
I'm a pro hitter 357's my battin average call the hole digger

No nigga 'gon survive the fo' when they flip
Wrap they ass up in white sheet and toe ribbon
Then send him home Merry Christmas (Tre you shouldn't have)
Don't even mention it he been knew he was gettin this
So I don't know why he looked shocked when I showed up at his tenement
He had his death wish man I was just 'gon fill him in
Death was eminent an unfortunate incident
Nobody snitches or I will be forced to kill again
(NO IT'S HIM AGAIN!) Many many men
Flyin out the mac milli milli mac millin ten that's a wrap!
And this ain't just Rap City, city say your prayers
'Cause you 'bout to be lookin like Sponge Bob's square pants
Shoot rounds and rounds like a square dance
Put you in the clouds with The Care Bears nigga!
Why you cryin there there what you mean play fair?
Take them tears, with you to hell and see if they care
(NOBODY CARE!) 'Cause I don't give a damn I don't give a fuck!
And as bad as that sound I don't give a fuck (Give a fuck!!!)

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